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PERIODICAL

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THE

MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS

1779 and 1780.

Veluti in speculo.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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William Hall. Esq

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THE

MIRROR.

No. 1. SATURDAY, *January* 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hospes? Virg.

WHEN a stranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is scarcely seated before every body present begins to form some notion of his character. The gay, the sprightly, and the inconsiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the fashion of his periwig, and the ease or awkwardness of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country-gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all estimate his merit, in proportion as he seems to possess, or to want, those qualities for which themselves wish to be admired. If, in the course of conversation, they chance to discover that he is in use to make one in the polite circles of the metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and sometimes closeted with the minister; whatever contempt or indifference they may at first have shewn, or felt themselves disposed to shew, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own sagacity, by assuming the merit of having discovered that this stranger had the air of a man of fashion: and all vie in their attention and civility, in hopes of establishing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonimous periodical writer, when he first

gives his works to the Public, is pretty much in the situation of the stranger. If he endeavour to amuse the young and the lively, by the sprightliness of his wit, or the sallies of his imagination, the grave and the serious throw aside his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and sentiment finds no pleasure but in some eventful story, suited to his taste and disposition; while with him who aims at instruction in politics, religion, or morality, nothing is relished that has not a relation to the object he pursues. But no sooner is the Public informed that this unknown Author has already figured in the world as a poet, historian, or essayist; that his writings are read and admired by the Shaftesburies, the Addisons, and the Chesterfields of the age, than beauties are discovered in every line; he is extolled as a man of universal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and be serious with the grave; who at one time, can animate his reader with the glowing sentiments of virtue and compassion, and at another carry him through the calm disquisitions of science and philosophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himself, he is under a necessity of reading with attention, of examining whether the style and manner of the author be suited to his subject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his observations just, his arguments conclusive; and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary share of what is commonly called learning; yet it is a much more compendious method, and saves much time, and labour, and reflection, to follow the croud, and o re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There is however, one subject, on whi-h every n thinks himself qualified to decide, namely, the resentation of his own character, of the char- rs of those around him, and of the age in which s; and as I propose, in the following papers, , as it were, the MIRROR up to Nature,

" to shew Virtue her own features, Vice her own " image, and the very age and body of the Time " his form and pressure," my readers will judge for themselves, independent of names and authority, whether the picture be a just one. This is a field, which, however extensively and judiciously cultivated by my predecessors, may still produce something new. The follies, the fashions, and the vices of mankind, are in constant fluctuation; and these, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human soul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can shew whether I be qualified for the task I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to please the Public; and prudence forbids him to trust the applauses of partial friendship.

It may be proper however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him some of the outlines of my past life and education.

" I am the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianship of an eminent counsellor who came annually to visit an estate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the parish, both of them men of distinguished probity and honour. They took particular care of my education, intending me for one of the learned professions. At the age of twenty I had completed my studies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a distant relation in the metropolis left me possessed of a handsome fortune. I soon after set out on the tour of Europe; and having passed five years in visiting the different courts on the continent, and examining the manners, with at least, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I passed, I returned to my native country; where a misfortune of the tenderest kind threw me, for some time, into retirement.

By the affiduities of ſome friends, who have promiſed to aſſiſt me in the preſent publication, I was prevented from falling a ſacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depreſſion of ſpirits never fails to produce. Without ſeeming to do ſo, they engaged me by degrees to divide my time between ſtudy and ſociety; reſtoring, by that means a reliſh for both. I once more took a ſhare in the buſy, and, ſometimes, in the idle ſcenes of life. But a mind, habituated to reflection, though it may ſeem occupied with the occurrences of the day (a tax which politeneſs exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays) will often, at the ſame time, be employed in endeavouring to diſcover the ſprings and motives of action, which are ſometimes hid from the actors themſelves; to trace the progreſs of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark thoſe approaches to error into which unſuſpecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and, in general, to inveſtigate thoſe paſſions and affections of the mind which have the chief influence on the happineſs of individuals, or of ſociety.

If the ſentiments and obſervations to which this train of thinking will naturally give riſe, can be exhibited in this paper, in ſuch a dreſs and manner as to afford *amuſement*, it will, at leaſt, be an innocent one; and though *inſtruction* is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from ſuch deſultory ſketches, yet their general tendency ſhall be, to cultivate taſte, and improve the heart.

No. 2. SATURDAY, *January* 30, 1779.

NO child ever heard from its nurse the story of *Jack the Giant Killer's cap of darkness*, without envying the pleasures of invisibility; and the idea of *Gyges's Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in some degree, possessed by the writer of an anonimous paper. He can at least exercise it for a purpose for which people would be most apt to use the privilege of being invisible, to wit, that of hearing what is said of himself.

A few hours after the publication of my First Number, I sallied forth, with all the advantages of invisibility, to hear an account of myself and my paper. I must confess, however, that for some time I was mortified by hearing no such account at all: the first company I visited being dull enough to talk of last night's *Advertiser*, instead of the *Mirror*; and the second, which consisted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my first Number, making a sudden digression to the price of a new fashioned lustring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place, where I contrived to introduce the subject of my publication, though it was a coffee-house, where it is actually taken in for the use of the customers; a set of old gentlemen at one table, throwing it aside to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known shop of my Editor I found it the subject of conversation; though I must own that, even here, some little quackery was used for the purpose, as he had taken care to have several copies lying open on the table, besides the conspicuous appearance of the subscription-paper hung up

fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The first question I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, tho' much importuned on this head, knew his business better than to satisfy their curiosity: so the hounds were cast off to find him, and many a different scent they hit on. First, he was a *Clergyman*, then a *Professor*, then a *Player*, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes *plays*, then a *Lawyer*, a *Doctor of Laws*, a *Commissioner of the Customs*, a *Baron of the Exchequer*, a *Lord of Session*, a *Peer of the Realm*. A critic, who talked much about *style*, was positive as to the *sex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*, strengthening his conjecture by the *name* of the paper, which, he said, would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticisms, which sufficiently marked it to be a *home-production*.

This led to animadversions on the work itself, which were begun by an observation of my own, that it seemed, from the slight perusal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned strenuously supported the contrary opinion; and concluded his strictures, on this particular publication, with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of thought, nor beauty of composition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who said he had a guess at the Author, prognosticated, that the paper would be used as the vehicle of a system of *Scepticism*, and that he had very little doubt of seeing Mr. Hume's posthumous works introduced in it. A short squat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained, that it was designed to propagate *Methodism*; and said, he believed it to be the production of a disciple of Mr. John Wesley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purposes.

A smart looking young man in green, said, he was sure it would be very satirical: his companion in scarlet, was equally certain that it would be very stupid. But with this last prediction I was not much offended, when I discovered that its author had not read the First Number, but only enquired of Mr. Creech where it was published.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had just put on his spectacles to examine the paper, closed the debate, by observing, with a grave aspect, that as the Author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he said, he could have wished they had set apart a corner for intelligence from America; but, having taken off his spectacles, wiped, and put them into their case, he said, with a tone of discovery, he had found out the reason why there was nothing of that sort in the MIRROR; it was in order to save the tax upon newspapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for some time in doubt, whether I should not put an end to these questions at once, by openly publishing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from discovering the first by a certain bashfulness, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the last, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of the man: in the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occasional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have signified in my First Number, in al-

luſion to my title: I mean to ſhew the world what it is, and will ſometimes endeavour to point out what it ſhould be.

Somebody has compared the publiſher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a ſtage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without paſſengers. One might carry on the alluſion through various points of ſimilarity. I muſt confeſs to my cuſtomers, that the road we are to paſs together is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only inſinuate, that though the great objects are ſtill the ſame, there are certain little edifices, ſome beautiful, ſome groteſque, and ſome ridiculous, which people, on every ſide of the road, are daily building, in the proſpect of which we may find ſome amuſement. Their fellow-paſſengers will ſometimes be perſons of high, and ſometimes of low rank, as in other ſtage-coaches; like them too, ſometimes grave, ſometimes facetious; but that ladies and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be aſſured, that no ſcurilous or indecent company will ever be admited.

No. 3. TUESDAY, *February* 2, 1779.

Formam quidem ipſam et faciem honeſti vides, quæ, ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret ſapientiæ. CIC. DE OFFIC.

THE philoſopher, and the mere man of taſte, differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is ſatisfied with the pleaſure he receives from objects, without enquiring into the principles or cauſes from which that pleaſure proceeds; but the philoſophical inquirer, not ſatisfied with the effect which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to diſcover the reaſons why ſome of thoſe objects give pleaſure, and others diſguſt; why one compoſition is agreeable, and another the reverſe. hence have ariſen the various ſyſtems with regard

to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules, which, deduced from those principles, have been established by the critic.

In the course of these investigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities, which, when assembled together, constitute *beauty*, and produce that feeling which arises in the sight of a beautiful object. Some philosophers have said, that this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety*; others have thought, that, besides uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed *beautiful*.

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however, beg leave to present my reader with a quotation from a treatise, intitled, *An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue**. Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the author expresses himself in the following words:

"There is a further consideration, which must "not be passed over, concerning the external beau- "ty of persons, which all allow to have great pow- "er over human minds. Now, it is some appre- "hended *morality*, some natural or imagined indi- "cation of *concomitant virtue*, which gives it this "powerful charm above all other kinds of beauty. "Let us consider the characters of beauty which "are commonly admired in countenances, and "we shall find them to be *sweetness*, *mildness*, "*majesty*, *dignity*, *vivacity*, *humility*, *tenderness*, "*good-nature*; that is, certain *airs*, *proportions*, "*je ne scai quoi's*, are natural *indications* of such "virtues, or of abilities or dispositions towards "them. As we observed above, of misery or dis- "tress appearing in countenances; so it is certain,

* *By Dr. Hutchinson.*

" almoſt all habitual diſpoſitions of mind form the " countenance, in ſuch a manner as to give ſome " *indications* to the ſpectator. Our violent paſſi- " ons are obvious, at firſt view, in the countenance, " ſo that ſometimes no art can conceal them ; and " ſmaller degrees of them give ſome leſs obvious " turns to the face, which an accurate eye will " obſerve."

What an important leſſon may be drawn by my fair contrywomen from the obſervations contained in this paſſage! Nature has given to their ſex beauty of external form greatly ſuperior to that of the other: the power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no inſtructor how to exerciſe it; but whoever can give any *preſcription* by which that beauty may be increaſed, or its decay retarded, is a uſeful monitor, and a benevolent friend

Now I am inclined to think, that a *preſcription* may be extracted from the unfaſhionable philoſopher above quoted, which will be more effectual in heightening and preſerving the beauty of the ladies, than all the pearl powder, or other coſmetics of the perfumer's ſhop. I hope I ſhall not be miſunderſtood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me ſo ill bred, or ſo ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above paſſage, on account of their having any intrinſic value. To recommend to the world to embrace *virtue for its own ſake*, ſhould be left to ſuch antiquated fellows as the Heathen philoſopher from whom I have taken the motto of this Number, or the modern philoſopher who has borrowed much from his writings; but I would not wiſh to ſully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the faſhionable circle, by ſuch obſolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, ſo much as to hint to a fine lady, that, ſhe ſhould ſometimes ſtay at home, or retire to the country with that dulleſt of all dull companions. a huſband, becauſe it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her ſpouſe; that ſhe ſhould ſpeak civilly to her ſervants, becauſe it

is agreeable to the *fitneſs of things*, that people under us ſhould be well treated; that ſhe ſhould give up play, or late hours upon Sunday becauſe the parſon ſays Sunday ſhould be devoted to *religion*. I know well, that nothing is ſo unfaſhionable as for a huſband and wife to be often together; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domeſtic œconomy, or to demean herſelf ſo far as to conſider ſervants to be of the ſame ſpecies with their miſtreſſes; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or like practices, on their own account, and in ſo far muſt differ from the philoſophical gentlemen I have referred to; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware that every fine lady is apt, like *Lady Townly*, to faint at the very diſcription of the pleaſures of the *country*; yet ſhe ought to be induced to ſpend ſome of her time there, even though it ſhould be her huſband's principal place of reſidence; becauſe the tranquillity, and freſh air of the country, may repair ſome of the devaſtations which a winter campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know alſo, that ſpending Sunday like a good Chriſtian is the moſt tireſome and unfaſhionable of all things; yet, perhaps, ſome obſervance of the Sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may ſmooth thoſe wrinkles which the late hours of the other ſex are apt to produce: and though œconomy, or attention to a huſband's affairs, is I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itſelf; yet poſſibly, it ſhould be ſo far attended to as to prevent that huſband's total ruin; becauſe duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the trouble they occaſion, to ſpoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of *ſweetneſs*, *mildneſs*, *humility*, *tenderneſs*, or *good-nature*, becauſe ſhe is taught that it is her duty to

do so; I would, nevertheless, humbly propose to the ladies, to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domestics, nay, to be complaisant even to their husbands; because good-humour, mildness, and complaisance, are good for their faces. Attention to these qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty, than the finest paint the most skillfully laid on: the culture of them will give a higher lustre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineness of the skin being hurt by its use.

Let every lady, therefore, consider, that whenever she says or does a good-humoured thing, she adds a new beauty to her countenance; that by giving some attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abstaining from the late hours of dissipation, she will keep off, somewhat longer than otherwise, the wrinkles of age; and I would hope the *prescription* I have given may, amidst the more important cares of pleasure, appear deserving of her attention.

This prescription must, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being their prerogative. To recommend *virtue* to our *fine* gentlemen, because *vice* might hurt their shapes, or spoil their faces, may appear somewhat like irony, which, on so serious a subject, I would wish to avoid. Some considerations may, however, be suggested, why even a *fine gentleman* may find his account in an occasional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it costs him so much labour to attain; and these may perhaps be the subject of a future paper.

No. 4. SATURDAY, *February* 6, 1779.

Meliora pii docuere parentes. HOR.

THE following letter I received from an unknown correſpondent. The ſubject of it is ſo important, that I ſhall probably take ſome future opportunity of giving my ſentiments on it to the Public: in the mean time I am perſuaded it will afford matter of much ſerious conſideration to many of my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-five, I ſucceeded to an eſtate of 1500*l*, a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whoſe memory I ſtill retain the moſt ſincere regard. Not long after I married a lady, to whom I had for ſome time been warmly attatched. As neither of us were fond of the buſtle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irkſome, we took the reſolution of quitting it altogether; and ſoon after retired to a family ſeat, which has been the favorite reſidence of my anceſtors ~~of my anceſtors~~ for many ſucceſſive generations.

There I paſſed my days in as perfect happineſs as any reaſonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and eſteem for my wife increaſed daily; and as ſhe brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amuſement. There were, likewiſe, in our neighbourhood ſeveral families that might have adorned any ſociety, with whom we lived on an eaſy, friendly footing; free from the reſtraints of ceremony, which, in the great world may, perhaps be neceſſary, but, in private life are the bane of all ſocial intercourſe.

There is no ſtate, however, entirely free from care and uneaſineſs. My ſolicitude about my children increaſed with their years. My boys in particular, gave me a thouſand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were propoſed for them, of which the advantages and diſadvantages were ſo equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one, a matter of no ſmall perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldeſt, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his ſervices in parliament, and an aſſiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very conſiderable office under government, honoured us with a viſit. He ſeemed much pleaſed with the looks, the ſpirit, and promiſing appearance of my ſons; he paid me many compliments on the occaſion and I liſtened to him with all the pleaſure a fond parent feels in hearing the praiſes of his children.

After he had been ſome days with us, he aſked me in what manner I propoſed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their eſtabliſhment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the abſurdity of the old-faſhioned ſyſtem of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of ſending a boy to Eton or Weſtminſter, to waſte the moſt precious years of his life in acquiring languages of little or no real uſe in the world; and begged leave to ſuggeſt a plan, which, he ſaid, had been attended with the greateſt ſucceſs in a variety of inſtances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His ſcheme was to ſend my ſons for two or three years to a private ſchool in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he obſerved would be alone ſufficient to diſappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He propoſed to ſend them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accompliſhment neceſſary to fit them for the world. "When your

eldeſt ſon," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be eaſy for me to get him appointed ſecretary to an embaſſy; and if he ſhall then poſſeſs thoſe abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I ſhall be able to procure him a ſeat in parliament; and there will be no office in the ſtate to which he may not aſpire. As to your ſecond ſon, give him the ſame education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commiſſion in the army, and puſh him on in that line as faſt as poſſible."

Though I ſaw ſome objections to this ſcheme, yet I muſt confeſs, the flattering proſpect of ambition it opened, had a conſiderable effect upon my mind; and, as my wife, who had been taught to receive the opinions of her kinſman with the utmoſt deference, warmly ſeconded his propoſal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my aſſent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and which I need not now attempt to deſcribe.

I had the ſatisfaction to receive, from time to time, the moſt pleaſing accounts of their progreſs; and after they went to Paris, I was ſtill more and more flattered with what I heared of their improvement.

At length the wiſhed for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that by a certain day, we might expect to ſee them at home. We were all impatience: my daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly ſhut her eyes the night peceding the day on which her brothers were expected: her mother and I, though we ſhewed it leſs, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been conſtantly on the look-out, ran to tell me ſhe ſaw a poſt-chaiſe driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my aſto-

niſhment, when I ſaw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dreſs and looks reſembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was ſtill worſe their manners were more diſpleaſing than their appearance. When my my daughter ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him, and burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter at ſomething in her dreſs that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by her younger brother who was pleaſed, however to ſay, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on her clothes, and to uſe a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great meaſure, to the levity of youth; and I ſtill flattered myſelf that matters were not ſo bad as they appeared to be. In theſe hopes I ſat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means, tend to leſſen my chagrin: there was nothing at table they could eat; they ran out in praiſe of French cookery, and ſeemed even to be adepts in the ſcience: they knew the component ingredients of the moſt faſhionable *ragoos* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the moſt celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To ſtop this inundation of abſurdity, and, at the ſame time, to try the boys further, I introduced ſome topics of converſation, on which they ought to have been able to ſay ſomething. But, on theſe ſubjects, they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly ſee their ſilence did not proceed from the modeſty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the moſt perfect and profound ignorance. They ſoon, however, took their revenge for the reſtraint thus impoſed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which, to the reſt of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After ſome converſation, the drift of which we could not diſcover, they got into a keen debate on the compa-

rative merit of the *Dos depuce*, and the *Puce en Couches*; and, in the course of their argument, used words and phrases which to us were equally incomprehensible as the subject on which they were employed, Not long after my poor girl was covered with confusion, on her brother's asking her, If she did not think the *Cuisse de la Reine* the prettiest thing in the world?

But, Sir, I should be happy, were I able to say, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am sorry to add that my young men seem to have made an equal progress in vice. It was but the other day I happened to observe to the eldest, that it made me uneasy to see his brother look so very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the most easy indifference, that poor *Charles* had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an Opera-girl at Paris; but, for my part, added he, I never ran those hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of fashion.

In short, Sir, these unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a course of premature debauchery. I can easily see that I do not possess either their confidence or affection; and they even seem to despise me for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they value themselves so highly. In this situation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of listening to reason or advice; and to use the authority of a parent, would probably be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleasant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my case before you, in hopes of being favoured with your sentiments upon it. Possibly it may be of some benefit to the public, by serving as a beacon to others in similar circumstances. As to myself, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which

preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will ſhorten the days, of

Your unfortunate humble ſervant,

R L. G.

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

Vitreus' *favours have been received, and ſhall be duly attended to.*

A letter ſigned A. Z. *and an Eſſay ſubſcribed* D. *are under conſideration.*

On Wedneſday next (Tueſday being appointed for the day of the National Faſt) will be publiſhed No. 5.

No. 5. WEDNESDAY, *February* 10, 1779.

PEDANTRY, in the common ſenſe of the word, means an abſurd oſtentation of learning, and ſtiffneſs of phraſeology, proceeding from a miſguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its ſignification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which diſpoſes a perſon to obtrude upon others ſubjects of converſation relating to his own buſineſs, ſtudies, or amuſement.

In this ſenſe of the phraſe, we ſhould find *pedants* in every character and condition of life. Inſtead of a black coat and plain ſhirt, we ſhould often ſee pedantry appear in an embroidered ſuit and Bruſſels lace; inſtead of being bedaubed with ſnuff, we ſhould find it breathing perfumes; and in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloi-

ſters of an univerſity, we ſhould mark it in the ſtate of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daiſey, Eſq; is a pedant of this laſt kind, when he tells you that his ruffles coſt twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the firſt of the kind, made by one of the moſt eminent artiſts in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of thoſe worn by the *Conte d'Artois*; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has ſet the faſhion to half a dozen of the fineſt fellows in town: when he deſcants on all theſe particulars, with that ſmile of ſelf-complacency which ſits forever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quandam tutor, who recites verſes from Pindar, tells ſtories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daiſey is ſtruck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir *Thomas*, whoſe pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young Baronet is juſt returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of muſic, he cuts you ſhort with the hiſtory of the firſt ſingers at *Naples*; of painting, he runs you down with a deſcription of the gallery at *Florence*; of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimenſions of St *Peter's*, or the great church at *Antwerp*; or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he inſtantly deluges you with the *Rhine*, or makes you dizzy with the height of *Etna or Mont Blank*.

Miſs will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when ſhe talks all the time of dinner on the compoſition of the pudding, or the ſeaſoning of the mince pies; or enters into a diſquiſition on the figure of the damaſk table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen: but the young lady will be ſurpriſed when I inform her, that her own hiſtory of laſt Thurſday's aſſembly, with the epiſode of Lady Di's fea-

ther, and the digreſſion to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dreſſer, was alſo a piece of down-right pedantry.

Mrs. *Caudle* is guilty of the ſame weakneſs, when ſhe recounts the numberleſs witticiſms of her daughter *Emmy*, deſcribes the droll figure of her little *Bill* made yeſterday at trying on his firſt pair of breeches, and informs us, that *Bobby* has got ſeven teeth, and is juſt cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wedneſday at ſix o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry leſs diſguſting, when ſhe proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her huſband; though this laſt ſpecies is ſo uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into converſation for the ſake of variety.

Muckworm is the meaneſt of pedants, when he he tells you of the ſcarcity of money at preſent, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that, for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command caſh for his occaſions; that trade is ſo dead, and debts ſo ill paid at preſent, that he was obliged to ſell ſome ſhares of bank ſtock to make up the price of his laſt purchaſe; and had actually countermanded a ſervice of plate, elſe he ſhould have been obliged to ſtrike ſeveral names out of the liſt of his weekly penſioners; and that this apology was ſuſtained t'other day by the noble company (giving you a liſt of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is alſo another anecdote, which *Muckworm* forgot to mention: his firſt couſin dined that day with the ſervants, who took compaſſion on the lad, after he had been turned down ſtairs, with a refuſal of twenty pounds to ſet him up in the trade of a ſhoemaker.

There is pedantry in every diſquiſition, however maſterly it way be, that ſtops the general converſation of the company. When *Silius* delivers that ſort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is

supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of *Silius*, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, *Silius* began upon *Protestantism*, proceeded to the *Irish massacre*, went through the *Revolution*, drew the Character of King *William*, repeated anecdotes of *Schomberg*, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the *Boyne* in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white sattin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is *Pedantry*, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good-humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries which some friend had sent him for a rarity in the beginning of the season. Now, *Conversation* is one of those good things of which our guests or companions are equally intitled to a share, as of any other constituent part of the entertainment; and it is as essential want of politeness to engross the one, as to monopolize the other.

Besides it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own discourse, or the rate at which the dispositions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the stories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinions of their acuteness or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to consider, that the dish we bring to this entertainment, however pleasing to our own taste, may prove but moderately palatable to those we mean to treat with it; and that to every man, as well as our-

ſelves (except a few very humble ones,) his own converſation is the *plate of peaſe or ſtrawberries*

V

No 6. SATURDAY, *February* 13, 1779.

Nec excitatur claſſico miles truci
Nec horret iratum mare;
Forumque vitat, et ſuperba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are uſually attended with a proportional deſire of exerting them; and indeed were it otherwiſe, they would be, in a great meaſure, uſeleſs to thoſe who poſſeſs them, as well as to ſociety.

But, while this diſpoſition generally leads men of high parts and high ſpirit to take a ſhare in active life, by engaging in the purſuits of buſineſs or ambition, there are, amidſt the variety of human characters, ſome inſtances, in which perſons eminently poſſeſſed of thoſe qualities give way to a contrary diſpoſition.

A man of an aſpiring mind and nice ſenſibility may from a wrong direction, or a romantic exceſs of ſpirit, find it difficult to ſubmit to the ordinary purſuits of life. Filled with enthuſiaſtic ideas of the glory of a general, a ſenator, or a ſtateſman, he may look with indifferenee, or even with diſguſt, on the leſs brilliant, though perhaps, not leſs uſeful occupations of the phyſician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. *Umphraville*, is a remarkable inſtance of great talents thus loſt to himſelf and to ſociety. The ſingular opinions which have influenced his conduct, I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

"In the purſuit of an ordinary profeſſion," would he ſay, "a man of ſpirit and ſenſibility, "while he is ſubjected to diſguſting occupations, "finds it neceſſary to ſubmit with patience, nay oft-

"en with the appearance of ſatisfaction, to what he "will be apt to eſteem dullneſs, folly or impertinence, in thoſe fromwhoſe countenance, or opinion, he hopes to derive ſucceſs; and while he "pines in ſecret at ſo irkſome a ſituation, perhaps, "amidſt the crowds with whom he converſes, he "may not find a friend to whom he can communicate his ſorrows.

"If on the other hand" he would add, "he betakes himſelf to retirement, it is true, he can"not hope for an opportunity of performing ſplen"did actions, or of gratifying a paſſion for glory; "but if he attain not all that he wiſhes, he avoids "much of what he hates. Within a certain range "he will be maſter of his occupation, and his com"pany; his books will, in part ſupply the want of "ſociety; and, in contemplation at leaſt, he may "often enjoy thoſe pleaſures from which fortune "has precluded him.

"If the country, as will generally happen, be "the place of his retirement, it will afford a vari"ety of objects agreeable to his temper. In the "proſpect of a lofty mountain, an extenſive plain, "or the unbounded ocean, he may gratify his taſte "for the ſublime; while the lonely vale, the hol"low bank, or the ſhady wood, will preſent him a "retreat ſuited to the thoughtfulneſs of his diſpo"ſition."

Such are the ſentiments which have formed the character of Mr. *Umphraville*, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father a man of generoſity and expence beyond his fortune, though it had once been conſiderable, left him at the age of twenty-five, full of the high ſentiments, natural, at theſe years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large eſtate, with a very inconſiderable income to ſupport them; for though the remaining part of the family-fortune ſtill afforded him a rent-roll of 1000*l.* a year, his clear revenue could ſcarcely be eſtimated at 300*l.*

Mr. *Umphraville*, though he wanted not a reliſh

for polite company and elegant amuſements, was more diſtinguiſhed for an ardent deſire of knowledge; in conſequence of which he had made an uncommon progreſs in ſeveral branches of ſcience. The claſſical writers of ancient and modern times, but eſpecially the former, were thoſe from whoſe works he felt the higheſt pleaſure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a conſiderable knowledge of juriſprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On theſe laſt circumſtances his friends founded their hopes of his riſing in the world. One part of them argued, from the progreſs he had made in juriſprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer; the other, that his turn for mathematics would be an uſeful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the neceſſity of his following ſome profeſſion in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. *Umphraville*, however, had very different ſentiments. Though he had ſtudied the ſcience of juriſprudence with pleaſure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legiſlature, he felt no great inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himſelf in applying them to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals; and, though he neither wanted a taſte for the art, nor a paſſion for the glory of a ſoldier, he was full as little diſpoſed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the ſtreets in a proceſſion. Nor were his objections to other plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, leſs unſurmountable.

In ſhort, after deliberating on the propoſitions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. *Umphraville* concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way ſuited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country-life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happ...eſs,

than the purſuit of occupations to which he felt an averſion, even ſhould they be attended with a greater degree of ſucceſs than, from that circumſtance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his reſolution; and, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his eſtate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, ſince the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon ſenſe and virtue, who ſurvived her huſband ſome time, having conſiſted only of himſelf, and an unmarried ſiſter, of a diſpoſition ſimilar to his own.

Neither his circumſtances nor inclination led Mr. *Umphraville* to partake much of the jollity of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found abſolutely neceſſary for the convenience of his little family; and though he employed himſelf for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of induſtry he ſoon laid aſide, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and ſince it has been dropped, his books, and ſometimes his gun, with the converſation of his ſiſter, and a few friends, who now and then viſit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this ſituation, Mr. *Umphraville* has naturally contracted ſeveral peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither leſſen the original politeneſs of the one, nor weaken the natural force and ſpirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted ruſt, it is the ruſt of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence around its poſſeſſor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

Theſe particulars will ſuffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers; and I may afterwards take occaſion to gratify ſuch of them as wiſh to know ſomewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

L

continued in No 9

No. 7. TEUSDAY, *February* 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. LUC.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a sort of retainer to the muses; and though I cannot boast of much familiarity with themselves, hold a subordinate intimacy with several branches of their family. I never made verses, but I can repeat several thousands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas*; and I have given many good hints towards the composition of some favorite *rebuses* and *charades*. I have also a very competent share of classical learning; I can construe Latin when there is an English version on the opposite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I speak a little French, and can make shift to understand the subject of an Italian opera

With these qualifications, Sir, I am held in considerable estimation by the Wits of both sexes. I am sometimes allowed to clap first at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a fashionable song. I am consulted by several ladies before they stick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library*; and have translated to some polite companies all the mottoes of your paper, except the last, which, being somewhat crabbed, I did not chuse to risk my credit by attempting. I have at last ventured to put myself into print in the MIRROR; and send you information of a scheme I have formed for making my talents serviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one must have observed the utility of a proper selection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare sounds of *Monimia* or *Imoinda* set a tender-hearted young lady a-crying; and a letter from *Edward* to *Maria* contains a sentiment in the very air.

Were I to illustrate this by an apposite example, as schoolmasters give exercises of bad latin, the truth of my assertion would appear in a still stronger light.

Suppose, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic story of the disastrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the first of whom was called *Gubbins*, and the latter *Gubblestones*, too very respectable names in some parts of our neighbour-country. The *Gubbinses*, from an ancient family-feud, had a mortal antipathy at the *Gubblestones*; this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the last to the heiress of the former; an attachment begun by accident, increased by acquaintance, and nourished by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old *Gubbins* having intercepted a letter from young *Gubblestones*, breathed the most horrid denunciations of vengeance against his daughter, if ever he should discover the smallest intercourse between her and the son of his enemy; and further, effectually to seclude any chance of an union with so hated a name, he instantly proposed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. *Clutterbuck*, who had seen her at a ball, and was deeply smitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, *Gubblestones* grew almost frantic with grief and despair. Wandering round the house where his loved *Gubbins* was confined, he chanced to see Mr. *Clutterbuck* hastening to an interview with his destined bride. Stung with jealousy and rage, reckless of life, and regardless of the remonstrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with desperate fury. Both swords were sheathed at once in the breasts of the combatants *Clutterbuck* died on the spot: his antagonist lived but to be carried to the house of his implacable enemy, and breathed his last at the feet of his mistress. The dying words of *Gubblestones*, the succeeding phrenzy and death of *Gubbins*, the

relenting sorrow of their parents, with a discription of the tomb in which *Gubbins*, *Gubblestone*, and *Clutterbuck*, were laid, finish the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the highest degree of melancholy and distress, were it not for the unfortunate sounds which compose the *names* of the actors in this eventful story; yet these names Mr. MIRROR, are really and truly right English surnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as those of *Mordaunt*, *Montague*, or *Howard*.

Nor is it only in the sublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is essential to good writing. *Comedy* is so much beholden to this article, that I have known some with scarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the *Dramatis Personæ*. Every other species of writing, in which humour or character is to be personified, is in the same predicament, and depends for great part of its applause on the knack of hitting off a lucky allusion from the name to the person. Your brother essayists have been particularly indebted to this invention, for supplying them with a very necessary material in the construction of their papers. In the Spectator I find, from an examination of my notes on this subject, there are 532 names of characters and correspondents, 394 of which are descriptive and characteristic.

Having thus shewn the importance of the art of *name-making*, I proceed to inform you of my plan for assisting authors in this particular, and saving them that expence of time and study which the invention of names proper for different purposes must occasion.

I have from a long course of useful and extensive reading, joined to an uncommon strength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all sorts of subjects, pathetic, sentimental, serious, satirical or merry. For novelists, I have made a collection of the best sounding English, or English-like, French, or French like names; I say, the best sounding, sound being the only thing necessary in that department. For

comic writers and eſſayiſts of your tribe, Sir, I have made up from the works of former authors, as well as for my own invention, a liſt of names, with the characters or ſubjects to which they alude prefixed. A learned friend has furniſhed me with a parcel of ſignatures for political, philoſophical and religious eſſayiſts in the newſpapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-ſix compounds beginning with *philo*, which are all from four to ſeven ſylables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country-readers.

For the uſe of ſerious poetry, I have a ſet of names, tragic, elegiac, paſtoral and legentary; for ſongs, ſatires and epigrams, I have a parcel properly correſponding to thoſe departments. A column is ſubjoined, ſhewing the number of feet whereof they conſiſt, that being a requiſite chiefly to be attended to, in names deſtined for the purpoſes of poetry. Some of them, indeed, are ſo happily contrived, that, by means of an eaſy and natural contraction, they can be ſhortened or lengthened (like a pocket-teleſcope), according to the ſtructure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others, by the aſſiſtance of proper interjections, are ready made into ſmooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely uſeful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

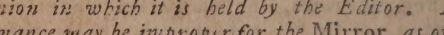
All theſe, Sir, the fruits of ſeveral years labour and induſtry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate conſideration, to authors, or other perſons whom they may ſuit. Be pleaſed, therefore, to inform your correſpondents, that, by applying to your publiſher, they may be informed, in the language of Falſtaffe, "*where a commodity of good names is to be bought.*" As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may ſtand in need of my aſſiſtance; or you may write out your papers blank, and ſend them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours' &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has to return thanks to numberleſs Correſpondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the ſame time, to acquaint them, that, as many inconveniencies would ariſe from a particular acknowledgement of every letter, he muſt henceforward be excuſed from making it; they may, however, reſt aſſured of the ſtricteſt attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the inſertion of papers ſent him, he will be allowed to ſuggeſt, that from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refuſal of an eſſay is no criterion of its merit, nor of the opinion in which it is held by the Editor. A performance may be improper for the Mirror, *as often on account of its riſing above, as of its falling below, the level of ſuch a work, which is peculiarly circumſcribed, not only in its ſubjects, but in the manner of treating them. The ſame circumſtance will often render it neceſſary to alter or abridge the productions of correſpondents; a liberty for which the Editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will uſe with the utmoſt caution.*



No. 8. SATURDAY, *February* 20, 1779.

Inſpicere tanquam in ſpeculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the Editor found himſelf under the neceſſity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown correſpondent.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian side of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a Derviſe. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendſhip; how we converſed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the Derviſe fell ſick, and how I, having ſome ſkill in medicine, adminiſtered to his recovery; how this ſtrengthened his former regard by the additional tie of gratitude; how, after a ſpace, I tired of walking by the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I ſhould walk with more ſecurity and ſatisfaction by the ſide of *Forth*; are circumſtances, that, after you ſhall be more intereſted in my life and converſation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the mean while, ſuffice it to ſay, that my parting with the Derviſe was very tender; and that, as a memorial of his friendſhip, he preſented me with a Mirror. I confeſs frankly, that, conſidering the poverty of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I ſuppoſed his preſent of little intrinſic value. Yet, looking at it, and wiſhing to ſeem as ſenſible of its worth as poſſible, "This," ſaid I, "may be a very uſeful Mirror. "As it is of a convenient ſize, I may carry it in "my pocket, and, if I ſhould happen to be in a pub- "lic company, it may enable me to wipe from my "face any accidental duſt, or to adjuſt the poſture "of my perriwig." For, Sir, at that time, in order to command ſome reſpect among the Muſſulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

"That Mirror," ſaid the Derviſe, looking at me with great earneſtneſs, "is of higher value "than you ſuppoſe: and of this, by the following

" account of its nature and uſes, I am ſure you will " be fully ſatisfied. Of Mirrors, ſome are convex, " and repreſent their object of a ſize conſiderably " diminiſhed: accordingly, the images they diſ- " play are extremely beautiful. A company of " people repreſented by this Mirror ſhall appear " without ſpot or blemiſh, like a company of love- " ly ſilphs. Now, my good Chriſtian friend, mine " is not a convex Mirror. Neither is it concave: " for concave Mirrors have juſt an oppoſite effect; " and by enlarging the object they repreſent, would " render even the *Houri* in Paradiſe as hideous as " the Witch of Endor, or a Pagan fury. In ſhort, " it is a good plain Mirror, intended to repreſent " things juſt as they are, but with properties and " varieties not to be met with in common glaſs."

" Whenever," continued he, " you entertain " any doubt concerning the propriety of your con- " duct, or have apprehenſions that your motives " are not exactly what you conceive, or wiſh them " to be, I adviſe you forthwith to conſult the Mir- " ror. You will there ſee yourſelf without diſ- " guiſe; and be enabled, not merely to wipe from " your face any accidental duſt, or to adjuſt your " periwig of three tails, but to rectify your con- " duct, and adjuſt your deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the Derviſe, ſo often, and with ſuch ſmall ſatisfaction to myſelf, that I am heartily ſick of it. I have conſulted my Mirror, in the act of giving alms, expecting, no doubt, to ſee myſelf charactered with the ſofteſt compaſſion, and, behold! I was ſwollen and bloated with oſtentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, againſt the vices of mankind, and their blindneſs to real merit, I have looked in the Mirror, and ſeen the redneſs of Anger, the flushings of diſappointed Ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an eſſay he had written; he ſeemed to me ſomewhat conſcious of its merit: he expected, and was entitled to ſome applauſe; but, ſaid I to myſelf, " I

" will administer to no man's vanity, nor expose " my friend by encouraging his self-conceit;" and so observed an obstinate unyielding silence. I looked in the Mirror, and am ashamed to tell you my motive was not so pure.

But, instead of exposing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect consistency with some of the most powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much less exceptionable to myself, explain the properties of my Mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

" Whenever," continued the Dervise, " you " have any doubt concerning the conduct of ano- " ther person, take an opportunity, and, when he " is least aware, catch a copy of his face in your " Mirror." It would do your heart good, Sir, if you delight in that species of moral criticism which some people denominate scandal, to see the discoveries I have made. Many a grave physician have I seen laying his head to one side, fixing his solemn eye on the far corner of a room or poring with steady gaze on his watch, and seeming to count the beats of his patient's pulse, when, in fact, he was numbering, in his own mind, the guineas accruing from his circle of morning visits, or studying what fine speech he should make to my lady Dutchess or, if his patient were a fair patient—But here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my Mirror to church; and, sitting in a snug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expressive gesture; expressive, not of humility, but of pride; not of any desire to communicate instruction, but to procure applause; not to explain the gospel, but to exhibit the preacher.

" This Mirror," said the Mussulman, continuing his valedictory speech, " will not only display " your acquaintance as they really are, but as they " wish to be: and for this purpose." shewing me " the way, " you have only to hold it in a parti- " cular position," From this use of the Mirror,

holding it as the Derviſe deſired me, I confeſs I have received ſpecial amuſement. How many perſons hideouſly deformed have appeared moſt divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazingly clever; how many ſhrivelled cheeks have ſuddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I muſt confeſs, how ſurpriſing ſoever the confeſſion may appear, that I have found mankind, in general, very well ſatisfied with their talents: and, as far as regards moral and religious improvement, I recollect very few inſtances of perſons who wiſhed for changes in their preſent condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have ſeen perſons not a little ſolicitous to acquire the eaſy uſe of ſome faſhionable impieties and immoralities. I have ſeen delicate females, to ſay nothing of dainty gentlemen, wiſhing to forget their catechiſm; ſtriving to overcome their reluctance, and meditating, in their own minds, the utterance of ſome faſhionable piece of raillery againſt religion; yet, like the Amen of Macbeth, I have often ſeen it ſtick in their throat.

"But," continued the Derviſe, "if you hold "this Mirror in a fit poſture, it will not only ſhew "you men as they are, or as they wiſh to be, but "with the talents of which they reckon themſelves "actually poſſeſſed; and in that very *character* or "*ſituation* which they hold moſt ſuited to their abilities." Now this property of the Muſſulman's Mirror has given me more amuſement than any other. By this means I have ſeen a whole company undergo inſtantaneous and ſtrange transformation. I have ſeen the unwieldy burgeſs changed into a ſlender gentleman; the deep philoſopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guiſe of a Counteſs; and the pert ſcrivener become a cropped Enſign. I have ſeen thoſe grave perſonages whom you may obſerve daily iſſuing from their alleys at noon with white wigs, black coats buttoned and inclined to grey, with a cane in one hand, and the other ſtationed at their ſide-pocket,

beating the ſtreets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or riſing in a coffee-hou e in the full dignity of a ſpectacled noſe; I have ſeen them moving in my Mirror in the ſhape of ſtateſmen, miniſters at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, juſtices of the peace, or chief magiſtrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important buſineſs of inſtructing the Public, I reckon you a much fitter perſon than me to be poſſeſſed of this precious Mirror. By theſe preſents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I conſign it into your hands. All that I demand of you in return, is to uſe this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner: for, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be miſuſed. Therefore be circumſpect; nor let any perſon ſay of you, that you make uſe of a falſe glaſs, or that the reflection is not juſt, or that the repreſentation is partial; or, *laſtly*, that it exhibits broken, diſtorted, or unnatural images. In full confidence that it will be an inſtrument in your hands for the moſt uſeful purpoſes, I am, Sir,

Your obedient ſervant,

VITREUS.

No. 9. TEUSDAY, *February* 23, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME weeks ago I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have paſſed the laſt twenty years in the enjoyment of eaſe and tranquillity, by an important family concern, which made it neceſſary for me to come to town.

Last Thursday I was solicited by an old friend to accompany him to the *Playhouse*, to see the tragedy of *King Lear*; and, by way of inducement, he told me, the part of *Lear* was to be performed by an actor who had studied the character under the *English Roscius*, and was supposed to play it somewhat in the manner of that great master. As the theatre had been always my favorite amusement, I did not long withstand the entreaties of my friend; and when I reflected that Mr *Garrick* was now gone to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne "no traveller returns," I felt a sort of tender desire to see even a copy of that great original, from whose performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received such exquisite pleasure.

As we understood the house was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and seated ourselves in the middle of the *pit*, so as not only to see the play to advantage, but also to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the least pleasing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a secret satisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the present times, and amused myself with tracing in the daughters those features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me so often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the house, some of the reigning toasts of our times, but so changed, that, without his assistance, I never should have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and those numberless graces, on which I had been accustomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable, than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the silent neglect with which those once celebrated beauties were now treated, by much too severe a punishment for that pride and haughtiness they had formerly assumed.

Whilst I was amusing myself in this manner, I observed, that some of the *upper boxes* were filled with ladies, whose appearance soon convinced me

that they were of an order of females more desirous of being distinguished for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expressing some disgust at seeing those unfortunate creatures sitting thus openly mingled with women of the first rank and fashion. "Poh!" said my friend, "that is "thought nothing of now-a days; and every body "seems to be of the same opinion with the celebra- "ted Countess of *Dorchester*, mistress of King James "II. who having seated herself on the same bench "with a lady of rigid virtue, the other immediately "shrunk back; which the Countess observing, "said, with a smile, Don't be afraid, Madam; "gallantry is not catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with such levity of a matter that seemed to be of so serious a nature, the curtain drew up and the play began. It is not my design, Sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpose of this letter is to request of you to take some notice of a species of indecorum, that appeared altogether new to me, and which, I confess, it hurt me to observe.

Before the end of the first act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the upper boxes, amidst those unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that these persons were as destitute of any pretension to birth or fashion, as they were void of decency of manners; but I was equally surprised and mortified to find that many of them were of the first families of the kingdom. You, Sir, who have lived in the world, and seen the gradual and almost imperceptible progress of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my astonishment, when I beheld these very gentlemen quit their seats, and come down to pay their respects to the ladies in the *lower boxes*. The gross impropriety of this behaviour raised in me a degree of indignation which I could not, without difficulty, restrain. I comforted myself, however, with the hopes, that those unthinking youths would meet with such a reception from the women of ho-

nour, as would effectually check this indecency; but I am sorry to add, that I could not discern, either in their looks or manner, those marks of disapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, seemed rather pleased when these young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am persuaded, at the same time, that were they to think but for a moment of the consequences, they would be sensible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I must therefore intreat of you, Sir, to take the earliest opportunity of giving your sentiments on the subject.

I am &c.

A. W.

The complaints of my correspondent are not without reason. The boundaries betwixt virtue and vice cannot be too religiously maintained; and every thing that tends to lessen, in any degree, the respect due to a woman of honour, ought ever to be guarded against with the utmost caution.

When I was in France, I observed a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleased me much. Even in that country, loose as we imagine the manners there to be, nobody who wishes to preserve the character of a well-bred gentleman, is ever seen at a place of public resort, in company with those misguided fair ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compassion, have forfeited all title to respect and esteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this, the example of our neighbours, whom they are so ready to imitate in less laudable instances. To consider it only in this view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeness than that which has given occasion to this letter. In other

reſpects, the conſequences are truly alarming. When every diſtinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the proſtitute; when both are treated with equal attention and obſervance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of the women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the reſpectable part of the ſex?

Theſe conſiderations will, I hope, prove ſufficient to correct this abuſe in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them, however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of ſentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the beſt and ſureſt guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain, in the opinion of the world, leſs difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them alſo conſider, that, as it is unqueſtionably in their power to form and correct the manners of the men, ſo they are, in ſome ſort, accountable, not for their own conduct only, but alſo for that of their admirers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

I DO not mean to reflect, Mr. MIRROR; for that is your buſineſs, not mine; far leſs do I purpoſe to *pun*, when I tell you, that it might ſave ſome reflections upon yourſelf, did you take the trouble to tranſlate into good common *Engliſh*, thoſe ſame *Latin* ſcraps, or mottoes, which you ſometimes hang out by way of ſign-poſt inſcription at the top of your paper. For conſider, Sir, who will be tempted to enter a houſe of entertainment offered to the Public, when the majority can neither read

nor understand the language in which the *bill of fare* is drawn and held out! I am a Scotsman of a good plain stomach, who can eat and digest any thing; yet would I like to have a guess at what was to be expected before I sit down to table. Besides, the fair sex, Mr. MIRROR, for whom you express so much respect,—What shall they do? Believe me, then, Sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only please the ladies, but now and then save a blush in their company to some grown gentlemen, who have not the good fortune to be so learned as yourself. Amongst the rest, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble servant,
IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. *Ignoramus* (whom I take to be a wiser man than he gives himself out for) must have often observed many great personages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be respected.

E

No. 10. SATURDAY, *February* 27, 1779.

———*Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis. TER.

REFINEMENT, and *Delicacy of Taste*, are the productions of advanced society. They open to the mind of persons possessed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be pushed to a dangerous extreme. By that excess of sensibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of superiority which they nourish; they may unfit their possessor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that too great niceness

which they are apt to create, they mingle somewhat of disgust and uneasiness even in the highest and finest pleasures. A person of such a mind will often miss happiness where Nature intended it should be found, and seek for it where it is not to be met with. Disgust and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while less cultivated minds are enjoying pleasure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever considered my friend *Charles Fleetwood* to be a remarkable instance of such a character. Mr. *Fleetwood* has been endowed by nature with a most feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profession, his natural sensibility has been increased by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the study of the polite arts, which has given him that excess of refinement I have described above, that injures while it captivates.

Last summer I accompanied him in an excursion into the country. Our object was partly air and exercise, and partly to pay a visit to some of our friends.

Our first visit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-fashioned hospitality which still prevails in some parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into excess. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend a number of his jovial companions, whose object of entertainment was very different from ours. Instead of wishing to enjoy the pleasures of the country, they expressed their satisfaction at the meeting of so many old acquaintance; because they said it would add to the mirth and sociality of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and somewhat noisy dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glasses: the mirth of the company rose higher at every new toast; and though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial festivity was drawn out, with very little intermission, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. *Fleetwood's* politeness prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, saw he was inwardly fretted at the

manner in which his time was ſpent during a fine evening, in one of the moſt beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at leaſt innocent, was loſt upon him: their jokes hardly produced a ſmile; or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good humour of thoſe around him, inſtead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleaſure, increaſed his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver, did I think, Mr. *Fleetwood's* countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being ſpent pretty much in the manner I have deſcribed, we went to the houſe of another gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural ſoberneſs of mind, accompanied with a habit of induſtry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would ſave us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. *Fleetwood* not a whit more at his eaſe than in the laſt houſe. Our landlord's ideas of politeneſs made him think it would be want of reſpect to his gueſts if he did not give them conſtant attendance. Breakfaſt, therefore, was no ſooner removed, than, as he wiſhed to viſit his farm, he propoſed a walk: we ſet out accordingly; and our whole morning was ſpent in croſſing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord diſcourſe on *drilling* and *horſe-hoeing*; of *broad-caſt* and *ſummer-fallow*; of *manuring*, *plowing*, *draining*, &c. Mr. *Fleetwood* who had ſcarcely ever read a theoretical book upon farming, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teazed to death with this converſation; and returned home covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family œconomy did not allow the leaſt approach to a debauch; and, as our landlord had exhauſted his utmoſt ſtock of knowledge and converſation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all deſirous of repeating the entertainment of

the morning, we passed a tasteless, lifeless, yawning afternoon; and, I believe, Mr. *Fleetwood* would have willingly exchanged the dulness of his present company, for the boisterous mirth of the last he had been in.

Our next visit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. *Fleetwood* expected to find pleasure and enjoyment sufficient to atone for the disagreeable occurrences in his two former visits; but here, too, he was disappointed. Mr. *Selby*, for that was our friend's name, had been several years married: his family increasing, he had retired to the country; and renouncing the bustle of the world, had given himself up to domestic enjoyments: his time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleasure which himself felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troublesome that indulgence might be to others. The first morning we were at his house, when Mr. *Fleetwood* came into the parlour to breakfast, all the places at table were occupied by the children; it was necessary that one of them should be displaced to make room for him; and, in the disturbance which this occasioned, a tea cup was overturned, and scalded the finger of Mr *Selby's* eldest daughter, a child about seven years old, whose whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfast. That being over, the eldest boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. *Selby* asked Mr. *Fleetwood* to hear him read his lesson: Mrs. *Selby* joined in the request, though both looked as if they were rather confering a favour on their guest. The eldest had no sooner finished, than the youngest boy presented himself; upon which his father observed, that it would be doing injustice to *Will* not to hear him, as well as his elder brother *Jack*; and in this way was my friend obliged to spend the morning, in performing the office of a schoolmaster to the children in succession.

Mr. *Fleetwood* liked a *game* at whist, and promised himself a party in the evening free from interruption. Cards were accordingly proposed; but Mrs. *Selby* observed, that her little daughter, who still complained of her scalded finger, needed amusement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miss *Harriot* insisted on the *game of the goose*. Down to it we sat; and to a stranger it would have been not unamusing to see Mr. *Fleetwood*, in his sorrowful countenance, at the *royal and pleasant game* of the *goose*, with a child of seven years old. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. *Selby's*, the delighted parents were indulging their fondness, while Mr. *Fleetwood* was repining and fretting in secret.

Having finished our intended round of visits, we turned our course homewards, and, at the first inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. *Johnson*, with whom I was slightly acquainted. Politeness would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, especially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffensive man. Our road lay through a glen, romantic and picturesque, which we reached soon after sun-set, in a mild and still evening. On each side were stupendous mountains; their height; the rude and projecting rocks, of which some of them were composed; the gloomy caverns they seemed to contain; and the appearance of devastation, occasioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, presented to our view a scene truly sublime. Mr *Fleetwood* felt an unusual elevation of spirit. His soul rose within him, and was swelled with that silent awe, so well suited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have said,

——" Welcome, kindred glooms,
" Congenial horrors, hail!"

——" Be these my theme,
" These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
" And heavenly musing!"

Our silence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unusual stillness prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horses, which, returning at stated intervals, assisted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow sound, which increased the solemnity of the scene. Mr. *Johnson*, tiring of this silence, and not having the least comprehension of its cause, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the song of "*Push about the Joram.*" Mr. *Fleetwood's* soul was then wound up to its utmost height. At the sound of Mr. *Johnson's* voice he started, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the rest of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him; and though he is, in every respect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. *Fleetwood* and he have often met since, the former has never been able to look upon him without disgust.

Mr. *Fleetwood's* entertainment in this short tour has produced, in my mind, many reflections, in which I doubt not I shall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few situations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction; but if we once transgress those bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive satisfaction, but if we once transgress those bounds, and, seeking after too much refinement, indulge a false and mistaken delicacy, there is hardly a situation in which we will not be exposed to disappointment and disgust.

Had it not been for this false, this dangerous delicacy, Mr *Fleetwood*, instead of uneasiness, would have received pleasure from every visit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the first house to which we went, it was not necessary that he should have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country;

but that not being the sentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taste to theirs, instead of feeling disgust at what appeared te him coarse in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleasure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amusement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical satisfaction.

It was scarcely to be expected, that the barrenness and dryness of the conversation of our second visit, could fill up, or entirely satisfy the delicate and improved mind of Mr. *Fleetwood*; but had he not laid it down almost as a rule, not to be pleased with any thing except what suited his own idea of enjoyment, he might, and ought to have received pleasure from the sight of a worthy family, spending their time innocently, happily, and usefully; usefully, both to themselves and to their country.

It was owing to the same false sensibility, that he was so much chagrined in the family of Mr. *Selby*. The fond indulgence of the parents did, perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for the finicalness of mind in Mr. *Fleetwood*, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleasure from witnessing the happiness of two virtuous parents in their rising offspring, that would have much overbalanced any uneasiness arising from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this excessive refinement, would Mr. *Fleetwood* have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr, *Johnson*. Though he might not have considered him as a man of taste, he would nevertheless have regarded him as a good and inoffensive man; and he would have received pleasure from the reflection, that neither goodness nor happiness are confined to those minds, which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleasures of nature or of art.

No. 11. Tuesday, *March* 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late *levies*, I understand that not only *drill serjeants* have had daily access to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houses in this metropolis, but that professors of *the noble science of defence* have been so constantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that their former scholars have found great difficulty in procuring masters to push with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourse to the less edifying opposition of one another.

The purpose of the serjeant's instructions, every lover of his country must approve. The last mentioned art, that of *fencing*, I formerly took great delight in myself, and still account one of the healthiest of all house exercises; insomuch that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to spend a certain part of each day in exercise of some kind, I generally take up my foil in rainy mornings, and push with great success against the figure of Herod, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now pasted up on the wall of the laundry.

When those two sciences, however, go upon actual service, they are to be considered in different lights. That of the *serjeant* as it teaches a man to stand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the same as the fencing-master's; but in their last stage they depart somewhat from each other; the serjeant proposes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the Mirror being always a very *polite* paper; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves.

During my residence abroad I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contended to restrain itself; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible. I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the first place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time of peace, so many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer so easily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will speedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and shew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at present, from the great increase of the establishment, there is rather a scarcity, in proportion to the demand, of men of military talents, and military figure, especially when we consider that the war is now to be carried against so genteel a people as the *French*, to whom it will be necessary to shew officers of the most soldier-like appearance and address.

This patriotic consideration will tend to relax the etiquette formerly established, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commission, and that too, without the purpose of resenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aspersion, but merely to shew that he could fight. Now, this practice, being unnecessary at present, as preferment goes on briskly

enough by the fall of officers in the courſe of their duty, may very properly and without diſparagement to the valour of the Britiſh army, be diſpenſed with; ſo, it is to be agreed and underſtood, that every officer in the new raiſed regiments, whoſe commiſſion bears date on or poſterior to the 1ſt of January 1778, is, *ipſo facto*, to be held and deemed of unqueſtionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the meaſure of affront which may juſtify a *challenge*, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their reſpective quotas, to engage in ſcenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, amongſt a ſet of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeneſs of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the ſmooth enamel of the gentleman has received ſome little injury from the colliſion of ſuch coarſe materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraſeology which an officer in ſuch ſituations was forced to aſſume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at preſent, be done away by an *explanation*; and thoſe which an officer muſt then explain and account for at the peril of a challenge, are now to be conſidered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by aſſociating with ſuch company as frequent the places above deſcribed.

As, notwithſtanding all theſe allowances, ſome duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the conſtruction of which I have paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their ſafety.

In fighting with the *ſword*, a *blow*, or the *lie direct*, can ſcarcely be expiated but by a thruſt through the body; but any leſſer affront may be wiped off by a wound in the *ſword arm*; or, if the injury be very ſlight, any wound will be ſufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of ſuch

wound by either party constitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of justice peculiar to the *code of duelling*, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with *pistols*, the distance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For those of an atrocious sort, a distance of only twenty feet, and pistols of nine and a half, or ten inch barrels, are requisite; for slighter ones, the distance may be doubled, and a six or even five inch barrel will serve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the size of the persons engaged; for every stone above eleven, the party of such weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

I read, some time ago, certain addresses to the *Jockey Club*, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honour; from which it appeared, that one of them had systematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree. Among other things, he had brought his aim with a pistol to so much certainty, and made such improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a considerable distance, any part of his adversary's body. These arts, however, I by no means approve: they resemble, methinks, a *loaded die* or a *packed deal*; and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight against the first, than to play against the latter. They may, in the mildest construction, be compared to the sure play of a man who can take every ball at *billiards*; and therefore, if it shall be judged that an ordinary marksman must fight with the person possessed of them, he is, at least, intitled to *odds*, and must be allowed three shots to one of his antagonist.

I have thus, with some labour, and I hope strict honour settled certain articles in the matter of duelling, for such of my readers as may have occasion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to

wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbe ———, with whom I was disputing at Paris on this subject concluded his arguments against duelling with a story, which, though I did not think it much to the purpose, was a tolerable story notwithstanding. I shall give it in the very words of the Abbe.

"A countryman of yours, a Captain *Douglas*, "was playing at *Trictrac* with a very intimate "friend, here in this very coffee-house, amidst a "circle of French officers, who were looking on. "Some dispute arising about a cast of the dice, "*Douglas* said, in a gay thoughtless manner, "Oh! "what a story!" A murmur arose among the by-"standers; and his antagonist feeling the affront, "as if the lie had been given him, in the violence "of his passion, snatched up the tables, and hit "*Douglas* a blow on the head. The instant he "had done it, the idea of his imprudence, and its "probable consequences to himself and his friend, "rushed upon his mind: he sat stupified with shame "and remorse, his eyes rivetted on the ground, "regardless of what the others resentment might "prompt him to act. *Douglas*, after a short pause, "turned round to the spectators: "You think," "said he, "that I am now ready to cut the throat "of that unfortunate young man; but I know "that, at this moment, he feels anguish a thousand "times more keen than any my sword can inflict. "—I will embrace him—thus—and try to recon-"cile him to himself:—but I will cut the throat of "that man among you who shall dare to breathe "a syllable against mine honour." "Bravo! "Bravo!" cried an old *Chevalier de St. Louis*, "who stood immediately behind him.—The senti-"ment of France overcame its habit, and Bravo! "Bravo! echoed from every corner of the room. "Who would not have cried Bravo! Would not "you, Sir?" "Doubtless." "On other occasi-"ons, then, be governed by the same principle." "Why, to be sure, it were often better not to "fight—if one had but the courage not to fight.

No. 12. Saturday, *March* 6, 1779.

To the Author of the Mirror.

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a ſmall fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngeſt, I have contrived to ſet out into the world in tolerably promiſing ſituations. My two eldeſt girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a reſpectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms moſt of his own eſtate, and is ſuppoſed to know country-buſineſs as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four other girls at home, whom I wiſh to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers in law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at leaſt as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldeſt of my unmarried daughters at the houſe of a gentleman, a diſtant relation of mine, and, as well as myſelf, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handſome, and I have endeavoured to make them underſtand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinſman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praiſe of their beauty and politeneſs, and, at parting, gave them a moſt preſſing invitation to come and ſpend a week with her during the aproaching Chriſtmas holidays. On my daughter's return from their kinſman's, I was not altogether pleaſed at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more ſatisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s ſayings and ſentiments, and the deſcriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dreſs, and the grandeur of her equipage. I oppoſed, therefore, their deſign of paying this Chriſtmas viſit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence of her Lord, were

immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but also by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their side; and I must own to you, Mr. MIRROR, though I would not have you think me hen-peck'd, that my wife, somehow or other, contrives to carry most points in our family; so my opposition was over-ruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of necessaries to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife said, in the company they should meet there.

In about a month, for their visit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you seen, Mr. MIRROR, what an alteration that month had made on them! Instead of the rosy complexions, and sparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expressing my surprise at the sight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me short, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ———

And no wonder, Sir, it should, from the description which my daughter sometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Instead of rising at seven, breakfasting at nine, dining at three, supping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their custom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfasted at one, dined at six, supped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their shapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their bosoms (necks they called them) which were squeezed up to their throats, their waists tapered down to a very extraordinary smallness; they resembled the upper half of an *hour-glass*. At this also, I marvelled; but it was the only shape worn at ———. Next day at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of such a size that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them stand upright in it. This was the most striking metamorphosis of

all. Their mother ſtared; I ejaculated; my other children burſt out a laughing; the anſwer was the ſame as before; It was the only head worn at ————.

Nor is their behaviour leſs changed than their garb. Inſtead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulneſs we uſed to have among us before, my wo*fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monſtrouſly ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing elſe to do, to fall to *Blindman's buff*, or *Croſs purpoſes*, or ſometimes to play at *Loo* for cherry ſtones, theſe two get a pack of cards to themſelves, and ſit down to play for any little money their viſit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It ſeems, indeed, the dulleſt of all amuſements, as it conſiſts in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating the names from an ace upwards, as if the players were learning to ſpeak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other cuſtom at ————, nobody is allowed to judge but themſelves. They have got a parcel of phraſes, which they utter on all occaſions as deciſive, *French*, I believe, though I can ſcarce find any of them in the Dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean ſomething extremely faſhionable, and are conſtantly ſupported by the authority of my Lady, or the Counteſs, his Lordſhip, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, ſo have they unlearned ſome of the moſt common and beſt underſtood home phraſes. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and diſſipation of a young kinſman who had ſpent his fortune, and loſt his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and ſaid it ſhowed ſpirit in the young man. After the ſame rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not live on leſs than 1000 l. a year, and called the account which their mantua-maker and milliner ſent me, for the fineries pur-

chaſed for their viſit at ———, a *trifle*, though it amounted to 59 l. 11s. 4d. exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my eſtate.

All this, Mr. MIRROR, I look upon as a ſort of peſtilential diſorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the courſe of this unfortunate viſit. This conſideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed ſuit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, ſays) better than harſh ones. Yet I confeſs, I could not help being in a paſſion t'other day, when the diſorder ſhewed ſymptoms of a more ſerious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter *Elizabeth* (ſince her viſit ſhe is offended if we call her *Betty*) ſaid it was *fanatical* to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her ſiſter *Sophia* gravely aſked my ſon-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not ſome doubts of the ſoul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the *plague*, and at laſt come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; ſo, I ſuppoſe, in London, or even your town, Sir, this diſeaſe always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if ſuffered to ſpread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and ſpoil our domeſtic happineſs, as at preſent it does mine, but, in its moſt violent ſtages, will bring our eſtates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our ſons to the gallows. Be ſo humane, therefore, Mr. MIRROR, as to ſuggeſt ſome expedient for keeping it confined within thoſe limits in which it rages at preſent. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpoſe (though I cannot help thinking this diſeaſe of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the diſtemper amongſt the *horned cattle*) try, at leaſt, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the ſound from approaching the infected; let all *little men* like myſelf, and every

member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourse with the persons or families of *Dukes, Earls, Lords, Nabobs, or Contractors*, till they have good reason to believe that such persons and their households are in a sane and healthy state, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful disorder. And, if it has left such great and noble persons any feelings of compassion, pray put them in mind of that well known fable of the boys and the frogs, which they must have learned at school. Tell them, Sir, that, though the making fools of their poor neighbours may serve them for a Christmas gambol, it is matter of serious wretchedness to those poor neighbours in the after part of their lives: *It is sport to them but death to us.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

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No. 13. TUESDAY, *March* 9, 1779.

THE antiquity of the poems ascribed to *Ossian* the son of *Fingal*, has been the subject of much dispute. The refined magnanimity and generosity of the heroes, and the tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, with regard to women, so conspicuous in those poems, are circumstances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is supposed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinsic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that simple state of society the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and transactions he describes; his concise, abrupt, and figurative style; the absence of all abstract ideas, and of all modern allusions, render it difficult to assign any other æra for their production than the age of Fingal. In short, there are difficulties on both sides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners seem inconsistent with our notions of an

unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are ſtamped, make it very hard to ſuppoſe them a modern compoſition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controverſy, much leſs to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propoſe is, to ſuggeſt one conſideration on the ſubject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto eſcaped the partizans of either ſide.

The elegant author of the *Critical diſſertation on the Poems of Oſſian*, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Oſſian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the ſame compariſons. He has ſhewn, that this objection proceeds from a careleſs and inattentive peruſal of the poems; for although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and conſequently the ſame object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is preſented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumſtances, to make it ſuit the illuſtration "for which it is employed. "In this," continues "he, "lies Oſſian's great art;" and he illuſtrates his remark by taking the inſtances of the *moon* and of *miſt*, two of the principal ſubjects of the bard's images and alluſions.

I agree with this critic in his obſervations, though I think he has rather erred in aſcribing to art in Oſſian, that wonderful diverſification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Oſſian preſented the rude objects of nature under ſo many different aſpects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not ſeek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they ſtruck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of ſimple nature. The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, the deſert heath, the winding ſtream, the green hill with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of miſt, were the objects

amidſt which Oſſian lived. Contemplating theſe, under every variety of appearance they could aſſume, no wonder that his warm and empaſſioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the moſt lofty and ſublime imagery.

Thus the very circumſtance of his having ſuch a circumſcribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exerciſe his imagination, was the natural and neceſſary cauſe of Oſſian's being able to view and to deſcribe them, under ſuch a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that ſo rich a diverſification of the few appearances of ſimple nature, could hardly have occurred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the ſon of Fingal appeared?

In refined and poliſhed ſociety, where the works of art abound, the endleſs variety of objects that preſent themſelves, diſtract and diſſipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another; and no time is left to dwell upon the ſublime and ſimple appearances of nature. A poet, in ſuch an age, has a wide and diverſified circle of objects on which to exerciſe his imagination. He has a large and diffuſed ſtock of materials from which to draw images to embelliſh his work; and he does not always reſort for his imagery to the diverſified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid thoſe becauſe his taſte rejects them; but he uſes them ſeldom, becauſe they ſeldom recur to his imagination.

To ſeize theſe images, belongs only to the poet of an early and ſimple age, where the undivided attention has leiſure to brood over the few, but ſublime objects which ſurround him. The *ſea* and the *heath*, the *rock* and the *torrent*, the *clouds* and *meteors*, the *thunder* and *lightning*, the *ſun* and *moon*, and *ſtars*, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converſe. He perſonifies and addreſſes them: every aſpect they can aſſume is impreſſed upon his mind: he contemplates and traces them through all the endleſs vari-

eties of seasons; and they are the perpetual subjects of his images and allusions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him; but, for that very reason, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and shade, and attitude.

From this circumstance, it would seem, that of poetical productions of widely-distant periods the society must ever bear strong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not possible for a poetical genius of the one age, to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a simple age, the varied objects which present themselves in cultivated society are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult. perhaps impracticable. To catch some few transient aspects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the shades of a few simple objects, and to make them correspond with a great diversity of subjects, the poet must dwell amidst them, and have them ever present to his mind.

The excellent critic, whom I have already mentioned, has selected the instances of the *moon* and of *mist*, to shew how much Ossian has diversified the appearance of the few objects with which he was encircled. I shall now conclude this paper with selecting a *third*, that of the *Sun*, which, I think, the bard has presented in such a variety of aspects, as could have occured to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Ossian is supposed to have lived.

The vanquished *Frothal*, struck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addresses him: "Terrible art thou, O king of Morven, in battles of "the spears; but, in peace, thou art like the "sun, when he looks through a silent shower; "the flowers lift their fair heads before him, "and the gales shake their rustling wings." Of

the generous open *Cathmor*, expoſed to the dark and gloomy *Cairba*, it it ſaid: "His face was like "the" plain of the ſun, when it is bright: no "darkneſs travelled over his brow." Of *Nathos*: "The ſoul of Nathos was generous and "mild, like the hour of the ſetting ſun." Of young *Connel*, coming to ſeek the honour of the ſpear: "The youth was lovely, as the firſt beam of "the ſun."———"O! Fithil's ſon," ſays Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, fly over the heath "of Lena. Tell to Fingal, that Erin is enthrall'd, "and bid the king of Morven haſten. O! let "him come like the ſun in a ſtorm, when he ſhines "on the hills of graſs."

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: "The "ſoul of Nathos was ſad, like the ſun in the day "of miſt, when his face is watery and dim."———*Oſcar*, ſurrounded with foes, foreſeeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: "At times, he was thoughtful and dark, "like the ſun when he carries a cloud on his face; "but he looks afterwards on the hills of Cona."———Before *Boſmina* ſent to offer them the peace of heroes: "The hoſt of Erragon brightened in her "preſence, as a rock before the ſudden beams of "the ſun, when they iſſue from a broken cloud, "divided by the roaring wind."———The remembrance of battles paſt, and the return of peace, is compared to the ſun returning after a ſtorm: "Hear the battle of Lora! the ſound of its ſteel "is long ſince paſt; ſo thunder on the darkened "hill roars, and is no more; the ſun returns with "his ſilant beams; the glittering rocks, and green "heads of the mountains, ſmile."

Fingal in his ſtrength darkening in the preſence of war; "His arm ſtretcheth to the foe like the "beam of the ſickly ſun, when his ſide is cruſted "with darkneſs, and he rolls his diſmal courſe "throughout the ſky." A young hero exulting in his ſtrength, and ruſhing towards his foes, exclaims "My beating ſoul is high! My fame is "bright before me, like the ſtreak of light on a

"cloud when the broad sun comes forth, red "traveller of the sky! On another occasion, "says a hero, I have met the battle in my youth. "My arm could not lift the spear when first the "danger rose; but my soul brightened before the "war" as the green narrow vale, when the sun "pours his streamy beams, before he hides his head "in a storm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the passages which might illustrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful address to the Sun, which finishes the second book of *Temora*, or that at the beginning of *Carricthurra*, I shall conclude with laying before my readers that sublime passage at the end of *Carthon*, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himself forth:

—"I feel the sun, O Malvinia! leave me to my "rest. The beam of Heaven delights to shine on "the grave of Carthon; I feel it warm arouud.

—"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield "of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O Sun? "thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy "awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in "the sky: The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the "western wave, but thou thyself movest alone: "who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks "of the mountain fall; the mountains themselves "decay with years; the ocean shrinks, and grows "again; the moon herself is lost in Heaven; but "thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the bright- "ness of thy course. When the world is dark "with tempest, when thunder rolls, and lightning "flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, "and laugheſt at the storm. But to Ossian thou "lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no "more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the ea- "stern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of "the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a "season, and thy years will have an end. Thou "shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of

" the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the ſtrength " of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is " like the glimmering light of the moon when it " ſhines through broken clouds; the blaſt of the " north is on the plain, and the traveller ſhrinks " in the midſt of his journey."

No. 14. SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1779.

——Inertibus horis
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

THERE are ſome weakneſſes, which, as they do not ſtrike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progreſs, we are apt to conſider as venial, and make very little ſcruple of indulging. But the habit, which apologizes for theſe, is a miſchief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to reſiſt. We give way to it at firſt, becauſe it may be conquered at any time; and, at laſt, excuſe ourſelves from the conteſt, becauſe it has grown too ſtrong to overcome.

Of this nature is *indolence*, a failing; I had almoſt ſaid a vice, of all others the leaſt alarming, yet, perhaps, the moſt fatal. Diſſipation and intemperance are often the tranſient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence " grows with our growth, " and ſtrengthens with our ſtrength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet ſo ſeducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It is a circumſtance of peculiar regret, that this ſhould often be the propenſity of delicate and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unſuſceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and reſolution; the occupations they purſue, and the enjoyments they feel, ſeldom much diſappoint the expectations they have formed; but perſons endow-

ed with that nice perception of pleasure and pain which is annexed to sensibility, feel so much undescribable uneasiness in their pursuits, and frequently so little satisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to sit still, without attempting the one or desiring the other.

The complaints which such persons make of their want of that success which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjust as unavailing. It is from the use, not from the possession of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indecision of the brightest. Men possessed of the first, do things tolerably, and are satisfied; of the last, forbear doing things well, because they have ideas beyond them.

When I first resolved to publish this paper, I applied to several literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very sanguine expectations of assistance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a situation most favourable to such productions, as he lives amidst the great and the busy world, without being much occupied either by ambition or business. His compositions at college, when I first became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and, as I knew he still spent much of his time in reading the best writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained such farther improvement of style, and extension of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the Mirror.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had sent him my letter, I received the following answer to it.

London, 1st. March, 1779.

My dear Friend,

I AM ashamed to look on the date of this letter and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the sin of hypocrisy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in such cases, that hurry of business, or want of health, has prevented me from answering your letter. I will frankly confess, that I have had abundance of leisure, and been perfectly well since I received it; I can add, though perhaps, you may not so easily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is (you know my weakness that way) I have wished, resolved, and re-resolved to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accomplishing it. That disease of indolence, which you and my other companions used to laugh at, grows stronger and stronger upon me; my symptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to lose the power of struggling against the malady, sometimes to shut my ears against self admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the design of publishing a periodical paper, and asking my assistance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxysms of my disorder. The fit seemed to give way to the call of friendship. I got up from my easy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which stood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-press, called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taste of millions of my fellow-subjects.

A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to speculate on the prevailing and reigning follies of the times, the thousand topics which

might arise for declamation, satire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the shades of character, the delicacies of sentiment. I was bewildered amidst this multitude and variety of subjects, and sat dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the ease of writing, till the morning was spent, and my servant announced dinner.

I arose, satisfied with having thought much, and laid in store for writing much on subjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expression, in company with those thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my study, sat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word *Mirror* a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the scene before me. But I found things not quite in the situation I had left them; the groupes were more confused, the figures less striking, the colours less vivid, than I had seen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked from a very sound nap, at half an hour past six, by *Peter* asking me, if I chose to drink coffee.

I was ashamed and vexed at the situation in which he found me. I drank my first dish rather out of humour with myself; but, during the second, I began to account for it from natural causes; and, before the third was finished, had resolved that study was improper after *repletion*, and concluded the evening with the adventures of one of the three *Calendars* out of *the Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

For all this arrear, I drew, resolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfast prepared myself accordingly. I had actually gone so far as to write three introductory sentences, all of which I burnt, and was just blacking the letter *T* for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a considerable time. After he had sat with me for more than an hour, he rose to go away;

I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not sorry to find it within a few minutes of one: so I gave up the morning for lost, and invited my self to accompany my friend in some visits he proposed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much self-reproach, by considering, that intercourse with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the subsequent month, during which I remained in town, though there seldom passed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendship. It is enough to tell you, that, during the first fortnight, I always found some apology for delaying the execution of my purpose; and, during the last, contented myself with the prospect of the leisure I should soon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation to spend some time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his house about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildness of the season had still left in the garb of *Thomson's* philosophic melancholy, as scenes full of inspiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wisdom meditate, without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the scene, and shot out into a thousand excursions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of sentiment, of honour, of criticism, and of science, she returned, like the first messenger of *Noah*, without having found a resting place; and I have, at last, strolled back to the house, where I sat listless in my chamber, with the irksome consciousness of some unperformed resolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a summons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of solitude and retirement, as in those of business or society. Do not smile at the

word *buſineſs*; what would be idleneſs to you, is to me very ſerious employment; beſides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be leaſt at leiſure. I am now almoſt hardy enough to lay aſide altogether my reſolution of writing in your paper: but I find that reſolution a ſort of bond againſt me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by ſaying, you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this ſincere account of my attempts to aſſiſt you. I have at leaſt the conſolation of thinking that you will not need my aſſiſtance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Moſt ſincerely and affectionately yours,

P. S. I have juſt now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from Harrow ſchool, and lives at preſent with me, having ſeen one of your numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends tranſmitting you, a political eſſay, ſigned *Ariſtides*, a paſtoral ſubſcribed N. Y. and an acroſtic on Miſs E. M. without a ſignature.

No. 15, TUESDAY, *March* 16, 1779.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. HOR.

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are obſerved by the moſt inattentive. They know, that the *clown* and the *dancing-maſter* are the ſame from the hand of nature;

and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those who are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence on manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested, virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps distant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord *Chesterfield*, and more useful to society than the savage of *Rousseau*.

The sagacious *Locke*, toward the end of the last century, gave to the public some thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he seemed once to have intended, to revise what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But, with all the veneration I feel for the great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, the fatal consequences of which are so well described by my Correspondent in the letter published in my Fourth Number. Mr. *Locke*, sensible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the schoolmen, he from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of *grammar* as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of *Greek* and *Latin*, would be better employed in learning the trades of *gardeners* and *turners*; as if it were a fitter and more useful recreation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chess-boards and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of *Cicero* and *Homer*.

It will be allowed by all, that the greatest purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen,

that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity are all to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity

In this view, I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare anddistinguish; he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which at the same time that it teaches him moderation and forgiveness to others, shows the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and, while he

becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, having no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of

friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no respect, inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of address peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called knowledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudiness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, or publish favours he never received, will to him appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper, by reminding those parents and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, and brightest geniuses, the most useful and best informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

No. 16. SATURDAY, *March* 20, 1779.

O prima vera gioventu de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
No tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of *Spring* have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carrol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be from a singular, or a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance. We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in the years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them

from us for a while, and we meet like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderneſs than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extenſive field. And, in ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, objects of cheerfulneſs and delight are, from thoſe very qualities, the moſt adapted to inſpire that milder ſort of ſadneſs which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleaſant and "mournful to the ſoul." They will inſpire this, not only from the recollection of the paſt, but from the proſpect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidſt the ſportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the ſorrows of age.

This effect will, at leaſt, be commonly felt by perſons who have lived long enough to ſee, and had reflection enough to obſerve, the viciſſitudes of life. Even thoſe who have never experienced ſevere calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thouſand inſtances of fallacious promiſes and diſappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vaniſhed to give place to ſenſations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural ſcene which ſpring firſt unfolds to us, we are apt to recal the former ſtate, with an exaggerated idea of its happineſs, and to feel the preſent with increaſed diſſatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory ſtops not with the repreſentation of ourſelves; it traces alſo the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy ſort of recollection to think over the names of our ſchool-fellows, and to conſider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the ſweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is leſs pointed than the reflection on the fate of thoſe whom affinity or friendſhip linked to our ſide, whom diſtance of place, premature death, or (ſometimes not a leſs painful conſideration) eſtrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not ſure if the diſpoſition to reflections of this ſort be altogether a ſafe or a proper one. I

am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit which gloomy and ascetic severities inspire; but the gentle; and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to elleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralists, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence, and humanity. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard: it offers pleasure to the present hour; and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper, will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amusements of folly.

No 17. Tuesday, *March* 23, 1779.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo. Hor.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,

AS I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative:

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the mean time, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure to see the cheerful activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved ouject.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch; while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl,

who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. MIRROR, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idleness or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decrease of affection, or disagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir keep you longer in suspence. In short, it is my misfortune that my husband has become *a man of taste*.

The first symtom of this malady, for it is now become a *disease* indeed, manifested itself, as I have said, about two years ago, when it was my husband's ill luck to receive one day from a customer, in payment of a pound of sugar, a crooked piece of silver, which he, at first, mistook for a shilling, but found, on examination, to have some strange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it seems, had some knowledge of those matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of *Alexander the Third*, and, affirming that he knew a virtuoso who would be extremely glad to be possessed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the spot. My poor husband, who knew as little of *Alexander the Third*, as of *Alexander the Great*, or his other namesake, the *Coppersmith*, was nevertheless persuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's discernment, that he was possessed of a very valuable curiosity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on shewing it to the virtuoso above mentioned, he was immediately offered triple the former sum. This too was rejected, and

the crooked coin was now judged to be ineſtimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. Mirror, to deſcribe minutely the progreſs of my huſband's delirium. The neighbours ſoon heard of our acquiſition, and flocked to be indulged with a ſight of it. Others who had valuable curioſities of the ſame kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my huſband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces, all of ineſtimable value, which coſt him only the trifling ſum of 18l. 12s. 6d.

But the malady did not reſt here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. MIRROR, *to get a taſte*. It ranges from "heaven above, to, the earth beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either *ſcarce* or *old*, is now the object of my huſband's avidity. The profits of our buſineſs, once conſiderable, but now daily diminiſhing, are expended, not only on coins, but on ſhells, lumps of different coloured ſtones, dried buterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm eaten parchments.

Our houſe, which it was once my higheſt pleaſure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is ſupplied by an *Indian canoe*; and the poor little creatures ſleep three of them in a hammock, ſlung up to the roof between a *ſtuffed crocodile* and the ſkeleton of a *calf with two heads*. Even the commodities of our ſhop have been turned out to make room for traſh and vermin. *Kites*, *owls* and *bats*, are perched upon the top of our ſhelves; and it was but yeſterday, that putting my hand into a glaſs jar that uſed to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large *tarantula* in place of a *mangoe*.

In the bitterneſs of my ſoul, Mr. MIRROR, I have been often tempted to revenge myſelf on the objects of my huſbands phrenzy, by burning, ſmaſhing, and deſtroying them without mercy; but,

beſides that ſuch violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unſettled, I could not take ſuch a courſe, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, ſeveral of whom, will I believe, ſooner or later, find it their only means of reimburſement to take back each man his own monſters

Meantime, Sir, as my huſband conſtantly peruſes your paper (one inſtance of his taſte which I cannot object to), I have ſome ſmall hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himſelf in your moral looking-glaſs. If ſuch ſhould be the happy conſequence of your publiſhing this letter, you ſhall have the ſincereſt thanks of a grateful heart, from your now diſconſolate humble ſervant,

REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expreſſing my ſuſpicion, that Mrs. *Rebecca Prune* has got ſombody to write her letter. If ſhe wrote it herſelf, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is ſo knowing in what ſhe deſcribes, and can joke ſo learnedly on her ſpouſe's ignorance of the *three Alexanders*, has not much reaſon to complain of her huſband being a *man of taſte*.

Her caſe however, is truly diſtreſsful, and in the particular ſpecies of her huſband's diſorder, rather uncommon. The taſte of a man in his ſtation generally looks for ſome reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks *out of doors* to ſhew itſelf to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have viſited the the villa of of a citixe of *Bath*, who had made a conſiderable fortuneby the profeſſion of a *toyman* in that city It was curious to obſerve how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his houſe and grounds, if ſuch might be called a kind of *Gothic* building of about 18 feet by 12 and an incloſure, ſome what ſhort of an acre. The firſt had only a few cloſets within; but it made a moſt gallant and warlike

show without. It had *turrets* about the size of the *king* at *nine pins* and *battlements* like the side-crust of a Christmas *goose-pye*. To compleat the appearance of a *castle*, we entered by a *draw-bridge*, which in construction and dimensions, exactly resembled the lid of a travelling-trunk. To the right of the house was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a *harbour*, defended by two *redoubts*, under cover of which lay a vessel of the size of an ordinary *bathing-tub*, mounting a parcel of old *toothpick-cases*, fitted up into guns, and manned with some of the toyman's little family of play-thing figures, with red jackets and striped trowsers, whom he had impressed into the service. The place where this vessel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the shore, who seemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called *Spithead*, and the ship's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her stern, was the *Victory*.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without some fear, across a Chinese bridge, to a *pagoda*, in which it was necessary to assume the posture of devotion, as there was not room to stand upright. On the sides of the *great serpentine walk*, as he termed it, by which we returned from this edifice, I found a device, which my *Cicerone* looked upon as a master-stroke of genius. The ground was shaped into the figures of the different suits of *cards*; so that here was the *heart* walk; the *diamond walk* the *club* walk and the *spade* walk; the last of which had the additional advantage of being sure to produce a pun. On my observing how pleasant and ingenious all this was, my conductor answered, "Ay, ay, let him alone for that; he has given them a little of every thing, you see; and so he may, Sir, for he can *very well afford it*."

I believe we must rest the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no restraining the *liberty of being ridiculous*; I would only intreat Mr. *Prune*, and indeed many of his betters, to have some regard for their wives and families, and not to make

fools of themſelves, till, like the *Bath* toyman, they can *very well afford it*.

No. 18. SATURDAY, *March* 27, 1779.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodan aut Mytelenan.
HOR.

NOTHING is more amuſing to a traveller, than to obſerve the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he paſſes; and to find, upon croſſing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the ſentiments, and opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dreſs, or their language. Thus, the eaſy vivacity of the French, is as oppoſite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulneſs of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has ſome ſtriking feature, ſome diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, philoſophers are not agreed as to the cauſes of that diſtinction. *Monteſquieu* has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cauſe of the difference of national characters; and it is not ſurpriſing that the opinion of ſo great a man ſhould have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of *Recherches Philoſophiques ſur les Americains*, whoſe chief object ſeems to have been to ſhow, that the climate of America is of ſuch a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human ſpecies has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I muſt confeſs however, that I have often doubted as to the juſtneſs of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that *Monteſquieu*, and the writers who

have adopted his ſyſtem, have attributed by far too much to it.

It muſt be allowed, that man is leſs affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But of all the human race, an American ſavage ſeems to approach the neareſt, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and of conſequence, ought to be moſt ſubject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peaſant or manufacturer, we ſhall be apt to think, that the former, conſidered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the ſcale of being than the latter.

The ſavage, quitting his cabin, goes to the aſſembly of his tribe, and there delivers his ſentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a ſpirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field, diſcovers a ſagacity in his ſtratagems, a boldneſs in his deſigns, a perſeverence in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of ſuffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they firſt beheld them, with wonder and aſtoniſhment. How ſuperior ſuch a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a *pin*, or forming the ſhape of a *button*, and poſſeſſing not one idea beyond the buſineſs in which he is immediately employed!

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair compariſon can be made where the ſtate of ſociety is ſo different, the neceſſary effect of civilization being to introduce a diſtinction of ranks, and to ſink the lower orders of men far beneath that ſtation to which by nature they are entitled. But allowing this obſervation to be juſt, we ſhall find, upon comparing the ſavage of America with the ſavage of Europe, as deſcribed by Cæſar and Tacitus, that the former is at leaſt equal to the latter in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go ſo far for inſtances, to ſhow, that other cauſes act more powerfully

than climate, in forming the manners, and fixing the characters of men. *London* and *Paris* are at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the destinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in *England*; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose But no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis, than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus Paris, the seat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more polished; and no man who did not possess the talents necessary to make himself agreeable, could expect to rise in the world, however great his abilities might otherwise be. The pleasures of society were cultivated with care and assiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them, than that free intercourse which soon came to take place between the sexes. All men studied to acquire those graces and accomplishments by which alone they could hope to recommend themselves to the ladies, whose influence pervaded every branch of government and every department of the state.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the princes of the *Tudor* race, was of short duration. A third order soon arose, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the constitution was at length happily settled, the Sovereign remained so limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or splendour at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become so great and opulent by its extensive commerce, that the residence of the court could add little to that consideration in which it was already held. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London considered as a vice. There industry and frugality were so essentially requisite, that every elegant accomplishment was rejected as incompatible with those great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy spirit of fanaticism, which prevailed so universally in England during the last century, served as an additional barrier against the progress of politeness and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the English (owing perhaps to the superior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent spirit) have ever been more attached to a country life than any civilized people in Europe; and this last circumstance, slight as it may appear, has perhaps had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man, who lives in retirement, may be sincere, open, honourable, above dissimulation, and free from disguise; but he never can possess that ease of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in society, and of conversing with persons of different ranks and different characters, can bestow.

Let us not repine, however, at the superiority of our neighbours in this respect. It is, perhaps, impossible to possess, at once, the useful and agree-

able qualities in an eminent degree; and if eaſe and politeneſs be only attainable at the expence of ſincerity in the men, and chaſtity in the women, I flatter myſelf, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchaſe made at too high a price.

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a diſpoſition in ſome of the higher ranks to introduce into this iſland that ſpecies of gallantry which has ſo long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the diſpoſitions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our conſtitution neceſſarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greateſt exceſſes a veil ſo delicate and ſo fine as in ſome meaſure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to beſtow upon it the ſemblance of virtue. But with us, leſs delicate and leſs refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without diſguiſe; and, were the gallantry of Paris tranſplanted into this ſoil, it would ſoon degenerate into groſs debauchery. At preſent my country-women are equally reſpected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I truſt it will be long before they ceaſe to be ſo.

M

No. 19. TEUSDAY, *March*, 30, 1797.

MY friend Mr. *Umphraville's* early retirement, and long reſidence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a freer intercourſe with mankind, he would probably not have been ſubject. Theſe give to his manner an apparent hardneſs, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural diſpoſition.

As he passes much time in study and solitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful cast, the subjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a strong and deep impression on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be separated. Hence he commonly shews a disposition to take a lead in, and give the tone to conversation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though his curiosity and love of information concur with that politeness which he is ever studious to observe, to make him listen with patience and attention to the opinions of others, yet, it must be confessed, that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon degree of warmth, and I have very seldom found him disposed to surrender them.

I find, however, nothing disagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural strength of his understanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that degree of taste which he has derived from a strong conception of the sublime, the tender, and the beautiful, assisted by an extensive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his conversation, in many respects, both instructive and entertaining; and that singularity of opinion, which is the natural consequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with those of others, affords me an additional pleasure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodness of heart which breaks forth in every sentiment he delivers.

Mr. *Umphraville*'s sister, who is often present, and sometimes takes a part in those conversations, is of a character at once amiable and respectable.

In her earlier days, she spent much of her time in the perusal of novels and romances; but, though she still retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are possessed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver cast.

Miss. *Umphraville*, though she has not so much learning, possesses perhaps, no less ability as a woman, than her brother does as a man; and, having

leſs peculiarity in her way of thinking, has, conſequently, a knowledge better fitted for common life. It is pleaſing to obſerve how Miſs *Umphraville*, while ſhe always appears to act an under part, and ſometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches, with a tender concern, over the ſingularities of her brother's diſpoſition; and, without betraying the ſmalleſt conſciouſneſs of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the moſt material parts of his conduct.

Mr. *Umphraville* is the beſt maſter, and the beſt landlord that ever lived. The rents of his eſtate have undergone ſcarce any alteration ſince he came to the poſſeſſion of it; and his tenants too are nearly the ſame. The ancient poſſeſſors have never been removed from motives of intereſt, or without ſome very particular reaſon; and the few new ones he has choſen to introduce, are, for the moſt part, perſons who have been ſervants in his family, whoſe fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a ſmall farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleaſant converſation, about ſun-ſet in a ſummer evening, with thoſe venerable grey-headed villagers. Their knowledge of country-affairs, the ſagacity of their remarks, and the *manner*, acquired by a reſidence in Mr *Umphraville's* family, with which they are accuſtomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praiſes of their landlord. They have told me there is not a perſon in his neighbourhood, who ſtands in need of his aſſiſtance, who has not felt the influence of his generoſity; which, they ſay, endears him to the whole country. Yet, ſuch is the effect of that reſerved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that while his good qualities have procured him great eſteem, and the diſintereſtedneſs of his diſpoſition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into diſputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is ſcarcely one of them with who he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. *Umphraville*, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their situation at that time might have made an avowal of his passion equally fatal to both; and, though it was not without a severe struggle, Mr. *Umphraville* had firmness enough to suppress the declaration of an attachment he was unable to subdue. The lady, some time after, married; since that period, Mr. *Umphraville* has never seen her, or been known so much as once to mention her name; but I am credibly informed, that, by his interest, her eldest son has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. *Umphraville* ever asked from any great man was for this young gentleman; but neither the lady herself, nor any of her family, know by whose influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is possible, that, if Mr. *Umphraville* had married at an early period of life, his mind, even in a state of retirement, would have retained a polish, and escaped many of those peculiarities it has now contracted; yet, I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining single a fortunate circumstance. Nor have my fair readers any reason to be offended at the remark: great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are sometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill suited to the cordialities of domestic life. A man of such a disposition as Mr. *Umphraville* has now acquired, might consider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine shades of female character, as frivolous, and beneath attention for, at least, might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleasure from those indulgencies, which minds of a softer mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. *Pope* calls

"*The last best work of heaven.*"

With all those respectable talents which Mr. *Umphraville* possesses, with all that generosity of sentiment, and goodness of heart, so conspicuous

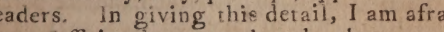
in every thing he says or does, which so strongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that, in the very intimate connection of the married life, a woman of delicacy and sensibility might often feel herself hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is subject

The situation of a *wife* is, in this respect, very different from that of a *sister*. Miss *Umphraville's* observation of her brother's peculiarities, neither lessens her esteem nor her affection for him; these peculiarities serve only to increase her attention to him, and to make her more solicitous to prevent their effects. But in that still closer connection which subsists between husband and wife, while the perception of his weakness might not have lessened the wife's affection, it might have given her a distress which a sister will not be apt to feel: a sister may observe the weakness of a brother without a blush, and endeavour to correct them without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

These views which I have given of Mr. *Umphraville* and his family, may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not sufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the same intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the same interest in what relates to him.

see No 28

L S



No. 20. SATURDAY, *April* 3, 1779.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? VIRG.

WHILE so many subjects of contention occupy the votaries of business and ambition, and prove the source of discord, envy, jealousy, and

rivalſhip, among mankind, one would be apt to imagine, that the purſuits and employments of ſtudious and literary men would be carried on with calmneſs, good temper, and tranquillity. The philoſophic ſage, retired from the world, who has truth for the object of his enquiries, might be willing, it were natural to ſuppoſe, to give up his own ſyſtem, when he found it at variance with truth, and would never quarrel with another for adopting a different one; and the man of elegance and taſte, who has literary entertainment in view, would not, one ſhould think, find fault with the like amuſements of other men, or diſpute, with rancour or heat, upon mere matters of taſte. But the fact has been otherwiſe: the diſputes among the learned have in every age, been carried on with the utmoſt virulence; and men, pretending to taſte, have railed at each other with unparalelled abuſe. Poſſibly the abſtraction from the world, in which the philoſopher lives, may render him more impatient of contradiction than thoſe who mix oftener with common ſocieties; and perhaps that fineneſs and delicacy of perception which the man of taſte acquires, may be more liable to irritation than the coarſer feelings of minds leſs cultivated and improved.

I have been led into theſe remarks by a converſation at which I happened lately to be preſent. Laſt week, having left with my Editor materials for my next paper, I went to the country for a few days, to pay a viſit to a friend, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Sylveſter*. *Sylveſter*, when a young man, had retired to the country, and having ſucceeded to a paternal eſtate, which was ſufficient for all his wants, had lived almoſt conſtantly at home. His time was ſpent chiefly in ſtudy, and he had publiſhed ſome performances which did honour to his genius and his knowledge. During all this time, *Sylveſter* was the regular correſpondent of a gentleman whom I ſhall here call *Alcander*, whoſe taſte and purſuits were in many reſpects ſimilar to his own. *Alcan-*

der, though he was not an author like *Sylveſter*, had from nature a very delicate taſte, which had been much improved by culture. From a variety of accidents the two friends had not met for a great number of years; but, while I was at *Sylveſter's* houſe, he received a letter from *Alcander*, notifying that gentleman's being on his way to viſit him; and ſoon after he arrived accordingly.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the pleaſure which the two friends felt at meeting. After the firſt ſalutations, their diſcourſe took a literary turn. I was delighted as well as inſtructed, with the remarks which were made upon men and books, by two perſons of extenſive information and accompliſhed taſte; and the warmth with which they made them added a reliſh to their obſervations. Their converſation laſted till it was very late, when my hoſt and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleaſed with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of ſuch intercourſe at the return of a new day.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, their literary diſcourſe was reſumed. It turned on a compariſon of the different genius and merit of the *French and Engliſh* authors. *Sylveſter* ſaid, he thought there was a power of reaſoning, a ſtrength of genius, and a depth of reflection in the *Engliſh* authors, of which the *French*, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the ſide of the writers of our own country. *Alcander* begged leave to differ from him; he admitted, there was an appearance of depth in many of the Engliſh authors, but he ſaid it was falſe and hollow. He maintained that the ſeeking after ſomething profound, had led into many uſeleſs metaphyſical diſquiſitions, in which the writer had no real merit, nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the French authors, he ſaid, excelled in remarks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual obſervation, might be attended with much utility, and, as they were expreſſed in the livelieſt manner, could not fail to

give the higheſt entertainment. Alcander, in the courſe of his argument, endeavoured to illuſtrate it by a compariſon of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed authors of both countries. Sylveſter, finding thoſe writers whom he had ſtudied with attention, and imitated with ſucceſs, ſo warmly attacked, replied with ſome heat, as if he thought it tended to the diſparagement of his own compoſitions. Sylveſter ſaid ſomething about French frivolity; and Alcander replied with a ſarcaſm on metaphyſical abſurdity.

Finding the converſation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the ſubject; and from the compariſon of the Engliſh and French authors, took occaſion to mention that period of Engliſh literature, which has been frequently termed the *Auguſtan* age of England, when that *conſtellation* of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of Queen Anne.

But this ſubject of converſation was as unfortunate as the former. Sylveſter is a profeſſed admirer of Swift, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little toryiſm in his political principles. Alcander is a keen whig, and as great an admirer of Addiſon. As the converſation had grown rather warm on a general compariſon of the authors of one country with thoſe of another, ſo its warmth was much greater when the compariſon was made of two particular favourite authors. Sylveſter talked of the ſtrength, the dignity, and forcible obſervation, and the wit of Swift; Alcander of the eaſe, the graceſulneſs, the native and agreeable humour of Addiſon. From remarks upon their writings, they went to their characters. Sylveſter ſpoke in praiſe of openneſs and ſpirit, and threw out ſomething againſt envy, jealouſy, and meanneſs. Alcander inveighed againſt pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleneſs of manners. Sylveſter ſpoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of Addiſon; Alcander, as if none but a ſevere and ill-tempered one could endure Swift.

The spirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the discourse a new direction, and, as it accidentally, introduced something about the *Epistles of Phalaris*. I knew both gentlemen were masters of the dispute upon that subject, which has so much divided the learned, and I thought a dry question of this sort could not possibly interest them too much. But in this I was mistaken. Sylvester and Alcander took different sides upon this subject, as they had done upon the former, and supported their opinions with no less warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent said, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this last debate the conversation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeness took place between Sylvester and Alcander, very different from that openness and cordiality of manner which they shewed at their first meeting. The last, soon after took his departure, and I believe, neither of them felt that respect for each other's understanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this visit.

Alas! the two friends did not consider that it was their being too much alike, their being engaged in similar employments, that changed their friendship into this coldness. Both attached to the same pursuits, and accustomed to indulge them chiefly in seclusion and solitude, they had been too little accustomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either, by attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in supporting his own particular opinion, prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diversity of opinion in the other.

No 21. TUESDAY, *April* 6, 1779.

THIS day's paper I devote to Correſpondents. The firſt of the two letters it contains was brought to my Editor by a ſpruce footman, who, upon being aſked whence he came, replied, From Mrs. *Meek*'s.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diſeaſes peculiar to the times in which they appeared, and the *Faculty* have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be diſtinguiſhed, it being a quality of great uſe and comfort in a phyſician to be able to tell preciſely of what diſorder his patient is likely to die. *The nervous* ſeems to be the ailment in greateſt vogue at preſent; a ſpecies of diſeaſe, which I am apt to conſider is not the leſs terrible for being leſs mortal than many others. I ſpeak not from perſonal experience, Mr. MIRROR; my own conſtitution, thank God! is pretty robuſt; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a *nervous Wife*.

It is impoſſible to enumerate a twentieth part of the ſymptoms of this lamentable diſorder, or of the circumſtances by which its paroxyſms are excited or increaſed. Its dependance on the natural phænomena of the wind and weather, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moiſt or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in a worſe ſituation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whoſe figure I have ſeen in the little Dutch barometers, known by the name of Baby-houſes. But, beſide feeling the impreſſion of thoſe

particular fears, disorder is brought on by incidents still more frequent, and less easy to be foreseen, than even the occasional changes in our atmosphere. A person running hastily up or down stairs, shutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left side of the grate, and the poker on the right, setting the china figures on the mantle-piece a little awry, or allowing the tassel of the bell string to swing but for a moment; any of those little accidents has an immediate and irresistable effect on the nervous system of my wife, and produces symptoms, sometimes of langour, sometimes of irritation, which I her husband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above causes of her distemper a very attentive and diligent discharge of our several duties might possibly prevent but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a similar or more violent nature. It was but the other day she told my boy Dick he eat his pudding so voraciously, as almost to make her faint and remonstranced against my sneezing in the manner I did, which, she said, tore her poor nerves in pieces.

One thing I have observed peculiar to this disorder, which those conversant in the nature of sympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly similar causes, if such causes exist in dissimilar situations. I have known my wife squeezed for hours in a side-box, dance a whole night at a ball, have my Lord —— talking as fast and as loud to her as was possible there, and her nose assailed by the stink of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her nerves in the smallest degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, she could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within several feet of her's: walking up stairs perfectly overcame her; none of us durst talk but in whispers; and the smell of my buttered roll made her sick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record for sin-

gular cases, and intolerable grievances of every sort, I send the above for your insertion, stating it according to its nature, in terms as physically descriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can supply.

I am &c.

JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This correspondent, as far as his wife's case falls within the department of the *physician*, I must refer to my very learned friends Doctors *Cullen* and *Monro*, who, upon being *properly attended*, will give him, I am persuaded, as sound advice as it is in the power of medical skill to suggest. In point of *prudence*, to which only my prescriptions apply, I can advise nothing so proper for Mr. *Meekly* himself, as to imitate the conduct of the *husband* of that little lady he describes, the mistress of the *Dutch baby-house*; between whom and his wife, tho' there subsists a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenever the *gentleman* is at home, the *lady* is abroad, and *vice versa*. In their house, indeed, I do not observe any *children*; from which I conclude, that they have all been sent to the academy and the boarding-school.

I

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TO reconcile man to man, has been one of the great objects of moralists. They tell us, "that "men have one common original, and why should "relations quarrel?" But then a petulant wit interposes, and observes that the original is not near enough to form a strong connection; and, if the modern theory of volcanos be true, the original is so very distant as not to form any sensible connection at all. The Duke of Aremberg and Sir

Thomas Urquehart may count kindred with the antediluvians; for the former has such a pedigree at his castle at Hainault, and the latter has set forth his in print; but there are few genealogies so complete.

We are next told, "that all men are engaged "in one common journey through life, and why "should they quarrel on the road?" The answer is but too obvious—we do not quarrel merely for the sake of quarrelling; but, as we have opportunity, we take the road, and oblige others, for our conveniency, to yield it; while eagerly galloping to the next stage, we *bespatter* those who are in our way; we send a servant before to bespeak the best beds at the inn, and the choice of the larder; and we make ourselves as important and as troublesome as we can, merely for our own convenience; nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other passengers ring till their arms ache; but it is all to render ourselves as easy as possible.

The last consideration is, "that we are all hasten-"ing to one common grave, and why should we quarrel *now*, since our quarrels must *soon* be at an end?" This proves that our disputes *must* be short, not that they *may* not be sharp.

I remember to have read somewhere of a people, I think to the north-west of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which answers nearly to our word *brothers*, and who prided themselves, for a while, in that whimsical appellation. Their tenets were simple and full of benevolence, and, in general, so plain, that those who heard them for the first time, imagined that they had been previously acquainted with them. The men, of whom I speak could not have any *long contests*, for they were all hastening to the common goal of mortality, yet their disputes, although *short*, were *sharp*; early did they begin to *bite*, and, as soon as the gained strength, they *devoured* each other, if the expression may be allowed. According to the Scottish

phraſe, "they quarrelled about the turning of a "ſtraw;" they vexed, tormented, and proſcribed each other; nay ſome aſſert that they cut throats but ſtill they declare that they meant nothing perſonal, and, for a long while, they ſtill retained the name of *brothers*.

If that ſingular people, ſo full of benevolence, quarrelled inceſſantly for any cauſe, or for no cauſe, how can it be expected that *we* ſhould walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffenſive ſolemnity of mourners at an interment, eſpecially when ſo few of us have time to beſtow our thoughts on the grave and its conſequences?

It is impoſſible to reconcile man to man; but it is poſſible to bring individuals of the human race to a better underſtanding with each other.

I might dilate this propoſition in a feigned tale, or obſcure it by an allegory; but I rather chuſe to prove it in the courſe of a ſimple narrative of matter of fact.

While the Dutcheſs of Marlborough enjoyed power little ſhort of ſovereign, ſhe frequently felt the ſatirical laſhes of Dr. Swift; and, when diſgraced, ſhe could not but remember them; for ſhe had a quick ſenſe of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveneſs.

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increaſing years, rendered her more and more peeviſh: ſhe hated courts over which ſhe had no influence, and ſhe became at length the moſt ferocious animal that is ſuffered to go looſe, a violent *party-woman*.

Every one knows that as her Grace was obliged to deſcend from the higheſt round of the ladder of ambition, for the Doctor was not allowed to mount the firſt ſtep: and his diſappointment produced the like effects on him, as loſt empire had done on her.

Yet the Ducheſs of Marlborough became the paſſionate admirer of her ſatiriſt, and was even willing to forgive him. The peruſal of *Gulliver's Travels* produced this moral revolution in her ſentiments; and that which debaſed the Author in

the opinion of many of his friends, exalted him in the opinion of the Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me ſome original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dean Swift," ſays ſhe, "gives the moſt exact account of kings, mini-"ſters, biſhops, and the courts of juſtice, that is "poſſible to be writ.—I could not help wiſhing, "ſince I read his books, that we had had his aſſiſt-"ance in the oppoſition—for I could eaſily forgive "him all the ſlaps he has given me and the Duke of "Marlborough, and have thanked him heartily, "whenever he would pleaſe to do good."

In another letter ſhe ſays, "I moſt heartily wiſh "that in this park I had ſome of the breed of thoſe "charming creatures Swift ſpeaks of, and calls the "*Houyhnhnms*, which I underſtand to be *horſes*, "ſo extremely polite, and which had all manner of "good converſation and good principles, and that "never told a lie, and charmed him ſo that he could "not endure his own country when he returned: "he ſays there is a ſort of creature there called "*yahoos*, and of the ſame ſpecies with us, only a "good deal uglier, but they are kept tied up, and by "that glorious creature the horſes are not permit-"ted to do any miſchief. You will think that I am "*diſtracted* with Dean Swift, but I really have not "been pleaſed ſo much a long time as with what "he writes, and therefore I will end with one of "his ſentences, *that he mortally hates kings and* "*miniſters*."

Thus the Ducheſs "became diſtracted with Dean "Swift;" and on account of his libel againſt human nature, "graciouſly pardoned his libels againſt "her moſt ſacred perſon."

But Dr. Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuſcript a ſeverer invective againſt her than any that he had publiſhed in his lifetime. Pity that, for want of information, the miſunderſtanding ſhould ſtill have ſubſiſted on his part! the good offices of a friend might eaſily have reconciled two perſons ſo much connected

with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c.

ADELUS.

No. 22. SATURDAY, *April* 10, 1779.

Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Hor.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR MIRROR, it seems, possesses uncommon virtues, and you generously hold it out to the Public, that we may dress our characters at it. I trust it is, at least, a faithful glass, and will give a just representation of those lurking imperfections or excellencies which we distinguish with difficulty, or sometimes altogether overlook. I struggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to set before your moral MIRROR a personage who has long embarrassed me.

The observation of character, when I first looked beyond a college for happiness, formed not only my amusement, but for some years, my favourite study. I had been so fortunate as early to imbibe strict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleasure. My heart was, therefore, led to place its hopes of happiness in love and friendship: but books had taught me to dread misplacing my affections. On this account, anxious to gratify the *soif d'aimer* that engrossed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to discern the characters of my acquaintance; and blending sentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourse of cultivated minds, I fondly ho-

ped, that, where I once formed an attachment, it would last forever.

In this state of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in some women a mind of extreme sensibility. Her eye bespoke good sense, and was sometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never sparkled with the keenness of unrestrained joy, nor melted with the suffusion of indulged sorrow. Her manner and address had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel, rather than graceful. Her voice in conversation was suited to her manner; it possessed those level tones which never offend, but seldom give pleasure, and seldomer emotion.

Her conversation was plain and sensible. Never attempting wit or humour, she contented herself with expressing, in correct and unaffected language, just sentiments on manners, and on works of taste: and the genius she displayed in compositions becoming her sex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour to her criticisms. She sung with uncommon excellence. Her voice seemed to unfold itself in singing, to suit every musical expression, and to assume every tone of passion she wished to utter. I never felt the power of simple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleasing, more strongly than from her performance.

In company she was attentive, *prevenante*, but not insinuating; and though she seemed to court the society of men of letters and taste, and to profess having intimate friendships with some individuals among them, I never could perceive that she was subject to the common weakness of making a parade of this kind of intercourse.

Most people would suppose that I have found, in Cleone, the friend I was seeking; for both of us, knew we could never be nearer than friends to each other, and she treated me with some distinction. I found it, however, impossible to know her so well as to place in her the complete confidence essential to friendship. The minutest attention to every circum-

ſtance in her appearance and and behaviour, and ſtudying her for years in all the little varieties of ſituation that an intimate acquaintance gave acceſs to obſerve, proved unequal to diſcover, with certainty, the genuine character of her diſpoſition or temper. No caprice betrayed her: no predominant ſhade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her ſmiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought ſhe breathed a ſoftneſs of ſoul that tempted me to believe her generous; but, when I conſidered a little, the inner receſſes of her heart appeared ſtill ſhut againſt the obſerver; and I well knew, that even poignant ſenſibility is not inconſiſtent with predominant ſelfiſhneſs.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of the beautiful trait in the deſcription of Petrarca's Laura; "Il lampeggiar dell' "angelico riſo *." Theſe flaſhes of affection breaking from the ſoul, alone diſplay the truth, generoſity, and tenderners, that deſerve a friend. Theſe gleams from the heart ſhow us all its intricacies, its weakneſs, and its vigour, and expoſe it naked and undiſguiſed to the ſpectator. A ſingle minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and juſtly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years experience of refinement of taſte and propriety of conduct.

I am willing to believe it was ſome error in education which had wrapt up Cleone's character in ſo much obſcurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be inviſible. If there is an error of this kind, I hope your Mirror will expoſe it, and prevent it from robbing ſuperior minds of their beſt reward—the confidence of each other.

In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, we have few opportunities of exibiting our true characters by our actions; and the habits of the world ſoon throw upon our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly ſo to ourſelves. Hence the only period when we can form friendſhips is a few years in youth; for there is a reſerve in the deportment,

* *The lightning of her angel ſmile.*

and a certain selfishness in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very source of friendship, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varnish of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the necessary effect of modern education.

In place of cherishing the amiable simplicity and frankness of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the constant restraints, dissimulation and frivolous forms of fashionable address, with which we harass them. Hence they are nearly the same at 14 as at 25, when, after a youth spent in joyous dissipation, they enter life, slaves to selfish appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of soul, which strong attachments, and the habits of deserved confidence inspire. Even those who, like Cleone, possess minds superior to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with success, and, in some measure, educate themselves anew, find it impossible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and those habits of restraint, with which they had been so early imbued.

Thus, like French taylors and dancing-masters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we constrain, distort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a polished age should, like the drapery of a fine statue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but by no means conceal, the beautiful forms of nature.

LÆLIUS.

No. 23. TEUSDAY, *April* 13, 1779.

Et iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.
HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he ſaid, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was deſirous of doing a particular piece of ſervice, in which he thought my aſſiſtance might be uſeful: "Poor fellow!" ſaid he, "I wiſh to ſerve him, becauſe I always knew him, "diſſipated and thoughtleſs as he was, to be a "*good-hearted* man, guilty of many imprudent "things, indeed, but without meaning any harm! "In ſhort, *no one's enemy but his own.*"

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumſtances of this gentleman's life and converſation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to ſhew them what they are to underſtand by the terms uſed by my friend, terms which, I believe, he was no wiſe ſingular in uſing.

The perſon, whoſe intereſts he eſpouſed, was heir to a very conſiderable eſtate. He loſt his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only ſon, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood he was not ſuffered to play with his equals, becauſe he was to be the king of all ſports, and to be allowed a ſovereign and arbitrary dominion over the perſons and properties of his play-fellows. At ſchool he was attended by a ſervant, who helped him to *thraſh* boys who were too ſtrong to be thraſhed by himſelf, and had a tutor at home, who tranſlated the Latin which was too hard for him to tranſlate. At college he began to aſſume the *man*, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the profeſſor with whom he was boarded. He took in ſucceſſion the *degrees*

of a *wag*, a *pickle*, and a *lad of mettle*. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a *diſſipated dog*; but, at laſt, betaking himſelf entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an *honeſt fellow*; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to ſcore for his reckoning.

During this laſt part of his progreſs, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a miſtaken idea of his fortune, forced to ſacrifice herſelf to his wiſhes. After a very ſhort ſpace, he grew too indifferent about her to uſe her ill, and broke her heart with the beſt-natured neglect in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurſe ſoon after the death of its mother; the eldeſt, a boy of ſpirit like his father, after twice running away from ſchool, was at laſt ſent aboard a *Guineaman*, and was knocked on the head by a ſailor, in a quarrel about a negro wench, on the coaſt of Africa.

Generoſity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Beſides lending money genteelly to many worthleſs companions, and becoming ſurety for every man who aſked him, he did *ſome* truly charitable actions to very deſerving objects. Theſe were told to his honour; and people who had met with refuſals from more conſiderate men, ſpoke of ſuch actions as the genuine teſt of feeling and humanity. They miſinterpreted ſcripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his *charity*, and extolled the goodneſs of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother during her laſt illneſs, was obliged to accept of money from her phyſician, becauſe ſhe could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her deceaſe, his two ſiſters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the ſmall annuity left them by their father, he was called a *good-hearted* man by three-

fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than distress him, those sisters commenced a law-suit, to force him to do them justice, the same impartial judges pronounced them *hard-hearted* and *unnatural:* nay, the story is still told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from starving, out of the profits of a little shop which they were then obliged to set up for their support.

The abuse of the terms used by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be sufficiently striking from the relation I have given, without the necessity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the misapplication of them is a thousand times repeated by people who have known and felt instances, equally glaring, of such injustice. It may seem invidious to lessen the praises of any praise-worthy quality; but it is essential to the interests of virtue, that *insensibility* should not be allowed to assume the title of *good-nature*, nor *profusion* to usurp the honours of *generosity*.

The effect of such misplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to censure, and discourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and sober characters. If we look into the private histories of unfortunate families, we shall find most of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the useful duties of sobriety, œconomy, and attention to domestic concerns, which, though they shine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often subject to its obloquy, are yet the surest guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

Be just before you are generous, is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much-admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well turned, and even a sentimental period. But what right have those squanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to assume the merit of *generosity?* Is parting with that money, which they

value so little, *generosity?* Let them restrain their dissipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that these things bring ruin on the persons and families of the honest and the industrious; let them sacrifice one pleasure to humanity, and then tell us of their *generosity* and their *feeling*. A transient instance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purse, or the thoughtless debauchee promoted merit by his interest, no more deserves the appellation of *generosity*, than the rashness of a *drunkard* is entitled to the praises of *valour*, or the freaks of a *madman* to the laurels of *genius*.

In the character of a man, considered as a being of any respect at all, we immediately see a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and his country. His duties only confer real *dignity*, and, what may not be so easily allowed, but is equally true, can bestow real *pleasure*. I know not an animal more insignificant, or less happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or any exercise of duty. He must be very forlorn, or very despicable, indeed, to whom it is possible to apply the phrase used by my friend, in characterizing the person whose story I have related above, and to say, that he is *no one's enemy but his own*.

V.

No 24. SATURDAY, *April* 17, 1779.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto.
HOR.

NATURE is for ever before us. We can, as often as we please contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colours of an evening sky, or

the windings of a limpid river. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that lift the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favourite subjects with the poet and the painter; they charm us in description, or they glow upon canvass. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artists have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleasure they yield, with the works of Nature herself, and have sometimes been deemed superior. This subject deserves attention; how it happens, that the descriptions of the poet, and the imitations of the painter, seem to communicate more delight than the things they describe or imitate.

In estimating the respective merits of nature and of art it will readily be admitted, that the performance, in every single object, is due to the former. Take the simplest blossom that blows, observe its tints or its structure, and you will own them unrivalled. What pencil, how animated soever, can equal the glories of the sky at sun-set? Or can the representations of moon light, even by Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare, be more exquisitely finished than the real scenery of a moon-light night?

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding superior pleasure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their skill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to unity of design, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expression, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of Nature, unless she has been reformed by the taste of an ingenious improver, intentions of this sort are very seldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, solemn, tranquil, impetuous, and fantastic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influences of arrangement, or to the consistency of their effects on the mind.

The elegant artiſt, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, ſuggeſts only thoſe objects that excite ſimilar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an oppoſite, or even of a different tendency. If the ſcene he deſcribes be ſolemn, no lively nor fantaſtic image can have admiſſion: but if, in a ſprightly mood, he diſplays ſcenes of feſtivity, every penſive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction; they make one great and entire impreſſion.

To illuſtrate this remark, let us obſerve the conduct of Milton in his two celebrated poems, *Allegro*, and *Il Penſeroſo*.

In the *Allegro*, meaning to excite a cheerful mood, he ſuggeſts a variety of objects; for variety, by giving conſiderable exerciſe to the mind, and by not ſuffering it to reſt long on the ſame appearance, occaſions briſk and exhilirating emotions. Accordingly, the poet ſhews us, at one glance, and, as it were, with a ſingle daſh of his pen,

> Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
> Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
> Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
> The labouring clouds do often reſt;
> Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
> Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themſelves are cheerful; for, beſides having brooks, meadows, and flowers, we have the whiſtling plowman, the ſinging milkmaid, the mower whetting his ſcythe, and the ſhepherd piping beneath a ſhade. The images, ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo cheerful, are animated by lively contraſts: we have the mountains oppoſed to the meadows, "Shallow brooks and rivers wide." Add to this, that the charms of the landſcape are heightened by the bloom of a ſmiling ſeaſon; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a ſummer morning:

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is with-held; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now obſerve the conduct of his *Il Penſeroſo*. This poem is, in every reſpect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the intention of the poet being to promote a ſerious and ſolemn mood, he removes every thing lively; "Hence, vain deluding joys!" He quits ſociety; he chuſes ſilence, and opportunities for deep reflection; "Some ſtill removed place will fit." The objects he preſents are few. In the quotation, beginning with "Ruſſet lawns," there are eight living images: in the following, of equal length, there is only one.

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The ſounds that can be, in any reſpect, agreeable to him, muſt correſpond with his preſent humour: not the ſong of the milk-maid, but that of the nightingale; not the whiſtling plowman, but the ſound of the curfew. His images ſucceed one another ſlowly, without any rapid or abrupt tranſitions, without any enlivening contraſts and he will have no other light for his landſcape than that of the moon: or, if he cannot enjoy the ſcene without doors, he will have no other light within than that of dying embers, or of a ſolitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chuſes for his retreat, are perfectly ſuited to his

employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in considering

> What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
> Th' immortal mind.

Every image is solemn; every thing different is with-held: here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great measure, to this attention in the writer to preserve unity and consistency of sentiment, that, notwithstanding considerable imperfections in the language and versification, *Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* have so many admirers.

The skill of the poet and painter, in forming their works so as to excite kindred and united emotions, deserves the greater attention, that persons of true taste are not so much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correspondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern or that cascade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleasure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the cascade. A person of sensibility will be less able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquisite landscape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect possesses him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon sensations. The impulse, however, is tender, and cannot be described. Indeed, it is the power of producing these sensations that gives the stamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of the poet. Verses may be polished, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unless, like the poems of Parnel, or the lesser poems of Milton, they pleased by their enchanting influence on the heart, and, by exciting feelings that are consistent, or of a similar tendency, they are never truly delightful.

Horace, I think, expreſſes this ſentiment when he ſays, in the words of my motto,

' Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata; dulcia ſunto;

and an attention to this circumſtance is ſo important, that, along with ſome other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at leaſt, to rival the works of Nature.

No. 25. THURSDAY, *April* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particular ſort of grievance felt by the families of men of ſmall fortunes, from their acquaintance with thoſe of great ones. I am emboldened, by the favourable reception of my firſt letter, to write you a ſecond upon the ſame ſubject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a viſit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that viſit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the ſobriety of manners which home exhibited, would reſtore them to their former ſituation, when, unfortunately, a circumſtance happened, ſtill more fatal to me than their expedition to ———. This, Sir, was the honour of a viſit from the great lady in return.

I was juſt returning from the ſuperintendence of my plows in a field I have lately incloſed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for ſuch I took him to be) mounted upon a very handſome gelding, who aſked

me, by the appellation of *honeſt friend*, if this was not Mr. *Homeſpun's*; and, in the ſame breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was *Homeſpun*, the houſe was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man pulled off his hat, and begged my pardon for calling me *honeſt*, ſaid, he was diſpatched by Lady ———, with her compliments to Mrs. and Miſſes *Homeſpun*, and that, if convenient, ſhe intended herſelf the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— park (the ſeat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood.)

I confeſs, Mr. MIRROR, I was ſtruck ſomewhat of an heap with the meſſage; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate anſwer, had it not been overheard by my eldeſt daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a ſtranger. "Mr. *Papillot*," ſaid ſhe immediately, "I rejoice to ſee you; I hope your Lady "and all the family are well." "Very much at "your ſervice, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow, "my Lady ſent me before, with the offer of "her beſt compliments, and that, if convenient"— and ſo forth, repeating his words to me. "She "does us infinite honour," ſaid my young Madam; "let her Ladyſhip know how happy her viſit will "make us; but, in the mean time, Mr. *Papillot*, "give your horſe to one of the ſervants, and come "in and have a glaſs of ſomething after your "ride." "I am afraid," anſwered he (pulling out his right-hand watch, for would you believe it, Sir? the fellow had one in each fob,) "I ſhall "hardly have time to meet my Lady at the place "ſhe appointed me." On a ſecond invitation, however, he diſmounted, and went into the houſe, leaving his horſe to the care of the *ſervants*; but the *ſervants*, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; ſo I, who have a liking for a good horſe, and cannot bear to ſee him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. *Papillot's* horſe in the ſtable myſelf.

After about an hour's ſtay, for the gentleman ſeemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. *Papillot* departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, obſerved how handſome he was; and added another obſervation, that it was only to particular friends my Lady ſent meſſages by him, who was her own body ſervant, and not accuſtomed to ſuch offices. My wife ſeemed highly pleaſed with this laſt remark: I was about to be angry; but on ſuch occaſions it is not my way to ſay much; I generally ſhrug up my ſhoulders in ſilence; yet, as I ſaid before Mr. MIRROR, I would not have you think me hen peck'd.

By this time, every domeſtic about my houſe, male and female, were called from their ſeveral employments to aſſiſt in the preparations for her Ladyſhip's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various ſhifts that were made, by purchaſing, borrowing, &c. to furniſh out a dinner ſuitable to the occaſion. My little grey poney, which I keep for ſending to market, broke his wind in the cauſe, and has never been good for any thing ſince.

Nor was there leſs ado in making ourſelves and our attendants fit to appear before ſuch company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty eaſily; women, I obſerve, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herſelf the charge of apparelling me for the occaſion. A laced ſuit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpoſe; but the breeches burſt a ſeam at the very firſt attempt of pulling them on, and the ſleeves of the coat were alſo impracticable; ſo ſhe was forced to content herſelf with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waiſtcoat of the above mentioned ſuit, ſlit in the back, to ſet them off a little. My gardener, who has been accuſtomed, indeed, to ſerve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of *butler*; and one of the beſt looking plow-boys had a yellow cape clapped on his Sunday's coat to make him paſs for a ſervant

in livery; and we borrowed my ſon-in-law the parſon's man for a third hand.

All this was accompliſhed, though not without ſome tumult and diſorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpoſe than we looked for, as it was near ſix o'clock before ſhe arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had buſtled, ſweated, and ſcolded for, was ſo over-boiled, over-ſtewed, and over-roaſted, that it needed the appetite of ſo late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in theſe matters: luckily her ladyſhip, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, now that ſmall waiſts have come into faſhion again.

The dinner, however, though ſpoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her Ladyſhip's train made ſhift to eat the greateſt part of it. When I ſay her train, I do not mean her ſervants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, beſides the illuſtrious Mr. *Papillot*, and her Ladyſhip's maid, gentlewoman I ſhould ſay, who had a table to themſelves. Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, conſiſting of two ladies and ſix gentlemen, who had accompanied her Ladyſhip in this excurſion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their ſervants to do the ſame, though we had never ſeen nor heard of them before.

During the progreſs of this entertainment, there were ſeveral little embarraſſments which might appear ridiculous in deſcription, but were matters of ſerious diſtreſs to us. Soup was ſpilled, diſhes overturned, and glaſſes broken, by the awkwardneſs of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's ſolicitude (who, to do her juſtice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her Ladyſhip's arrival, it was impoſſible that dinner could be over before dark; this, with the conſideration of the bad road ſhe had

to pass through in her way to the next house she meant to visit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to pass the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble she gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave rise to a new scene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were dislodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble guest. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and slept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greatest degree of respect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my son-in-law's. My two eldest daughters had, indeed, little time to sleep, being closetted the greatest part of the night with their right honourable visitor. My offices were turned topsy turvy for the accommodation of the servants of my guests, and my own horses turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my stable.

All these are hardships of their kind, Mr. Mirror, which the honour that accompanies them seems to me not fully to compensate; but these are slight grievances, in comparison with what I have to complain of as the effects of this visit. The malady of my two eldest daughters is not only returned with increased violence upon them, but has now communicated itself to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent discreet woman, who liked her own way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as necessary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped some broad hints, that a winter in town is necessary to the accomplishment of one. My two younger daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder sisters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady presented a set of feathers, for which new heads were essentially requisite.

The inside of all of them has undergone a very striking metamorphosis, from this one night's in-

ſtruction of their viſitor. There is, it ſeems, a faſhion in morality, as well as in dreſs; and the preſent mode is not quite ſo ſtrait-lac'd as the ſtays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of ſuch a gentleman's connection with Miſs C——, and ſuch another's arrangement with Lady G——, with all the eaſe in the world: yet theſe words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing leſs than fornication and adultery. I ſometimes remonſtrate warmly, eſpecially when I have my ſon-in-law to back me, againſt theſe new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a father and a parſon may preach as they pleaſe, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help obſerving, that my Lady ——— never mentioned her abſent Lord (who, I underſtand, is ſeldom of her parties) except ſometimes to let us know how much ſhe differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of faſhion has gone a ſtep lower in my houſehold. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and ſtolen my flour to powder it, ever ſince he ſaw Mr. *Papillot*; and yeſterday he gave me warning that he ſhould leave me next term, if I did not take him into the houſe, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who waſhes my daughters linens, ſitting, the other afternoon, dreſſed in one of their caſt fly-caps, entertaining this ſame oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-ſervants, with tea, forſooth; and when I quarrelled with her for it, ſhe replied, that Mrs. *Dimmity*, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and ſaw company of an afternoon.

But I am reſolved on a reformation, Mr. MIRROR, and ſhall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be maſter of my own houſe and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greateſt Lord in Chriſtendom. Yet I confeſs I am always for trying gentle methods firſt. I beg, therefore,

that you will insert this in your next paper, and add to it some exhortations of your own to prevail on them, if possible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in *great folks*, but is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr. Homespun's relation, too valuable to be shortened, leaves me not room at present for any observations. But I have seen the change of manners among some of my countrywomen, for several years past, with the most sensible regret; and I intend soon to devote a paper to a serious remonstrance with them on the subject.

Z

No. 26. SATURDAY, *April* 24, 1779.

NOTHING can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more strongly those circumstances which distinguish it from others, than the change that takes place in the rules established as to the external conduct of men in society, or in what may be called the system of politeness.

It were absurd to say, that, from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude, that there are some general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate those rules, and make a deviation from them to be considered as improper. When at any time, therefore, an alteration in those general rules take place, it is reasonable to suppose that the change has been produced by some alteration in the feel-

ings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever conſiders the rules of external behaviour eſtabliſhed about a century ago, muſt be convinced, that much leſs attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings of thoſe beneath them, than in the preſent age. In that æra, a man uſed to meaſure out his complaiſance to others, according to the degree of rank in which they ſtood, compared with his own. A Peer had a certain manner of addreſs and ſalutation to a Peer of equal rank, a different one to a peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of addreſs was diverſified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his poſſeſſions; ſo that a ſtranger, who happened to be preſent at the levee of a great man, could, with tolerable certainty, by examining his features, or attending to the lowneſs of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his viſitors.

Were it the purpoſe of the preſent paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By the Earl of Northumberland's houſehold book, begun in the year 1512, it appears, that my Lord's *board-end*, that is to ſay, the end of the table where he and his principal gueſts were ſeated, was ſerved with a different and more delicate ſort of viands, than thoſe allotted to the lower end. "It is thought "good," ſays that curious record, "that no plu-"vers be brought at any time but only in Chriſtmas, "and principal feaſts, and my lord to be ſerved there-"with, and his board-end, and no other."*

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hoſpitality, and for having his table conſtantly crowded with a number of gueſts; poſſeſſing a high

* *The line of diſtinction was marked by a large Salt-cellar, placed in the middle of the table, above which, at my Lord's board end, ſat the diſtinguiſhed gueſts, and below it thoſe of an inferior claſs.*

idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in use very nicely to discriminate, by his behaviour to them, the ranks of the different persons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied by himself, and the rest of the company sat nearer or more remote from him according to their respective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the same food; but when the liquor was produced, which was, at that time, and perhaps still is, in some parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feast, a different sort of beverage was assigned to the guests, according to their different dignities. The landlord himself, and his family, or near relations, drank wine of the best kind; to persons next in degree, was allotted wine of an inferior sort; and to guests of a still lower rank, were allowed only those liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This distinction was agreeable to the rules of politeness at that time established: the entertainer did not feel any thing disagreeable in making it; nor did any of the entertained think themselves intitled to take this treatment amiss.

It must be admitted, that a behaviour of this sort would not be consonant to the rules of politeness established in the present age. A man of good breeding now considers the same degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune, or the antiquity of his family, what it may; nay, a man of real politeness will feel it rather more incumbant on him to be attentive and complaisant to his inferiors in these respects, than to his equals. The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeness, points out such a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleasure in attending to the ease and happiness of people with whom he mixes in society, than in studying his own. On this account he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taste, because he finds more satisfaction in humouring the taste of others. Thus, a

gentleman now-a-days takes the loweſt place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is ſet apart for his gueſts. The entertainer finds a much more ſenſible pleaſure in beſtowing it on them, than in taking it to himſelf.

From the ſame cauſe, if a gentleman be in company with another, not ſo opulent as himſelf, or, however worthy, not poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of thoſe adventitious honours which are held in eſteem by the world, politeneſs will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and obſervation to the latter. Men, even of the higheſt minds, when they are firſt introduced into company with their ſuperiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awkwardneſs and uneaſineſs which it requires ſome time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if poſſeſſed of a ſenſible mind and real politeneſs, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to be rather more attentive to thoſe who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors, than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not propoſed, in this paper, to enquire what are the cauſes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeneſs in this and the former age. It is ſufficient to obſerve, and the reflection is a very pleaſant one, that the modern rules of good-breeding muſt give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former; and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be univerſally obſerved in practice, yet it is hoped it will not be diſputed that it is conſonant to the rules which are now pretty generally eſtabliſhed.

It ought, however, to be obſerved, that when we ſpeak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeneſs, of complaiſance, theſe expreſſions are always confined to our behaviour towards thoſe who are conſidered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no ſyſtem of politeneſs or of complaiſance is eſtabliſhed, at leaſt in this country, for our beha-

viour to those of a lower station. The rules of good-breeding do not extend to them; and he may be esteemed the best bred man in the world who is a very brute to his servants and dependants.

This I cannot help considering as a matter of regret, and it were to be wished that the same humanity and refinement, which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of gentlemen, would extend some degree of that attention to those who are in stations below them.

It will require but little observation to be satisfied, that all men, in whatever situation, are endowed with the same feelings (though education or example may give them a different modification) and that one in the lowest rank of life may be sensible of a piece of insolence, or an affront, as well as one in the highest. Nay, it ought to be considered, that the greater the disproportion of rank, the affront will be the more sensibly felt; the greater the distance from which it comes, and the more unable the person affronted to revenge it, by so much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant, that in our transactions with men of a very low station, and who, from their circumstances, and the wants of society, must be employed in servile labour, we are to behave, in all respects, as to those who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impossible, and such men do not expect it. But in all our intercourse with them, we ought to consider that they are men possessed of like feelings with ourselves, which nature has given them, and no situation can or ought to eradicate. When we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our study to demand that labour in the manner easiest to them; and we should never forget that gentleness is part of the *wages* we owe them for their service.

Yet how many men, in other respects of the best and most respectable characters, are, from inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to those considerations! and, indeed, the thing has been so little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite

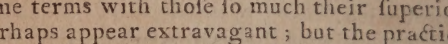
age, complaisance to servants and dependants, is not as I have already observed, at least in this country, considered as making any part of politeness.

But there is another set of persons still more exposed to be treated roughly than even domestic servants, and these are, the *waiters* at inns and taverns. Between a master and servant a certain connection subsists, which prevents the former from using the latter very ill. The servant, if he is good for any thing, naturally form an attachment to his master and to his interest which produces a mutual intercourse of kindness between them. But no connection of this sort can be formed with the temporary attendants above mentioned. Hence the monstrous abuse which such persons frequently suffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is entitled to vent his own ill humour upon them, and vollies of curses are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which those of the female sex, who are employed in places of that sort, are often exposed. Their situation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happen to be handsome, and a parcel of young thoughtless fellows cast their eyes upon her, she is immediatly made the subject of taunt and merriment; course and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and conversation shocking to modest ears is frequently addressed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loss how to behave; if she venture on a spirited answer the probable consequence will be, to raise the mirth of the facetious company, and to expose her to a repetition of insults. If, guided by the feelings of modesty, she avoid the presence of the impertinent guests, she is complained of for neglecting her duty; she loses the little perquisite which, otherwise, she would be entitled to; perhaps disobliges her mistress, and loses her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the case of a poor girl so situated, if he

be not loſt to all ſenſe of virtue, muſt feel his heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of ſuch a ſituation. But the misfortune is, that we ſeldom attend to ſuch caſes at all: we ſometimes think of the fatigues aud ſufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors; but we ſcarcely ever allow any ſenſe of pain to their minds.

Among the *French*, whom we mimic in much *falſe* politeneſs, without learning from them, as we might do, much of the *true*, the obſervances of good-breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to perſons of the loweſt ranks. Thus a *Frenchman* hardly ever addreſſes any man, however mean his condition, without calling him *Monſieur*, and the pooreſt woman in a country village is addreſſed by the appellation of *Madame*. The accoſting, in this manner, people of ſo very low a rank, in the ſame terms with thoſe ſo much their ſuperiors, may perhaps appear extravagant; but the practice ſhews how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meaneſt, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeneſs even to them.



No. 27. TUESDAY, *April* 27, 1779.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clamorous ſorrow.

LEE's THEODOSIUS.

A VERY amiable and much reſpected friend of mine, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of loſing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whoſe ſoul was the manſion of every virtue, and of every elegant accompliſhment. She was ſuddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the beſt and moſt affectionate of

husbands. A perfect similarity of temper and disposition, a kindred delicacy of taste and sentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each succeeding year seemed but to add new strength to their affection. Though possessed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleasures of the capital. In the cultivation of their estate, in cherishing the virtuous industry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful seat, the society of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth's* feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility, and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hasted thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia*; and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comfortor. When my carriage stopt at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown gray-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, "how is Mr. Wentworth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, Sir, our excellent Lady!"——Here his grief overwhelmed him, and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmeſt affection; and, after a few moments, aſſumed a firmneſs, and even an eaſe, that ſurpriſed me. His brother, with a ſiſter of Amelia's, and ſome other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himſelf, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, ſeemed rather to moderate the grief of thoſe around him, than to demand their compaſſion for himſelf. By his gentle and kind attentions, he ſeemed anxious to relieve their ſorrow; and, by a ſort of concerted tranquillity, ſtrove to prevent their diſcovering any ſymptoms of the bitter anguiſh which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at eaſe; but it was that ſilent and majeſtic ſorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, I chanced to take up a volume of Metaſtaſio, that lay amongſt other books upon a table; and, as I was turning over the leaves, a ſlip of paper, with ſomething written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and as he looked at it, I ſaw the tears ſtart from his eyes, and, fetching a deep ſigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor Amelia!*"—It was the tranſlation of a favourite paſſage which ſhe had been attempting, but had left unfiniſhed. As if uneaſy leſt I had perceived his emotion, he careleſsly threw his arm over my ſhoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into ſome remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I obſerved him take up the book, and carefully replacing the ſlip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth propoſed that we ſhould walk out, and that he himſelf would accompany us. As we ſtepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngeſt boys came running up, and catching his Papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "Ma-"ma's Rover was returned." This was a ſpaniel who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had

followed her in all her walks; but after her death had been sent to the house of a villager, to be out of the immediate sight of the family. Having somehow made its escape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and as soon as he saw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an excess of fondness. I saw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

As we traversed his delightful grounds, many different scenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid some of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unusual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taste had marked the peculiar beauty of each different scene, and had brought it forth to view with such a happy delicacy of art, as to make it seem the work of nature alone. As we crossed certain paths in the woods, and passed by some rustic buildings, I could sometimes discern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he instantly stifled it with a firmness and dignity that made me careful not to seem to observe it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having stolen out of the room, his brother and I stepped out of a terrace behind the house. It was the dusk of the evening, the air was mild and serene, and the moon was rising in all her brightness from the cloud of the east. The fineness of the night made us extend our walk, and we strayed into a hollow valley, whose sides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itself along over broken rocks. We approached a rustic grotto, placed in a sequestered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion stopped. "This," said he "was one "of Amelia's walks, and that grotto was her fa-"vourite evening retreat. The last night she ever "walked out, and the very evening she caught that fatal fever, I was with my brother and her,

" while we sat and read to each other in that very " place." While he spoke, we perceived a man steel out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other side. " It is my brother," said young Wentworth; " he has been here in his Amelia's favourite grove, " indulging that grief he so carefully conceals from " us.

We returned to the house, and found Mr. Wentworth with the rest of the company. He forced on some conversation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleasantry during the whole evening.

Such, in short, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it necessary to temper and moderate his grief, I must avoid seeming to perceive it, and dare scarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my silent attention and respect.

How very different is this dignified and reserved sorrow, from that weak and teazing grief which disgusts, by its sighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does such noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character in other respects estimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour? How much does the excessive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of *Cicero*, diminish the very high respect which we should otherwise entertain for the exalted character of that illustrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have described and analyzed the passion of grief, and have pretended to prescribe remedies for restoring the mind to tranquility; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have advised. To tell a person in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the excess of this, as well as of other passions, must be prevented

rather than cured. It must be obviated, by our attaining that evenness and equality of temper, which can arise only from an improved understanding, and an habitual intercourse with refined society. These will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of sorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the presence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This is well explained by a philosopher, who is no less eloquent than he is profound. He justly observes that we naturally, on all occasions, endeavour to bring down our own passions, to that pitch which those about us can correspond with. We view ourselves in the light in which we think they view us, and seek to suit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumstance of our situation, we can, in some measure, give way to our grief but are more calm than when by ourselves. Before a common acquaintance, we assume a greater sedateness. Before a mixed assembly, we affect a still more considerable degree of composure. Thus, by the company of our friends at first, and afterwards, by mingling with society, we come to suit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our passion, and restore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

No. 28. SATURDAY, *May* 1, 1779.

Currit ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens. HORAT.

"AND did you not bluſh for our countrymen?" ſaid Mr. *Umphraville* to Colonel *Plum*, as the latter was deſcribing the ſack of an indian city, and the plunder of its miſerable inhabitants, with the death of a *Rajah* who had gallantly defended it.

"Not at all Sir," anſwered the Colonel cooly: "our countrymen did no more than their duty; and, "were we to decline performing it on ſuch occaſi-"ons, we ſhould be of little ſervice to our country "in India."

Mr. *Umphraville* made no anſwer to this defence; but a ſilent indignation, which ſat upon his countenance, implied a ſtronger diſapprobation of it, than the moſt laboured reply he could have offered.

For the ſame reaſon which induced him to avoid any farther diſcuſſion of the ſubject, my friend endeavoured to give the converſation a different turn. He led the Colonel into a deſcription of the country of India; and, as that gentleman deſcribed, in very lively colours, the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people, and the variety and richneſs of its productions, Mr. *Umphraville* liſtened to this part of his diſcourſe with an uncommon degree of pleaſure and attention.

But, after the Colonel's departure (for this converſation happened during one of my excurſions to Mr. *Umphraville*'s, where Colonel *Plum* had been on a viſit), the former part of the converſation recurred immeadiately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections.

"I know not," ſaid he, "a more mortifying "proof of human weakneſs, than that power which

" situation and habit acquire over principle and feel-
" ing, even in men of the best natural dispositions.

" The gentleman who has just left us, has deri-
" ved from Nature a more than ordinary degree of
" good sense. Nor does she seem to have been less
" liberal to him in the the affections of the heart,
" than in the powers of the understanding,

" Since his return to this country, Colonel *Plum*
" has acted the part of an affectionate and gene-
" rous relation, of an attentive and useful friend;
" he has been an indulgent landlord, a patron of
" the industrious, and a support to the indigent. In
" a word, he has proved a worthy and useful mem-
" ber of society, on whom fortune seems not to
" have misplaced her favours.

" Yet, with all the excellent dispositions of which
" these are proofs,—placed as a soldier of fortune in
" India; inflamed with the ambition of amassing
" wealth; corrupted by the contagious example of
" others governed by the same passion, and enga-
" ged in the same pursuit, Colonel *Plum* appears
" to have been little under the influence either of
" justice or humanity; he seems to have viewed
" the unhappy people of that country merely as the
" instruments, which, in one way or other, were
" to furnish himself and his countrymen with that
" wealth they had gone so far in quest of.

" If these circumstances could operate so strong-
" ly on such a man as Colonel *Plum*, we have little
" reason to wonder that they should have carried
" others of our countrymen to still more lamen-
" table excesses; that they should have filled that
" unhappy country with scenes of misery and op-
" pression, of which the recital fills us with equal
" shame and indignation. Yet such examples as
" that of the Colonel should perhaps dispose us, in
" place of violently declaiming against the conduct
" of individuals, to investigate the causes by which
" it is produced.

" The conquests of a commercial people have al-
" ways, I believe, proved uncommonly destructive:
" and this might naturally have been expected of
" those made by our countrymen in India, under
" the direction of a mercantile society, conducted

" by its members in a distant country, in a climate " fatal to European constitutions, which they visit " only for the purpose of suddenly amassing rich- " es, and from which they are anxious to return as " soon as that purpose is accomplished.

" How far such a company, whose original con- " nection with India was merely the prosecution of " their private commerce, should have ever been " allowed to assume, and should still continue to " possess, the unnatural character of sovereigns " and conquerors; and to conduct the government " of a great empire; is a point which may, per- " haps, merit the attention of the legislature, as " much as many of the more minute enquiries in " which they have of late been engaged.

" I have often thought how much our superior " knowledge in the art of government might ena- " ble us to change the condition of that unfortunate " country for the better. I have pleased myself " with fondly picturing out the progress of such " a plan; with fancying I saw the followers of " *Mahomet* lay aside their ferocity and ambition; " peaceful disciples of *Brahma*, happy in the secu- " rity of a good government, and in the enjoyment " of those innocent and simple manners which mark " the influence of a fruitful climate and a benificent " religion.—But, alas!" continued Mr. *Umphra- " ville*, with a sigh, " such reformations are more " easily effected by me in my elbow-chair, than by " those who conduct the great and complicated ma- " chine of government.

" I wish," added he, " it may be only the con- " tracted view of things natural to a retired old " man, which leads me to fear that, in this coun- " try, the period of such reformations is nearly " past; when I observe that almost all men regulate " their conduct, and form the minds of the rising " generation, by this maxim,

Quærenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post Nummos;

" I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence of " ſo mean and ſo corrupt a principle, the ſame " national corruption which the Roman poet aſ- " cribes to it.

" In the lower ranks, the deſire of gain, as it " is the ſource of induſtry, may be held equally " conducive to private happineſs and public proſ- " perity; but thoſe who, by birth or education, " are deſtined for nobler purſuits, ſhould be actua- " ted by more generous paſſions. If from luxury, " and the love of vain expence, they alſo ſhall give " way to this deſire of wealth; if it ſhall extinguiſh " the ſentiments of public virtue, and the paſſion " for true glory, natural to that order of the ſtate; " the ſpring of private and of national honour muſt " have loſt its force, and there will remain nothing " to withſtand the general corruption of manners, " and the public diſorder and debility which are " its inſeparable attendants. If our country has " not already reached this point of degeneracy, ſhe " ſeems, at leaſt, as far as a ſpectator of her man- " ners can judge, to be too faſt approaching it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. *Umphraville* expreſs himſelf. Living retired in the country, converſing with few, and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of family, and not very fond of the mercantile intereſt; diſpoſed to give praiſe to former times, and not to think highly of the preſent; in his apprehenſion of facts he is often miſtaken, and the concluſions he draws from thoſe facts are often erroneous. In the preſent inſtance, the view which I have preſented of his opinions, may throw further light upon his character; it gives a ſtriking picture both of the candour of his mind, and of the generoſity of his ſentiments. His opinions, though erroneous may be uſeful; they may remind thoſe who, though endued, like Colonel *Hum*, with good diſpoſitions, are in danger of being ſeduced by circumſtances and ſituation that our own intereſt or ambition is never to be purſued but in conſiſtency with the ſacred obligations of juſtice, humanity, and benevolence;

and they may afford a very pleasing source of reflection to others, who, in trying situations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

O.

No. 29. TUESDAY, *May*, 4, 1779.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitasque sermonis.
CIC. DE OFF.

POLITENESS, or the external shew of humanity, has been strongly recommended by some, and has been treated with excessive ridicule by others. It has sometimes been represented, very improperly, as constituting the sum of merit: and thus affectation and grimace have been substituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, persons who cover their own rudeness, and justify gross rusticity, by calling their conduct honest bluntness, and by defaming complacent manners, as fawning or hypocritical. Shakespeare, in his *King Lear*, sketches this character with his usual ability:

This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
An' they will take it so, if not, he's plain.

To extol polished external manners as constituting the whole duty of man, or to declaim against them as utterly inconsistent with truth, and the respect we owe to ourselves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the shew of humanity is equal to the reality: nor let any one, from the desire of pleasing, depart from the line

of truth, or ſtoop to mean condeſcenſion. But to preſume favourably of all men; to conſider them as worthy of our regard till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them ſervices; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a ſimilar conduct; conſtitute a temper, which every man, for his own peace, and for the peace of ſociety, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper eſſential to poliſhed manners; and the external ſhew of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men, that we hold them in due reſpect, and are diſpoſed to oblige them. Beſides, it will often occur, that we may have the ſtrongeſt conviction of worth in another perſon; that we may be diſpoſed, from gratitude or eſteem, to render him ſuitable ſervices; and yet may have no opportunity of teſtifying, by thoſe actions which are their genuine expreſſions, either that conviction, or that diſpoſition. Hence external courteſies and civilities are ſubſtituted, with great propriety, as ſigns and repreſentatives of thoſe actions which we are deſirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our eſteem and affection.

"But the man of courtly manners often puts on "a placid and ſmiling ſemblance, while his heart "rankles with malignant paſſion."—When this is done with an intention to deceive or enſnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. "In that caſe the law of "courteſy is more honoured in the breach, than in the obſervance." But there may be another ſituation, when the ſhew of courteſy aſſumed, while the heart is ſtill at eaſe, moved by diſagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjuſtly cenſured ——From a feeble conſtitution of body, bad health, or ſome untoward accident or diſappointment, you loſe your wonted ſerenity. Influenced by your preſent humour, even to thoſe who have no concern in the accident that had befallen you, and who would really incline to relieve you

from your uneaſineſs, you become reſerved and ſplenetic. You know the impropriety of ſuch a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your boſom a very different diſpoſition. Your paſſions, however, are ſtubborn; images of wrong and of diſappointment have taken ſtrong hold of your fancy; and your preſent diſagreeable and painful ſtate of mind cannot eaſily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you diſguiſe the appearance; you are careful to let no fretful expreſſion be uttered, nor any malignant thought lour in your aſpect; you perform external acts of civility, and aſſume the tones and the language of the moſt perfect compoſure. You thus war with your own ſpirit; and, by force of commanding the external ſymptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually eſtabliſh in your mind that good-humour and humanity, which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this diſcipline, there is nothing criminal. —In this diſcipline, there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our preſent humours, but may influence our habits and diſpoſitions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at leaſt with diſagreeable conſequences.————Sir *Gregory Blunt* was the eldeſt ſon of a reſpectable family. His fortune and his anceſtry entitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any ſhape that he pleaſed. He owed, and would owe no man a ſhilling; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and ſtill poſſeſſes, good abilities and humane diſpoſitions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir *Gregory* has an unbending caſt of mind, that cannot eaſily be faſhioned into ſoft compliance and condeſcenſion. He never, even at an early period, had any pretentions to winning ways, or agreeable aſſiduities; nor had he any talent for acquiring perſonal graces and accompliſhments. In every thing that confers the eaſy and engaging air of a gentleman, he was excelled by his companions. Sir *Gregory* had ſenſe enough

to perceive his own incapacity; vanity enough to be hurt with the preference ſhewn to young men leſs able or honeſt, but more complaiſant than himſelf; and pride enough to caſt away all pretentions to that ſmoothneſs of demeanor in which he could never excel. Thus he aſſumed a bluntneſs and roughneſs of manners, better ſuited to the natural caſt of his temper. He would be plain; he hated all your ſmiling and fawning attentions; he would ſpeak what he thought; he would praiſe no man, even though he thought him deſerving, becauſe he ſcorned to appear a flatterer; and he would promiſe no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, becauſe he abhorred oſtentation. Accordingly, in his addreſs, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeneſs, which, if it does not offend, diſconcerts: and he will not return a civility, becauſe he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propenſity which he ought to have corrected; and, ſlave to a ſurly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him diſagreeable to perſons of poliſhed manners, but may be attended with conſequences of a more ſerious nature. Sir *Gregory* does not perceive, that, while he thinks he is plain, he only *affects* to be plain; that he often ſtifles a kindly feeling, for fear of appearing complacent; that "he conſtrains the "garb quite from his nature;" and that he diſguiſes his appearance as much at leaſt by his *exceſſive* bluntneſs, as he would by ſhewing *ſome* complaiſance. Thus he is hardly entitled, notwithſtanding his pretenſions, to the praiſe even of *honeſt* plainneſs. Beſides, his character, in other reſpects, is ſo eminent, and his rank ſo diſtinguiſhed, that of courſe, he has many admirers: and thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boiſterous and as rough as himſelf. Even ſome of his female acquaintance are likely to ſuffer by the contagion of his example. Their deſire of pleaſing has taken an improper direction; they ſeem leſs ſtudious of thoſe delicate proprieties and obſervan-

ces so essential to female excellence; they also will not appear otherwise than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become a great deal worse. For, as the shew of humanity and good humour may, in some instances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good-humoured; so the affectation and shew of honest plainness, may lead us to be plain without honesty, and sincere without good intention. Those who affect timidity, may, in time, become cowards; and those who affect roughness may, in time, grow inhuman.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAVE long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myself unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but some of my friends tell me I am a simpleton, and don't understand her. Pray be so kind as inform me, Mr. MIRROR, what sort of rudeness amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does she wish him to be somewhat more assuming? When she never looks his way, may he reckon himself a favourite? Or, if she tells every body, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is her aversion, is Mr. *Such-a-one* to take it for granted, that she is downright fond of him?

Yours respectfully,

MODESTUS.

No. 30. SATURDAY, *May* 8, 1779.

IT has sometimes been matter of speculation, whether or not there be a sex in the soul; that there is one in manners, I never heard disputed; the same applause which we involuntarily bestow upon honour, courage, and spirit in men, we as naturally confer upon chastity, modesty, and gentleness in women.

It was formerly one of those national boasts which are always allowable, and some times useful, that the ladies of Scotland possessed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond those of most other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the dissipated society of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe, that this is still the case in general; yet, from my own observation, and the complaints of several correspondents, I am sorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different style of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our sister kingdom, is one great cause of this. Formerly a London journey was attended with some difficulty and danger, and posting thither was an atchievment as masculine as a fox chace. Now the goodness of the roads and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exercise for a lady; "*Facilis descensus Averni*;" our wives and daughters are carried thither to see the world; and we are not to wonder if some of them bring back only that knowledge of it, which the most ignorant can acquire, and the most forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated to a certain circle, on their return; the imitation is as rapid as it is easy; they emulate the English, who before have copied the French; the dress, the phrase, and the *morals* of Paris, is transplanted first to London, and thence

to Edinburgh; and even the sequestered regions of the country are sometimes visited in this northern progress of politeness.

And here I cannot help observing, that the imitation is often so clumsy, as to leave out all the agreeable, and retain all the offensive. In the translation of the manners, as in the translation of the language of our neighbours, we are apt to lose the finenesses, the pétits agrémens, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zest and value to the whole.

It will be said, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and sometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a crowd of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a single one, does all this without the smallest bad intention, merely as she puts on a cap, and sticks it with feathers, because she has seen it done by others whose rank and fashion entitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that most of those ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no disagreeable consequences, I would ask, from the appearance of evil, exclusive of its reality? Decorum is at least the ensign, if not the outgard of virtue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garrison, will, at least, embolden the assailants; and a woman's virtue is of so delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being so.

But, though female virtue, in the singular, means chastity, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanor, the modest deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themselves the most amiable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a stiff constrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleasant, agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, substituted the very opposite extreme in its stead; to banish preciseness,

they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to something like rudeness. But fashion may alter the form, not the essence of things: and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applause, to the woman whose figure and conversation comes flying out upon us in this fashionable forwardness of manner; yet, I believe, there is scarce a votary of the mode who would wish his sister, his wife, or even his mistress (I use the word in its modest sense) to possess it.

I have hitherto pointed my observations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, besides its being more immediately the object of public censorship, a variety of strictures lately sent me by my Correspondents naturally led me to consider. I am afraid, however, the same innovation begins to appear in our domestic as in our public life, and that the case of my friend Mr. *Homespun* is far from being singular. Some of those whose rank and station are such as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable distinction to be able to lead, from the sober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them, such young ladies as chance, relationship, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The state of diffidence and dependance, in which a young woman used to find herself happy under the protection of her parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to consider as incompatible with sense or spirit. With them obedience and subordination are terms of contempt; even the natural restraints of time are disregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth assumes the consequence and self-government of age; domestic duties are held to be slavish, and domestic enjoyments insipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleasures of high life and fashion, which naturally dazzles and seduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the scale of fortune is the standard of happiness, or the whirl of pleasure, which their patroneſſes describe, productive of the

satisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its course through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in langour, or end in disappointment. They would see the daughters of fashion in a state the most painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the smile of friendship, and anguish with the appearance of gaiety; they would see the mistress of the feast, or the directress of the route, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very scene of her pride, torn with those jarring passions which——but I will not talk like a moralist——which make duchesses mean, and the finest women in the world ugly. I do them no injustice; for I state this at the time of possession; its value in reflection I forbear to estimate.

If I dared to contrast this with a picture of domestic pleasure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happiness of every individual is reflected upon the society, and a certain tender solicitude about each other gives a more delicate sense of pleasure than any enjoyment merely selfish can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of business or of amusement, of sentiment or of gaiety, I am persuaded the scene would be too venerable for the most irreverent to deride, and its happiness too apparent for the most dissipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of such a family, is often foregone for the miserable vanity of aping some woman, weak as she is worthless, despised in the midst of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of dissipation.

I have limited this remonstrance to motives merely *temporal*, because I am informed, some of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of those acquirements, which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are yet possessed of. I mean not to dispute the solidity of their system, as I am persuaded they have studied the subject deeply, and

under very able and learned masters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpose for which, I have been told by some fashionable men, such doctrines have frequently been taught. It seems, it is understood by the younger class of our philosophers, that a woman never thinks herself quite *alone* till she has put *God* out of the way, as well as her *husband*.

V

No. 31. TUESDAY, *May* 11, 1779.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. VIRG.

THERE is hardly any species of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that so few authors have excelled in it. Among those writers who have confined themselves merely to this sort of composition, *Theophrastus* holds the first place among the ancients, and *La Bruyere* among the moderns. But, beside those who have professedly confined themselves to the delineation of character, every historian who relates events, and who describes the disposition and qualities of the persons engaged in them, is to be considered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated; and different authors have, more or less, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by describing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the person is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he possesses, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occasion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the first man-

ner, employs those words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by the means of these he gives a description and view of the character. He passes over the particular circumstances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general conclusion with regard to the character, and gives the conclusion itself.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, instead of giving the general conclusion deduced from the observation of particular circumstances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themselves, and of the external conduct of the person whose character he wishes to represent, leaving his readers to form their own conclusion from that view which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of those opposite manners. In every instance I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of *the absent man La Bruyere* lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wishes to represent; while *Theophrastus* gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of these different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The best method of giving a full and comprehensive view of the different parts of a character, may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the person is endowed. At the same time, however, it is, perhaps, impossible to mark the nice and delicate shades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the person in that situation which calls him forth into action.

In these two different manners, there are faults into which one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they should studiously endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character, should guard against being too general; he who gives views of the conduct, and represents the actions themselves, should avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are described, they may be expressed in such vague

and general terms, as to lay before the reader no marked distinguishing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to disgust by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our most celebrated historians have committed errors of the first sort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of the King, or great man, and tell their readers, that the person they are taking leave of, was *brave, generous, just, humane;* or the tyrant they have been declaiming against, was *cruel, haughty, jealous, deceitful;* these general qualities are so little distinguishing, that they may be applied, almost, to any very good, or very bad man, in the history. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of a person of whom he writes, tells his readers, what such person did before, and what after dinner; what before and what after he slept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at least be in danger of displeasing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to observe, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the subject, or design of the author; one method may be more suited to one kind of composition than to another. Thus the author who confines himself merely to drawing characters, the historian who draws a character arising only from, or illustrating the events he records, or the novellist who delineates characters by feigned circumstances and situations, have each their several objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers, such as *Theophrastus* and *La Bruyere*, take for their object a character governed by some one passion, absorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; the miser, the epicure, the drunkard, &c. The business of the historian is more difficult and more extensive; he

takes the complicated characters in real life; he must give a view of every distinguishing characteristic of the personage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the strange diversities which life presents.

Novel-writers ought, like the professed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illustrate some one distinguishing feature or passion of the mind; but then they have it in their power, by the assistance of story, and by inventing circumstances and situation, to exhibit its leading features in every possible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel writers commonly fall, is, that they attend more to the story and to the circumstances they relate, than to giving new and just views of the character of the person they present. Their general method is to affix names to certain personages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and distresses, or exhibit in circumstances of ridicule, without having it in view to illustrate any one predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteristic features of those persons at the end of the story than at the beginning. Hence there are so few novels which give lasting pleasure, or can bear to be perused oftener than once. From the surprise occasioned by the novelty or nature of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illustrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any interesting views of character, they raise no desire for a second perusal, and ever after lie neglected on the shelf.

How very different from these are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their personages fully before us, paint all their shades and attitudes, and by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumstance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating all the delicate features and

nice tints of human character, never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders *Richardson* so interesting, in spite of his immeasureable tediousness; it is this which will render *Fielding* ever delightful, notwithstanding the indelicate coarseness with which he too often offends us.

A

No. 32. SATURDAY, *May* 15, 1779.

HAPPINESS has been compared, by one of my predecessors, to a *Game*, and he has prescribed certain rules to be followed by the players. These, indeed, are more necessary than one might suppose at first sight; this game, like most others, being as often lost by *bad play* as by *ill luck*. The circumstances I am placed in, some of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a sort of looker-on at this game; and, like all lookers-on, I think I discover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently lose the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chace the allusion a little farther, it is seldom that opportunities occur of *brilliant strokes* or *deep calculations*. With most of us, the ordinary little stake is all that is played for; and he who goes on observing the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverses of it, will find himself a gainer at last. In plainer language, *happiness*, with the bulk of men, may be said to consist in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleasures of life, and in not being too easily hurt by the little disquietudes of it. There is a certain fineness of soul, and delicacy of sentiment, with which few situations accord, to which many seeming harmless ones give the greatest uneasiness. The

art "*deſipere in loco*" (by which I underſtand being able not only to trifle, upon occaſion, ourſelves, but alſo bear the foolery of others), is a qualification extremely uſeful for ſmoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by ſome circumſtances in a viſit I had lately the pleaſure of receiving from my friend Mr. *Uphraville*, with whom I made my readers acquainted in ſome former Numbers. A particular piece of buſineſs occured, which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at firſt, extremely averſe from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now reliſhing them leſs than ever, yet the remonſtrances of his man of buſineſs, aided by very urgent requeſts from me, at length overcame him. He ſet out, therefore, attended by his old family-ſervant, *John*, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his maſter.

At the firſt ſtage on the road, *John* told me, his maſter looked ſad, eat little, and ſpoke leſs. Though the landlord uſhered in dinner in perſon, and gave his gueſt a very minute deſcription of his manner of *feeding his mutton*, Mr. *Umphraville* remained a hearer only, and ſhewed no inclination to have him ſit down and partake of his own diſhes; and, though he deſired him, indeed, to taſte the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the ſame time, to let the oſtler know he ſhould want his horſes as ſoon as poſſible. The landlord left the room, and told *John*, who was eating his dinner, ſomewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his maſter ſeemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half ſo good-humoured at his neighbour Mr. *Jolly*.

John, who is intereſted both in the happineſs and honour of his maſter, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the *hoſteſs* very particulary to Mr. *Umphraville*; and, indeed, venturing to invite her to ſup with him. *Umphraville* was too ſhy, or too civil, to decline the lady's company, and *John* valued himſelf on having pro-

cured him so agreeable a companion.—His master complained to me, since he came to town, of the oppression of this landlady's company; and declared his resolution of not stopping at the *George* on his way home.

The morning after his arrival at my house, while we were sitting together, talking of old stories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings afloat about us, *John* entered, with a look of much satisfaction, announcing the name of Mr. *Bearskin*. This gentleman is a first cousin of *Umphraville's*, who resides in town, and whom he had not seen these six years. He was bred a *mercer*, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in several great mercantile transactions. While *Umphraville*, with all his genius, and all his accomplishments, was barely preserving his estate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of industry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accomplishments, has amassed a fortune greater than the richest of his cousin's ancestors was ever possessed of. He holds *Umphraville* in some respect, however, as the representative of his mother's family, from which he derives all his gentility, his father sprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woollen-draper, to whose shop and business he succeeded.

My friend, though he could have excused his visit at this time, received him with politeness. He introduced him to me as his near relation; on which the other, who mixes the flippant civility of his former profession with somewhat of the monied confidence of his present one, made me a handsome compliment, and congratulated Mr. *Umphraville* on the possession of such a friend. He concluded, however, with a distant insinuation of *his* house's being a more natural home for his *cousin* when in town, than that of any other person. This led to a description of that house, its rooms and its furniture, in which he made no considerable eulogium

on his own taſte of the taſte, of his wife, and the taſte of the times. *Umphraville* bluſhed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his ſeat, in ſhort ſuffered torture all the way from the *cellar* to the *garret*.

Mr. *Bearſkin* cloſed this deſcription of his houſe with an expreſſion of his and his wife's earneſt deſire to ſee their *couſin* there. *Umphraville* declared his intention of calling to enquire after Mrs. *Bearſkin* and the young folks, mentioning, at the ſame time, the ſhortneſs of his propoſed ſtay in town, and the hurry his buſineſs would neceſſarily keep him in while he remained But this declaration by no means ſatisfied his kinſman; he inſiſted on his ſpending a day with them ſo warmly, that the other was at laſt overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpoſe, which Mr. *Bearſkin* informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he ſhould then have an opportunity of introducing us to his *London* correſpondent, a man of great fortune, who had juſt arrived here on a jaunt to ſee the country, and had promiſed him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day I would have excuſed myſelf from being of the party; but not having, any more than *Umphraville*, a talent at refuſal, was, like him, overpowered by the ſolicitations of his couſin.

The hiſtory of that dinner I may poſſibly give my readers hereafter, in a ſeparate paper, a dinner now-a days, being a matter of conſequence, and not to be managed in an epiſode. The time between was devoted by Mr. *Umphraville* to buſineſs, in which he was pleaſed commonly to aſk my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The laſt I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "*priſca fides*" too much about with him to be perfectly pleaſed in his dealings with people of buſineſs. When we returned home in the evening, he ſeemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expreſſions, not to mention the inflections of his countenance, which, if fairly ſet down on

paper, would almoſt amount to calling his banker a Jew, his lawyer not a gentleman, and his agent a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with theſe ſeveral perſonages; and though he thought he ſaw them taking advantages, of which I am perſuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way, and paſs on. A man of *Umphraville's* diſpoſition is willing to ſuffer all the penalties of ſillineſs, but that of being thought ſilly.

I.

No 33. TUESDAY, *May* 18, 1779.

AMONG the many advantages ariſing from cultivated ſentiment, one of the firſt and moſt truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to conſult the feelings of thoſe with whom we live, by ſhowing a diſpoſition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They muſt, indeed, have attended little to what paſſes in the world, who do not know the importance of this diſpoſition; who have not obſerved, that the want of it often poiſons the domeſtic happineſs of families, whoſe felicity every other circumſtance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my correſpondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad conſequences reſulting from the neglect of this complacency, I ſhall here lay before my readers. The firſt is from a lady, who writes as follows:

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. *Gold*, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father: to him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and girl all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the œconomy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. *Gold's* reputation and success in business daily increases, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular in his temper, and so often out of humour about trifles, that, in spite of all those comfortable circumstances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the dishes at table; at another, with the choice of my maid-servants; sometimes he is displeased with the trimming of my gown, sometimes with the shape of my cloak, or the figure of my head dress; and, should I chance to give an opinion on any subject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and he is sure to chide me about it when we are by ourselves.

It is of no consequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of those particulars. If I say a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is sure

to make matters worse, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I express my wonder that he should give himself uneasiness about such trifles, he answers, sullenly, that, to be sure, every thing is a *trifle* in which I choose to disoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were just going out to dine at a friend's house, he told me my *gown* was extremely ugly. I answered, his observation surprized me, for it was *garnet*, and I had taken it on hearing him say he wondered I never chose one of that colour. Upon this he got into a passion, said it was very odd I should charge my bad taste upon him; he had never made any such observation for the colour was his aversion. The dispute at last grew so warm, that I threw myself down on a settee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door; and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments: and though, I believe, we were equally sorry for what had passed, and Mr. *Gold*, when we met at supper, asked my pardon for having contradicted me so roughly; yet we had not sat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly mistaken, in saying he had recommended a *garnet colour*; and, when I very coolly assured him I was not, he renewed the dispute with as much keenness as ever. We parted in the same bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleasant look from him since.

In a word, Mr. *Gold* will allow me to have no mind but his: and, unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with palate (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular), I see no prospect of our situation changing for the better; and what makes our present one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakness, Mr *Gold*, who is, in other respects, a very worthy man, would make one of the best of husbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I ſhould do in this ſituation, or take your own way of letting my huſband ſee his weakneſs, the reformation of which would be the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings to

Your's, &c.

SUSANNA GOLD.

I was thinking how I ſhould anſwer this letter, or in what way I could be uſeful to my Correſpondent, when I received the following, the inſertion of which is, I believe, the beſt reply I can make to it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS bred a merchant; by my ſucceſs in trade I am now in affluent circumſtances, and have reaſon to think that I am ſo with an unblemiſhed character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a reſpectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as ſhe had been virtuouſly educated, and ſeemed chearful and good-tempered, as I was myſelf naturally of a domeſtic turn, and reſolved to make a good huſband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I muſt do my ſpouſe the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe is diſcreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many reſpects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper deſtroys the effect of all theſe good qualities. She is ſo much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, ſo impatient of contadiction in them, and withal ſo ready to diſpute mine, that, if I diſapprove of her taſte or ſentiments, in any one particular, or ſeem diſſatisfied, when ſhe diſapproves of

my taſte or ſentiments, it is the certain ſource of a quarrel; and, while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every eſſential circumſtance of our domeſtic œconomy, this ſilly fancy, that I muſt eat, dreſs, think, and ſpeak, preciſely as ſhe would have me, while ſhe will not accommodate herſelf to me in the moſt trifling of theſe particulars, gives me perpetual uneaſineſs; and with almoſt every thing I could wiſh, a genteel income, a good reputation, promiſing children, and a virtuous wife, whom I ſincerely eſteem, I have the mortification to find myſelf abſolutely unhappy.

I am ſure this foible of my poor wife's will appear to you, Mr. MIRROR, in its proper light; your making it appear ſo to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual diſtreſs; for, to tell you the truth, I believe ſhe is almoſt as great a ſufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this deſire; by doing ſo you may be of general ſervice, and will particularly oblige

Your conſtant reader, and
Obedient humble ſervant,
NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing theſe two letters it is evident that, from the want of that *complacency* mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very ſenſibility of temper, and ſtrength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The ſource of the diſquiet they complain of, is nothing elſe than the want of that reſpect for the taſte, feelings, and opinions of each other, which conſtitutes the diſpoſition I have recommended above, and which, ſo far from being inconſiſtent with a reaſonable deſire of reforming each other in theſe particulars, is the moſt probable means of accompliſhing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. *Cold* singular in this respect. By much the greatest part of domestic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the lesser virtues must be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of *Pocket coin*, which, though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

K

No. 34. SATURDAY, *May* 22, 1779.

IN compliance with a promise I made my readers at the close of last *Saturday's* paper (at least it was that sort of promise which a man keeps when the thing suits his inclination) I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. *Umphraville* and I were invited by his cousin Mr. *Bearskin*.

On our way to the house, I perceived certain symptoms of dissatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durst not impute them to the right cause, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themselves for the crosses they have met with abroad. He complained of the moistness of the weather, and the dirtiness of the street; was quite fatigued with the length of the way (Mr *Bearskin's* house being fashionably eccentric) and almost cursed the taylor for the tightness of a suit of clothes, which he had bespoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the first time. His chagrin, I be-

lieve, was increased by his having just learned from his lawyer, that the business he came to town about, could not be finished at the time he expected, but would probably last a week longer.

When we entered Mr. *Bearskin's* drawing room, we found his wife sitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was easy to see, by the air of the lady, that she was perfectly mistress of the house, and that her husband was only a secondary person there. He seemed, however, contented with his situation, and an admirer of his wife; a sort of lap-dog husband (of whom I have seen many) who looks sleek, runs about briskly, and though he now and then gets a kick from his mistress, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. *Bearskin*, after many expressions of his happiness in seeing his cousin in his new house, proposed walking us down stairs again, to begin showing it from the ground story upwards. *Umphraville*, though I saw him sweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were saved by the interposition of the lady, who uttered a "Psha! "Mr. *Bearskin*," with so significant a look, that her husband instantly dropped his design, saying, "to be sure there was not much worth seeing, "though he could have wished to have shown his "cousin his study, which he thought was tolera- "bly clever." "I thought, Papa," said the el- "dest of the Misses, "it was not quite in order "yet."——"Why, not altogether;" replied her "father; "I have not been able to get up my "heads, as *Pope* has lost an ear, and *Homer* the "left side of his beard, by the carelessness of the "packer; and I want about three feet and a half "of folio's for my lowest shelf."—"I don't care "if there was not a folio in the world," rejoined Miss. "Child!" said her mother, in a tone of rebuke—Miss bridled up, and was silent;—I smiled; *Umphraville* walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearskin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, said, he wondered his friend Mr. *Blub-*

ber, was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he spoke a loud rap at the door announced the expected company; and presently Mr. *Blubber*, his wife, a son and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old-fashioned pompadour coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large major wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in plaster of Paris; but the females, and heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. *Bearskin* introduced the old gentleman to his cousin Mr. *Umphraville*:—"Mr. *Blubber*, Sir, a very particular "friend of mine, and (turning to me with a whis-"per) worth fourscore thousand pounds, if he's "worth a farthing." *Blubber* said, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr. *Edward Blubber's* waistcoat, which had been tamboured, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be monstrous handsome. The young man himself seemed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. "Isn't it vastly pretty, Sir?" said one of the young ladies to *Umphraville*. "Ma'am!" said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance he was meditating on the young gentleman and his waistcoat in no very favourable manner.——I read her countenance too; she thought *Umphraville* just the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after some ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which stood a sumptuous epargne, filled, as *Bearskin* informed us, with the produce of his farm. This joke, which, I suppose, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the sweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the West-India islands, in which he had a concern. The

epargne itself now produced another dissertation from the ladies, and, like the waistcoat, was also pronounced monstrous handsome. *Blubber*, taking his eye half off a plate of salmon, to which he had just been helped, observed, that it would come to a handsome price too;—"Sixty ounces I'll warrant it," said he; "but as the plate tax is now repealed, it will cost but the interest a-keeping."—"La, Papa," said Miss *Blubber*, "you are always thinking of the money things cost:"——"Yes," added her brother, "Tables of interest are an excellent accompaniment for a dessert."——At this speech all the ladies laughed very loud. *Blubber* said, he was an impudent dog; but seemed to relish his son's wit notwithstanding. *Umphraville* looked sternly at him; and had not a glance at his waistcoat set him down as something beneath a man's anger, I don't know what consequences might have followed. During the rest of the entertainment, I could see the fumet of fool and coxcomb on every morsel that *Umphraville* swallowed, though Mrs. *Bearskin*, next whom he sat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. *Blubber* mentioned his design of making a tour through the Highlands, to visit Stirling, Taymouth, and Dunkeld; and applying to our landlord for some description of these places, was by him referred to Mr. *Umphraville* and me. Mr. *Umphraville* was not in a communicative mood; so I was obliged to assure Mr. *Blubber*, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehension of these matters, that he would find beds and bed-clothes, meat for himself, and corn for his horses, at the several places above mentioned; that he had no dangerous seas to cross in getting at them; and that were no highwaymen upon the road.

After this there was a considerable interval of silence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. *Edward's* fine waistcoat, when Mr. *Bearskin*, informing the company that his cousin was a great lover of music, called on his daughter

Miſs *Polly*, for a ſong, with which, after ſome of the uſual apologies, ſhe complied; and, in compliment to Mr. *Umphraville's* taſte, who ſhe was ſure muſt like Italian muſic, ſhe ſung, or rather ſqualled, a ſong of Sacchini's. in which there was ſcarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miſs *Blubber* ſaid, in her uſual phraſeology, that it was a monſtrous ſweet air.—Her brother ſwore it was divinely ſung.—*Umphraville* gulped down a falſhood with a very bad grace, and ſaid, Miſs would be a good ſinger with a little more practice. —A compliment which was not more diſtant from truth on one ſide, than from Miſs's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not ſet him forward in the favour of the family.

" My father is a judge of ſinging too," ſaid Mr. *Edward Blubber*; " what is your opinion of the " ſong, Sir?"—" My opinion is," ſaid he, " that " your Italianos always ſet me aſleep; Engliſh " ears ſhould have Engliſh ſongs, I think."—— " Then, ſuppoſe one of the ladies ſhould give us " an Engliſh ſong," ſaid I " 'Tis a good motion," " ſaid Mr. *Bearſkin*, I ſecond it; Miſs *Betſey Blub-* " *ber* ſings an excellent Engliſh ſong."—Miſs Betſy denied ſtoutly that ſhe ever ſang at all; but evidence being produced againſt her, ſhe, at laſt, ſaid ſhe would try if ſhe could make out " The Maid's " Choice." " Ay, ay, Betſy," ſaid her father, " a " very good ſong; I have heard it before.

——" If I could but find,
" I care not for fortune—Umph!—a man to my
" mind."

Miſs *Betſey* began the ſong accordingly, and to make up for her want of *voice*, accompanied it with a great deal of *action*. Either from the accident of his being placed oppoſite to her, or from a ſly application to his ſtate as an *old bachelor*, ſhe choſe to perſonify the maid's choice in the figure of *Umphraville*, and pointed the deſcription of the ſong particularly at him. *Umphraville*, with all

his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himself uneasy and ridiculous under the silly allusion of a ballad; he blushed, attempted to laugh, blushed again, and still looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no persuasion of his cousin could induce him to stay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were assembled at tea.

"Thank Heaven!" said *Umphraville*, when the door was shut, and he had got fairly into the street. "Amen!" I replied, smiling, "for our good dinner and excellent wine!"——"How the devil, "Charles," said he, "do you contrive to bear all "this nonsense with the composure you do?"—"Why, I have often told you, my friend, that "our earth is not a planet fitted up only for the "reception of wise men—Your *Blubbers* and "*Bearskins* are necessary parts of the system; they "deserve the enjoyments they are capable of "feeling;—and I am not sure if he who suffers "from his own superiority does not deserve his "sufferings."

No. 35. TUESDAY, *May* 25, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TILL I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the society of a few friends, whom a similarity of pursuits and dispositions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reserve and retirement had acquired a power over me, which my situation, as heir to a considerable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly

by a sense of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort to acquire a more general acquaintance, and fashionable deportment. As I was conscious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick sense of propriety, two qualities which I esteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not disadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained some hopes of success.

I was, however, unsuccessful. The novelty of the scenes in which I found myself engaged, the multiplicity of observances and attention requisite upon points which I had always regarded as below my notice, embarrassed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had trusted for my direction, served only to make me awkward, and fearful of offending. My obsequious services in the drawing-room passed unrewarded; and my observations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, or the politics of the men, being delivered with timidity and hesitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and discreet among the former seemed to pity me; and I could not help remarking, that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the perusal of Lord Chesterfield's Letters. To this author, then, as soon as I learned his subject, I had recourse, as to a guide that would point out my way, and support me in my journey. But, how much was I astonished, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expression, and lively illustration, I discerned a studied system of frivolity, meanness, flattery, and dissimulation, inculcated as the surest and most eligible road to eminence and popularity?

Young as I am, Mr. Mirror, and heedless as I may consequently be supposed, I cannot think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct. The talents insisted on with peculiar emphasis, the accomplishments most earnestly recommended, are such as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all,

ſhould be mentioned only to put us on our guard againſt them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accompliſhments; if they propagate the courtly and complying ſpirit too extenſively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, ſo wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortations to cultivate or acquire thoſe qualifications. The habits that may arreſt for a little time the progreſs of this corruption ought now to be inſiſted on. Independence, fortitude, ſtubborn integrity, and pride that diſdains the ſhadow of ſervility; theſe are the virtues which a tutor ſhould inculcate, theſe the bleſſings which a fond father ſhould ſupplicate from Heaven for his offſpring.

It is, throughout, the error of his Lordſhip's ſyſtem, to conſider talents and accompliſhments according to the uſe that may be made of them, rather than their intrinſic worth. In this catechiſm applauſe is rectitude, and ſucceſs is morality. That, in our days, a perſon may riſe to eminence by trivial accompliſhments, and become popular by flattery and diſſimulation, may, perhaps, be true. But from this it ſurely does not follow, that theſe are the means which an honourable character ſhould employ. There is a dignity in the mind which cultivates thoſe arts alone that are valuable, which courts thoſe characters alone that are worthy, which diſdains to conceal its own ſentiments, or miniſter to the foibles of others; there is, I ſay, a conſcious dignity and ſatisfaction in theſe feelings, which neither applauſe, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever beſtow.

Many of his Lordſhip's diſtinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, diſcern the difference between feigned confidence and inſincerity; between the conduct the conveys the approbation of a ſentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I ſhould think the man whoſe countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I ſhould term him who could treat his friends as if they were at

the same time to be his enemies, a monster of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the *borders of virtue*. By teaching us that it may insensibly be blended with vice, that their respective limits are not in every case evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminished. Its chief safeguard is a jealous sensibility, that startles at the colour or shadow of deceit. When this barrier has been insulted, can any other be opposed at which conscience will arise and proclaim, Thus far, and no farther, shalt thou advance?

The love of general applause, recommended by his Lordship, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly and a weakness. He that directs himself by this compass cannot hope to steer through life with steadiness and consistency. He must surrender his own character, and assume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtship of it beyond the praise worthy, violates the exclusive privilege of virtue, and must seek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to rash and unguarded censure, yet I cannot help considering the conduct of him who will censure nothing, who will speak his sentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanness, timidity, and a time serving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cause of virtue.

Nor can I persuade myself that his Lordship's system will be attended with general success. The real character is the only one that can be maintained at all times, and in all dispositions. Professions of friendship and regard will lead to expectations of service that cannot be answered. The sentiments delivered in one company, the manners assumed upon one occasion, will be remembered, and contrasted with those that are presented on another. Suspicion, once awakened, will

penetrate the darkeſt cloud which art can throw around a perſon in the common intercourſe of life.

Let us conſider, too, were this ſyſtem generally adopted, what a dull inſipid ſcene muſt ſociety become! No diſtinction, no natural expreſſion of character; no confidence in profeſſions of any kind; no aſſurance of ſincerity; no ſecret ſympathy, nor delightful correſpondence of feeling. All the ſallies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill ſupply the want of theſe pleaſures, the pureſt and moſt elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you treat much of politeneſs, I wiſh you would take notice of a particular ſort of incivility from which one ſuffers, without being thought intitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have lately come from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reſide for ſome time at my aunt's in town. Here is a viſitor, Mr. *Dapperwit*, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in ſhort, the civileſt, moſt complying ſort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was reſolved to minute down his diſcourſe the other evening at tea. The converſation began about the *weather*, my aunt obſerving, that the ſeaſons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," ſaid Mr. *Dapperwit*, "amazingly altered indeed."—"Now I have heard my father ſay (ſaid I) that is a vulgar error; for that it appears from regiſters kept for that purpoſe, that the ſtate of the weather, though it may be differ-

" in certain seasons, months, or weeks, preserves " a wonderful equilibrium in general."—', Why, " to be sure, Miss, I believe, in general, as you say; " —But, talking of the weather, I hope your Lady- " ship caught no cold at the play t'other night; " we were so awkwardly situated in getting out." " —„ Not in the least, Sir; I was greatly obliged " to your services there."—„ You were well en- " tertained, I hope, my Lady ?"—" Very well, " indeed; I laughed exceedingly; there is a great " deal of wit in *Shakespeare*'s comedies; 'tis pity " there is so much of *low life* in them."—" Your " ladyship's criticism is extremely just; every body " must be struck with it!"———" Why now I think " (said I again), that what you call *low life*, is " *nature*, which I would not lose for all the rest of " the play."—" Oh! doubtless, Miss; for *nature* " *Shakespeare* is inimitable; every body must allow " that."—" What do you think, Sir (said my cousin " Betsy who is a piece of a poetess herself), of that " *monody* you were so kind as to send us yester- " day?"—" I never deliver my opinion Ma'am, " before so able a judge, till I am first informed of " hers."—" I think it the most beautiful poem, " Sir, I have read of a great while."—" Your opi- " nion, Ma'am, flatters me extremely, as it agrees " exactly with my own; they are, I think incon- " testably the sweetest lines"—" Sweet they may " be (here I broke in): I allow them merit in the " *versification*; but that is only one, and with me, " by no means the chief requisite in a poem; they " want *force* altogether."—" Nay, as to the mat- " ter of *force*, indeed, it must be owned—" " Yes, " Sir, and *unity*, and *propriety*, and a thousand " other things; but, if my cousin will be kind " enough to fetch the poem from her dressing room, " we will be judged by you, Mr. *Dapperwit*."— " Pardon me, ladies, you would not have me be so " rude.

" Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

And, with that, he made one of the fineſt *bows* in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from ſillineſs, we muſt pity the man, and ther's an end on't; if it ariſe from an idea of ſillineſs in us, let ſuch gentlemen as Mr. *Dapperwit* know, that they are very much miſtaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility,—pray inform them, Mr. MIRROR, that it is the moſt provoking piece of rudeneſs they can poſſibly commit.

Yours, &c.

BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

V

No 36. SATURDAY, *May* 29, 1779.

Some mute inglorious Milton *here may reſt.*
GRAY.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon thoſe perſonages who have performed a diſtinguiſhed part on the theatre of life, whoſe actions were attended with important conſequences to the world around them, or whoſe writings have animated or inſtructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their aſhes are mingled with thoſe of the meaneſt and moſt worthleſs, affords a ſubject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of penſiveneſs, may feel a ſecret ſort of delight to indulge "Tell her," ſays *Hamlet*, "that ſhe may paint an inch thick; "yet to this ſhe muſt come at laſt."

When *Xerxes*, at the head of his numerous army, and all his troops ranged in order before him, burſt into tears at the thought, that, in a ſhort time, they would be ſweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to thoſe who

would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what *Xerxes* felt, from the consideration that those who then were, should cease to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as this reflection may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past, how many may exist at this very moment, who, with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may, by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished!

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me, which, though possessed of very considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well-written preface the reader is told, That most of them are the production of *Michael Bruce*: That this *Michael Bruce* was born in a remote village in *Kinross-shire*, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives: That in the twenty-first year of his age he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniencies which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet skirted with a circle of old ash trees, about three miles on this side of *Kinross*) where *Michael Bruce* resided: I never look on his dwelling,—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *sashed window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeysuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the last poem in the little volume before me, which, from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject!

In the *French* language there is a much admired poem of the *Abbe de Chaulieu*, written, in expectation of his own death, to the *Marquis de la Farre*, lamenting his approaching separation from his

friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the *Abbe de Chaulieu*, has also written a poem on his own approaching death; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' unconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
Nor art can stop, or in there course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough, for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes

Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

P

No. 37. TUESDAY, *June* 1, 1779.

Credual vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore ſemper ait.
TIBUL.

THE following eſſay I received ſome time ago from a Correſpondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between thoſe ideal pleaſures which we conceive to flow from the poſſeſſion of certain objects of our wiſhes, and the feelings conſequent on their actual attainment, has furniſhed to moſt moraliſts a text for declaiming on the vanity of human purſuits, the folly of covetouſneſs, the madneſs of ambition, and the only true wiſdom of being humbly ſatisfied with the lot or ſtation which Providence has aſſigned us.

It will not appear extraordinary, that thoſe moraliſts have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is conſidered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they uſually preach it, would cut off the greateſt ſource of our happineſs, overthrow every ſocial eſtabliſhment, and is nothing leſs than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happineſs and miſery is much the ſame in moſt conditions of life, and conſequently that no change, of circumſtances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminiſh the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object, of our wiſhes, or to change our condition, is not to in-

creaſe our happineſs, we feel, at the ſame time, that the purſuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increaſe it in a very ſenſible degree. It is by hope that we truly exiſt; our only enjoyment is the expectation of ſomething which we do not poſſeſs: the recollection of the *paſt* ſerves us but to direct and regulate thoſe expectations; the *preſent* is employed in contemplating them: it is therefore only the *future* which we may be properly ſaid to enjoy.

A philoſopher who reaſons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulneſs and contentment of mind, than what is furniſhed by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourſelves, and a reſtraint upon the ſtrongeſt feelings of our nature. For, while he feels that the poſſeſſion of the object of his moſt earneſt deſires has given him far leſs pleaſure than was promiſed by a diſtant view of it, he is conſoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to diſcharge, with honour, his part in ſociety; in ſhort, has given him in reality as ſubſtantial happineſs as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though ſeveral years younger than *Euphanor*, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-ſecond year; an age when, with moſt men, the romantic ſpirit and enthuſiaſm of youth have long given place to the cool and ſteady maxims of buſineſs and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's diſpoſition, that the ſame ſanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, ſtill continues to actuate him as ſtrongly as ever. As he diſcovered, very early, a fondneſs for claſſical learning, his father, at his own deſire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the univerſity. At the age of twenty he was left without a ſhilling, to make the beſt of his talents in any way he thought proper. Certain concurring circumſtances, rather than choice,

placed him as an under clerk in a counting-house. His favourite studies were here totally useless; but while he gave to business the most scrupulous attention, they still, at the intervals of relaxation, furnished his chief amusement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpose to mark minutely the steps by which *Euphanor*, in the course of thirty years application to business, rose to be master of the moderate fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. My friend always considered money not in the common light, as merely the *end* of labour, but as the *means* of purchasing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as constituting the supreme happiness of life.

In the beginning of last spring I received from *Euphanor* the following letter:

"My dear Sir,

"You, who are familiar with my disposition, "will not be surprized at a piece of information, "which, I doubt not, will occasion some wonder "in the general circle of my acquaintance. I "have now fairly begun to execute that resoluti- "on, of which you have long heard me talk, of "entirely with-drawing myself from business. You "know with what ardour I have longed for that "period, when Fortune should bless me with a "competence just sufficient to prosecute my favour- "ite scheme of retiring to the country. It was "that darling prospect which made the toils of "business (for which, God knows, I never was in- "tended by nature) light, and even pleasant to "me. I have acquired, by honest industry, a for- "tune equal to my wishes. These were always "moderate; for my aim was not wealth, but hap- "piness. Of that, indeed, I have been truly co- "vetous; for I must confess, that, for these thirty "years past, I have never laid my head to my pil- "low, without that ardent wish which my favour- "ite Horace so beautifully expresses:

"*O rus! quando ege te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*

" *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis, Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ* !

" Or the same sentiment in the words of the pensive moral Cowly :

" Oh fountains ! when in you shall I
" Myself eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts espy ?
" Oh fields ! oh woods ! when, when shall I be
" made
" The happy tenant of your shade ?"

" That blissful period, my dear friend, is at length " arrived. I yesterday made a formal resignation " of all concern in the house in favour of my nephew, a deserving young man, who, I doubt " not, will have the entire benefit of those numerous connections with persons in trade, whose " good opinion his uncle never, to his knowledge, " forfeited.

" I have made a purchase of a small estate in " ——— shire, of about 200 acres. The situation is delightfully romantic;"

" *Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
" ——— *hic nemus* ———"

" My house is small, but wonderfully commodious. " It is embosomed in a tall grove of oak and elm, " which opens only to the south. A green hill rises behind the house partly covered with furze, " and seamed with a winding sheep path. On " one side is an irregular garden, or rather border of shrubbery, adorning the sloping bank of a " rivulet; but intermixed, without the smallest injury to its beauty, with all the variety of herbs " for the kitchen. On the other side, a little more " remote, but still in sight of the house, is an orchard filled with excellent fruit-trees. The " brook which runs through my garden retires " into a hollow dell, shaded with birch and hazle " copse, and, after a winding course of half a mile, " joins a large river. These are the outlines of

" my little paradiſe —And now, my dear friend, " what have I more to wiſh, but that you, and a " very few others, whoſe ſouls are congenial to " my own, ſhould witneſs my happineſs? In two " days hence I bid adieu to town, a long, a laſt " adieu!

" Farewell, thou buſy world! and may
" We never meet again!——

" The remainder of my life I dedicate to thoſe " purſuits in which the beſt and wiſeſt of men did " not bluſh to employ themſelves; the delightful " occupations of a country life, which *Cicero* well " ſaid, and after him *Columella*, are next in kin- " dred to true philoſophy. What charming ſchemes " have I already formed; what luxurious plans of " ſweet and rational entertainment! But theſe my " friend, you muſt approve and participate, I ſhall " look for you about the beginning of May; when, " if you can ſpare me a couple of months, I can " venture to promiſe that time will not linger " with us. I am, with much regard, yours," &c

As I am, myſelf, very fond of the country, it was with conſiderable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of buſineſs having detained me in town during the greateſt part of the ſummer I heard nothing of *Euphanor* till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

" My dear Sir,
" It was a ſenſible mortification to me not to " have the pleaſure of ſeeing you laſt ſummer in " ——————ſhire, when I ſhould have been much " the better for your advice in a diſagreeable af- " fair, which, I am afraid, will occaſion my pay- " ing a viſit to town much ſooner than I expected. " I have always had a horror at going to law, but " now I find myſelf unavoidably compelled to it. " Sir *Ralph Surly*, whoſe eſtate adjoins to my lit-

" tle property, has, for the purpose of supplying " a new barley-mill, turned aside the course of a " small stream which ran through my garden and " inclosures and which formed, indeed, their great- " est ornaments. In place of a beautiful winding, " rivulet, with a variety of fine natural falls there " is now nothing but a dry ditch, or rather crook- " ed gulph, which is hideous to look at. The ma- " lice of this procedure is sufficiently conspicuous, " when I tell you, that there is another, and a lar- " ger stream, in the same grounds, which I have " offered to be at the sole expence of conducting " to his mill. I think the law must do me justice. " At any rate, it is impossible tamely to bear such " an injury. I shall porbably see you in a few " days. To say the truth, my dear friend, even " before this last mortification, I had begun to " find, that the expectations I had formed of the " pleasures of a country-life were by far too san- " guine. I must confess, that, notwithstanding the " high relish I have for the beauties of nature, I " have often felt, amidst the most romantic scenes, " that langour of spirit which nothing but soci- " ety can dissipate. Even when occupied with my " favourite studies, I have sometimes thought, " with the *bard of Mantua*, that the ease and re- " tirement which I courted were rather ignoble. " I have suffered an additional disappointment in " the ideas I had formed of the characters of the " country-people. It is but a treacherous picture, " my friend, which the poets give us of their inno- " cence and honest simplicity. I have met with " some instances of insincerity, chicane, and even " downright knavery, in my short acquaintance " with them, that have quite shocked and morti- " fied me.

" Whether I shall ever again enter into the busy " world (a small concern in the house, without al- " lowing my name to appear, would perhaps be " some amusement), I have not yet determined.

" Of this, and other matters, we shall talk fully
" at meeting. Meantime believe me dear Sir yours,

EUPHANOR."

Euphanor has been, for this month past, in town. I expected to have found him peevish, chagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was disappointed. I have never seen my friend in better health, or higher spirits. I have been with him at several convivial meetings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal satisfaction with himself at what they term his *recovery*. He has actually resumed a small share in trade, and purposes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to business. His counsel have given him assurance of gaining his law-suit: he expects, in a few months, to return in triumph to ——— shire, and has invited all his friends to be present at a *Fete Champetre* he intends to celebrate, on the restoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of *Euphanor* must be a series of disappointments; but, on the whole, I must consider him as a HAPPY MAN.

No 38. SATURDAY, *June* 5, 1779.

THE following letter I received only yester-day: but, as I am particularly interested in every project of of ingenious men, I postponed another Essay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to considerable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more solicitous, likewise, to give it a place as soon after my 35th Number as possible, in order to shew my impartiality. This paper (as the London *Gazetteer* says) *it open to all parties*; with this proviso, however, which is ex-

actly the reverse of the terms of admission into the *Gazetteer*, that my Correspondents do *not* write politics.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you shewed the necessity of accommodating ourselves to the temper of persons with whom we are particularly connected, by sometimes submitting our own taste, inclination, and opinions to the taste, inclination, and opinions of those persons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have carried your idea a good deal farther, and have prescribed to us the same receipt for happiness in our intercourse not only with our wives and children but with our companions, our acquaintance, in short, with all mankind.

But, as the disposition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not so easy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the business of masters in the art of *politeness*, to teach people, at least the better sort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as possible In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to husbands wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themselves; but the art of pleasing every body else, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to instil into their disciples.

I have, for some time past, been employed in reducing this art into a system, and have some thoughts of opening a subscription for a *course of lectures* on the subject. To qualify myself for the task, I have studied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal *Earl of Chesterfield*, which I intend to use as my *text-book* on this occasion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art so fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my *subscription-paper* with the booksellers, I wish to

give a ſpecimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpoſe I beg the favour of you to inſert in your next Number the following ſubſtance of a *lecture* on *Simulation*. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of *Diſſimulation* only, from which he diſtinguiſhes *Simulation* as ſomething not quite ſo fair and honeſt. But, for my part, I have not ſufficient nicety of ideas to make the diſtinction, and would humbly recommend to every perſon who to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuſe his head with it. Taking, therefore, the ſhorter word as the more gentleman-like, I proceed to my ſubject of

"SIMULATION.

"SIMULATION is the great baſis of the art "which I have the honour to teach. I ſhall "humbly endeavour to treat this branch of my "ſubject, though much leſs ably, yet more ſcien-"tifically than my great maſter, by reducing it "into a form like that adopted by the profeſſors "of the other ſciences, and even borrowing from "them ſome of the *terms* by which I mean to illu-"ſtrate it.

"This *rule of falſe* (to adopt an algebraical term) "I ſhall divide into two parts; that which regards "the external figure of the man or woman; and "that which is neceſſary in the accompliſhment of "the mind, and its ſeeming developement to "others.

"*Faſhion* may be termed the regulator of the "firſt, *decorum* of the latter. But I muſt take this "opportunity of informing my audience, that the "ſignification of words, when applied to per-"ſons of condition, is often quite different from "that which they are underſtood to bear in the "ordinary ſtandard of language. With ſuch per-"ſons (if I may be allowed ſo bold an expreſſion) "it may often be true *faſhion* to be *unfaſhiona-"ble*, and *decorum* to act againſt all propriety; "*good breeding* may conſiſt in *rudeneſs*, and *polite-*

" *neſs* in being very *impertinent*. This will hold " in the *paſſive*, as well as in the *active* of our art; " people of faſhion, will be pleaſed with ſuch treat- " ment from people of faſhion, the natural feelings " in this, as in the other, fine arts, giving way, " amongſt connoiſſeurs, to knowledge and taſte.

" Having made his preliminary obſervation, I " return to my ſubject of *Simulation*.

" It will be found, that *appearing what one is* " *not*, is in both diviſions of my ſubject, the crit- " erion of politeneſs. The man who is rich " enough to afford fine clothes, is by this *rule of* " *falſe*, intitled to wear very ſhabby ones; while " he who has a narrow fortune is to be dreſſed in " the *inverſe ratio* to his finances, one *corollary* " from this propoſition is obvious; he who takes off " his ſuit on *credit*, and has neither inclination nor " ability to pay for it, is to be dreſſed the moſt ex- " penſively of the three. The ſame rule holds in " houſes, dinners, ſervants, horſes, equipages, &c. " and is to be followed as far as the law will allow, " even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps, a " little beyond it.

" On the ſame principle, a ſimple *Gentleman*, " or *Eſquire*, muſt, at all places of public reſort, " be apparelled like a *Gentleman* or *Eſquire*. A " *Baronet* may take the liberty of a dirty ſhirt; a " *Lord* need not ſhew any ſhirt at all, but wear a " handkerchief round his neck in its ſtead; an " *Earl* may add to all this a bunch of uncombed hair " hanging down his back; and a *Duke*, over, and " above the privileges above mentioned, is intitled " to appear in boots and buck-ſkin breeches.

" Following the ſame rule of inverſion, the ſcho- " lar of a provincial dancing maſter muſt bow at " coming into, and going out of, a drawing-room, " and that pretty low too. The pupil of *Gallini* " is to puſh forward with the rough ſtride of a " porter, and make only a ſlight inclination of " his head when he has got into the middle of the " room. At going out of it, he is to take no no- " tice of the company at all.

" In the externals of the female world, from " the great complication of the machine, it is not " easy to lay down precise regulations. Still, " however, the *rule of false* may be traced as the " governing principle. It is very *feminine* to wear " a riding-habit and a smart cocked hat one half " of the day; because that dress approaches nearer " to the masculine apparel than any other. It is " very *modest* to lay open the greatest part of the " neck and bosom to the view of the beholders; " and it is incumbent on those ladies who occupy " the front row of a box at a play, to wear high " feathers, and to wave them more uneasingly than " any other ladies, because otherwise the company " who sit behind might be supposed to have some " desire of seeing the stage. Since I have mention- " ed the *theatre*, I may remark (though it is fo- " reign to this part of my discourse), that, in the " most affecting scenes of a tragedy, it is polite to " laugh; whereas, in the ordinary detail of the " two first acts, it is not required that a lady should " make any greater noise than to talk aloud to " every one around her.

" *Simulation of Person*, which is only, indeed, " a sort of dress, is also necessary among ladies of " fashion. Nature is to be *falsified*, as well in those " parts of the shape which she has left small, as in " those she has made large.

" The *Simulation of Face*, I am happy to find, " from an examination of the books of some per- " fumers and colourmen of my acquaintance, is " daily gaining ground among the politer females " of this country. But it has hitherto been regu- " lated by principles somewhat different from those " which govern other parts of external appearance, " laid down in the beginning of this paper, as it " is generally practised by those who are most un- " der the necessity of practising it. I would, there- " fore, humble recommend to that beautiful young " lady, whom I saw at the last assembly of the sea- " son, with a coat of *rouge* on her cheeks, to lay " it aside for these three or four years at least: at

" preſent, it too much reſembles their natural co-
" lour to be proper for her to wear—though, on
" ſecond thoughts, I believe I may retract my ad-
" vice, as the laying it on for a little while lon-
" ger will reduce her ſkin to that dingy appear-
" ance which the *rule of falſe* allows to be convert-
" ed, by paint, into the complexion of lilies and
" roſes."

The ſecond part of my obſervations on this ſubject I ſhall ſend you at ſome future period, if I find you ſo far approve of my deſign as to favour this with a ſpeedy inſertion.

I am, &c.

SIMULATOR.

V

No. 39. TUESDAY, *June* 8, 1779.

Non mihi res, ſed me rebus ſubmittere conor.

HOR.

AS it is the buſineſs of the politician to beſtow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of thoſe members of the community who contribute moſt to the ſtrength and permanency of the ſtate; ſo it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct thoſe affections of the mind, which, when carried to exceſs often obſcure the moſt deſerving characters, though they are ſeldom or never to be found among the worthleſs.

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, thoſe rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be overcome by a panegyric on generoſity, nor cruelty and oppreſſion by the moſt eloquent diſplay of the beauties of compaſſion and humanity. The moraliſt ſpeaks to them a language they do not underſtand; it is

not therefore surprising, that they should neither, be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be understood to mean, that the enormity of a vice should free it from censure: on the contrary, I hold such glaring deviations from rectitude the most proper objects for the severest lash of satire, and that they should frequently be held up to public view, that, if they guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger,

But it is a no less useful, and a much more pleasing task, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the lustre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpose of amending those errors and imperfections which tarnish deserving characters, which render them useless, in some cases hurtful, to society.

An honest ambition for that fame which ought to follow superior talents employed in the exercise of virtue, is one of the best and most useful passions that can take root in the mind of man; and, in the language of the *Roman* poet, "Terrarum dominos "evehit ad Deos;"—"Heroes lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taste and sentiment, it is often the source of much misery and uneasiness. In the earlier periods of society, before mankind are corrupted by the excesses of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the lists upon equal terms, and with a reasonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In such a contest, even the vanquished have no inconsiderable share of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate, forbids them to with-hold their respect and applause from the superiority by which they are overcome. Of this, the first ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, because fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjust to accuse the present age of being totally regardless of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues

which lead to distinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in less corrupted times, could have been attained only by a steady perseverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconscious of his worth, and possessed of those delicate feelings I have mentioned, sees himself set aside, and obliged to give way to the worthless and contemptible, whose vices are sometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to disgust or despair; that sensibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable situation, would have afforded him the most elegant pleasures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a morose and surly misanthrope, discontented with himself, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakness (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in some of my friends, had they allowed themselves to reflect on the folly of supposing, that the opinions of the rest of mankind are to be governed by the standard which they have been pleased to erect, had they considered what a state of langour and insipidity would be produced, if every individual should have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being jostled in his progress.

The Author of Nature has diversified the mind of man with different and contending passions, which are brought into action as chance or circumstances direct, or as he is pleased to order in the wisdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the universal scale of being, or taking in at one glance what is best and fittest for the purposes of creation, cannot even determine the best mode of governing the little spot that surrounds us.

I believe most men have, at times, wished to be creators, possessed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more

wisely to mould their own prepossessions and prejudices to the standard of the world, which may be done, in every age and situation, without transgressing the bounds of the most rigid virtue. A distaste at mankind never fails to produce peevishness and discontent, the most unrelenting tyrants that ever swayed the human breast; that cloud which they cast upon the soul shuts out every ray that should warm to manly exertion, and hides, in the bosom of indolence and spleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I must, therefore, earnestly recommend to my readers to guard against the first approaches of misanthropy, by opposing reason to sentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themselves and society, by tamely retreating from injustice. The passive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloister; the firm and active mind disdains to recede, and rises upon opposition.

The cultivation of cheerfulness and good-humour will be found another sovereign antidote to this mental disorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that serenity which disposes the mind to friendship, love, gratitude, and every other social affection; they make us contented with ourselves, our friends, and our situation, and expand the heart to all the interests of humanity.

No. 40. SATURDAY, *June* 12, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise, I send you the second division of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it respects the *internal* part of the science of politeness.

" AMONG barbarous nations, it has been observed, " the emotions of the mind are not more vio- " lently felt than strongly expressed *Grief*, *an-* " *ger*, and *jealousy*, not only tear the heart, but " disfigure the countenance; while *love*, *joy*, and " *mirth*, have their opposite effects on the soul, " and are visible, by opposite appearances, in the " aspect. Now, as a very refined people are in a " state exactly the reverse of a very rude one, it " follows, that, instead of allowing the passions thus " to lord it over their minds and faces, it behoves " them to mitigate and restrain those violent emo- " tions, both in feeling and appearance; the lat- " ter, at least, is within the power of art and edu- " cation, and to regulate it is the duty of a well- " bred person. On this truly philosophical prin- " ciple is founded that ease, indifference or *non-* " *chalance*, which is the great mark of a modern " man of fashion.

" That instance of politeness which I mentioned " (somewhat out of place indeed) in the first part " this discourse, the conduct of a fine lady at a trage- " dy, is to be carried into situations of real sorrow as " much as possible. Indeed, though it may seem a " bold assertion, I believe the art of putting on " indifference, about the real object, is not a whit " more difficult than that of assuming it about the " theatrical. I have known several ladies and " gentlemen who had acquired the first in perfec- " tion, without being able to execute the latter,

" at leaſt to execute it in that maſterly manner " which marks the performances of an adept.— " One night, laſt winter, I heard *Bob Buſtle* talk- " ing from a front-box to an acquaintance in the pit, " about the death of their late friend *Jack Riot*.— " *Riot* is dead, *Tom*; kick'd this morning, egad!" " —" *Riot* dead! poor *Jack!* what did he die of?" " —" One of your damnation apoplectics kill'd " him in the chucking of a bumper; you could " have ſcarce heard him wheazle!"—,' Damn'd " bad that! *Jack* was an honeſt fellow!—What " becomes of his grey poney?"—" The poney is " mine."—" Yours!',—" Why, yes; I ſtaked my " white and liver-colour'd bitch *Phillis* againſt " the grey poney, *Jack's* life to mine for the " reaſon." ——At that inſtant, a lady entering " the box (it was about the middle of the fourth " act) obliged *Bob* to ſhift his place; he ſat out " of ear-ſhot of his friend in the pit, biting his " nails, and looking towards the ſtage, in a ſort of " *nothing-to-doiſh* way, juſt as the laſt parting ſcene " between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* was going on " there. I obſerved (I confeſs, with regret, for he " is one of my favourite pupils) the progreſs of its " victory over *Bob*'s politeneſs. He firſt grew " attentive, then humm'd a tune, then grew atten- " tive again, then took out his toothpick caſe, " then looked at the players in ſpite of him, then " grew ſerious, then agitated,—till, at laſt, he was " fairly beat out of his ground, and obliged to " take ſhelter behind Lady *Cockatoo*'s head, to " prevent the diſgrace of being abſolutely ſeen " weeping.

" But, to return from this digreſſion.——" The " *Simulation* of indifference in affliction is equally " a female as a male accompliſhment. On the " death of a very, very near relation, a *huſband*, " for inſtance, cuſtom has eſtabliſhed a practice, " which polite people have not yet been able to " overcome; a lady muſt ſtay at home, and play " cards for a week or two. But the deceaſe of

" any one more distant, she is to talk of as a matter " of very little moment, except when it happens " on the eve of an assembly, a ball, or a ridotto; " at such seasons she is allowed to regret it as " a very unfortunate accident. This rule of " deportment extends to distresses poignant indeed; " as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall of a set of " *Dresden*, the spilling of a plate of soup on a new " *brocade*, or even a *bad run of cards*, is to be " borne with as equal a countenance as may be.

" *Anger*, the second passion above enumerated, " is to be covered with the same cloak of ease and " good manners; injury, if of a deep kind, with " professions of esteem and friendship. Thus, " though it would be improper to squeeze a gen- " tleman's hand, and call him *my dear Sir*, or *my " best friend*, when we mean to hit him a slap in " the face, or to throw a bottle at his head; yet " it is perfectly consistent with politeness, to shew " him all those marks of civility and kindness, " when we intend to strip him of his fortune at " play, to counterplot him at an election, or to " seduce his wife. The last-mentioned particular " should naturally lead to the consideration of " jealousy; but on this it is needless to insist, as, " among well-bred people, the feeling itself is " quite in disuse.

" *Love* is one of those passions which politeness " lays us under a particular obligation to disguise, " as the discovery of it to third persons is peculi- " arly offensive and disagreeable. Therefore, " when a man happens to sit by a tolerably hand- " some girl, for whom he does not care a farthing, " he is at liberty to kiss her hand, call her an an- " gel, and tell her he dies for her; but, if he has " a real *tendre* for her, he is to stare in her face " with a broad unfeeling look, tell her she looks " monstrous ill this evening, and that her *coiffeuse* " has pinned her cap shockingly awry. From not " attending to the practice of this rule amongst " people of fashion, the inferior world has been " led to imagine, that matrimony with them is a

" ſtate of indifference or averſion; whereas, in " truth, the appearances from which that judgment " is formed, are the ſtrongeſt indications of connu- " bial happineſs and affection.

" On the ſubject of joy, or at leaſt of mirth, that " great maſter of our art, my Lord *Cheſterfield*, " has been preciſe in his directions. He does not " allow of laughter at all; by which, however, " he is to be underſtood as only precluding that " exerciſe as a ſign, common with the vulgar, of " internal ſatisfaction; it is by no means to be " reprobated as a diſguiſe for chagrin, or an en- " gine of wit; it is, indeed, the readieſt of all re- " partees, and will often give a man of faſhion the " victory over an inferior, with every talent, but " that of aſſurance, on his ſide.

" As the paſſions and affections, ſo are the vir- " tues of a polite man to be carefully concealed or " diſguiſed. In this particular, our art goes far " beyond the rules of philoſophers, or the pre- " cepts of the Bible; they enjoined men not to " boaſt of their virtues; we teach them to brag of " their vices, which, is certainly a much more " ſublime pitch of ſelf-denial. Beſides, the merit " of diſintereſtedneſs lies altogether on our ſide, " the diſciples of thoſe antiquated teachers expect- " ing, as they confeſs, a reward ſomewhere; our " conduct has only the pure conſciouſneſs of acting " like a man of faſhion for its recompence, as we " evidently profit nothing by it at preſent, and " the idea of future retribution, were we ever to " admit of it, is rather againſt us."

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the ſubſtance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promiſe ſo much edification to our country (yet only in an improving ſtate with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeneſs) that it muſt be impoſſible for your patriotiſm to refuſe their encouragement. If you inſert this in your next paper (if accompanied with ſome commendatory paragraphs of your own, ſo much the better) I ſhall take care to preſent you

with a dozen admiſſion tickets, as ſoon at the number of my ſubſcribers enables me to begin my courſe.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SIMULATOR.

No. 41. TUESDAY, *June* 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago I perceived a little before me a ſhort plump-looking man, ſeeming to ſet his watch by St. Gile's clock, which had juſt then ſtruck two. On obſerving him a little more cloſely, I recogniſed Mr. *Blubber*, with whom I had become acquainted at the houſe of my friend *Umphraville's* couſin, Mr. *Bearſkin*. He alſo recollected me, and ſhaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was juſt returned ſafe from his journey to the Highlands, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the ſun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welſh-rabbit, and drink a glaſs of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He ſaid, they found my deſcription of things a very juſt one; and was pleaſed to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me ever ſince the day we met at his friend *Bearſkin's*. After this, it was impoſſible to reſiſt his invitation, and I went to his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family aſſembled, except Mr. Edward, whom they accounted for in the hiſtory of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary obſervation, that it was much too early in the ſeaſon for

viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. *Blubber* had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon post-horses should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left Edinburgh was Carron, which Mr. *Blubber* seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, "She had like to have fell into a fit at the "noise of the great bellows." Miss Blubber agreed, that it was monstrous frightful indeed. Miss Betsy had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. Blubber put on his wisest face, and observed, that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the Great Canal; Mr. Blubber took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the lockage duty received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said, he was sorry to find the shares were below par.

Of Stirling, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the castle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at Richmond. Mrs. Blubber, who had been oftener than once there, told us, "that "from the hill was a much grander prospect; that "the river Thames made two twists for one that "the Forth made at Stirling; besides, there was a "wood so charming thick, that, unless when you "got to a rising ground, like what the Star and "Garter stands on, you could scarce see a hundred "yards before you.

Taymouth seemed to strike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimness of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miss *Betsy Blubber* declared herself charmed with the shady walk by the side of the *Tay*, and remarked what an excellent fancy it was to shut out the view of the river, so that you might see the

ſtream without ſeeing it. Mr. *Blubber*, however, objected to the vicinity of the hills, and Mrs. *Blubber* to that of the *lake*, which ſhe was ſure muſt be extremely unwholeſome. To this circumſtance ſhe imputed her rheumatiſm, which ſhe told us, "had been very troubleſome to her the firſt "night ſhe lay'd there; but that ſhe had always "the precaution of carrying a bottle of *Beaume de Vie* in the chaiſe, and that a doſe of it "had effectually cured her.

The ladies were delighted with the hermitage. Mrs. *Blubber* confeſſed, "ſhe was ſomewhat afraid "at firſt to truſt herſelf with a guide down a dark "narrow path, to the Lord knows where; but "then it was ſo charming when he let in the "light upon them."—"Yes, and ſo natural," ſaid her eldeſt daughter, "with the flowers growing "out of the wall, and the *Bear-ſkins* ſo pure ſoft "for the *Hermit* to ſleep on."——"And their "*garter-blue* colour ſo lively and ſo pretty," ſaid Miſs *Betſy*; "I vow I could have ſtaid there for-"ever.——You wa'n't there Papa."——"No," replied he, rather ſullenly, "but I ſaw one of them "ſame things at *Dunkeld*, next day."—The young ladies declared they were quite different things, and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. *Blubber* began to grow angry; and Mrs. *Blubber* interpoſing, put an end to the queſtion; whiſpering me, at the ſame time, that her huſband had fallen aſleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near *Taymouth*, and that ſhe and her children had gone to ſee the *Hermitage* without him. I was further informed, that Mr. *Edward Blubber* had left their party at this place, having gone along with two *Engliſh* gentlemen whom he met there, to ſee a great many curioſities farther off in the *Highlands*. "For my part," ſaid *Blubber*, "though I was told it was a great way "off, and over terrible mountains, as indeed we "could perceive them to be from the windows, I "did not care to hinder his going, as I like to "ſee ſpirit in a young man."

The reſt of the family returned by the way of *Dunkeld*, which the ladies likewiſe commended as a *monſtrous* pleaſant place. Mr. *Blubber* diſſented a little, ſaying, "he could not ſee the pleaſure "of always looking at the ſame things; hills, and "wood and water, over and over again. The river "here he owned was a pretty rural thing enough; "but, for his part, he ſhould think it much more "lively if it had a few *ſhips* and *lighters* on it." Miſs *Blubber* did not agree with him as to the ſhips and lighters; but ſhe confeſſed ſhe thought a little company would improve it a good deal. Miſs *Betſey* differed from both, and declared, ſhe reliſhed nothing ſo much as ſolitude and retirement. This led to the deſcription of a ſecond *hermitage* they had viſited at this place, from which and ſome of the grottoes ajoining. Miſs *Betſy* had taken down ſome *ſweet copies of verſes*, as ſhe called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had ſtruck the family much. Mrs. *Blubber* obſerved, how like it was to the *caſcade* at *Vauxhall*; her eldeſt daughter remarked however, that the fancy of looking at it through panes of different coloured glaſs in the *Hermitage-room*, was an improvement on that at *Spring-gardens*.

The bridge at *Perth* was the laſt ſection of the family journal that we diſcourſed on. The ladies had inadvertently croſſed it in the carriage to ſee the palace at *Scone*, at which they complained there was nothing to be ſeen; and Mr. *Blubber* complained of the extravagance of the *Toll* on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at *Blackfriers*. He was aſſured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. *Marſhall*, at whoſe houſe he received ſome conſolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he ſaid, which the *Lord Mayor of London* might have laid on. "I "hope there is no offence (continued Mr. *Blubber*, "very politely); as I underſtand the landlord is an "*Engliſhman*; but, at the *King's Arms*, I met "with the only real good *buttered toaſt* that I have "ſeen in *Scotland*."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly settled their respective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their conclusion, that it was *monstrous pleasant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monstrous dear*.

I

No. 41. SATURDAY, *June* 19, 1779.

WHEN I first undertook this publication, it was suggested by some of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there should be nothing of religion in it There is a sacredness in the subject that might seem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extensively read, must sometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This consideration will apply, in the strongest manner, to any thing mystic or controversial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a system, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head. The following story holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admissible into the MIRROR. It was sent to my editor as a *translation* from the *French*. Of this my readers will judge Perhaps they might be apt to suspect, without any suggestion from me, that it is an original, not a translation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque description, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguish the composition of a gentleman whose writings I have often read with pleasure. But, be that as it may, as I felt myself interested in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my rea-

ders in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three succeſſive papers.

S

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an *Engliſh* philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all *Europe*, reſided at a little town in *France*. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect ſecluſion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the ſtructure of ſuch a mind as Mr. ———'s, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great meaſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation. Hence the idea of philoſophy and unfeelingneſs being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter.—Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentle-

man and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.——Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr.——was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr.——and his housekeeper had stood soon moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it——"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow, and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "If he could be moved any where."——"If he could "possibly be moved to our house," said her master. "—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was

a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the *Engliſh* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a Proteſtant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, called devout, ſometimes indulge in. Mr. ———, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery; for ſhe, too, was a heretic, in the phraſe of the village. ——The philoſopher walked out with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings.——"My maſter,"—ſaid the old woman, "alas! he is not a Chriſtian; but he is the "beſt of unbelievers."——"Not a Chriſtian!" ——exclaimed Mademoiſelle *La Roche*, "yet he "ſaved my father! Heaven bleſs him for't; I would "he were a Chriſtian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſublime truths of "revelation; hence oppoſers of Chriſtianity are "found among men of virtuous lives, as well as

" among those of dissipated and licentious charac-
" ters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter
" more easily converted to the true faith than the
" former, because the fume of passion is more easily
" dissipated than the mist of false theory and delu-
" sive speculation."—" But Mr ——," said his daughter, " alas! my father, he shall be a Christi-
" an before he dies."——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.——He took her hand with an air of kindness: ——She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.——" I have been thanking God," said the good *La Roche*, " for my recovery."
" That is right," replied his landlord—" I would
" not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly,
" to think otherwise; did I not look up with grati-
" tude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied
" with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which,
" it may be, is not a real good:—Alas! I may live
" to wish I had died, that you had left me to die,
" Sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr.
" ——'s hand);—but, when I look on this reno-
" vated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a
" far different sentiment—my heart dilates with
" gratitude and love to him: it is prepared for do-
" ing his will, not as a duty but as a pleasure, and
" regards every breach of it, not with disapproba-
" tion, but with horror."—You say right, my dear
" Sir," replied the philosopher; " but you are not
" yet re-established enough to talk much—you must
" take care of your health, and neither study nor
" preach for some time. I have been thinking over
" a scheme that struck me to day, when you menti-
" oned your intended departure. I never was in
" *Switzerland*; I have a great mind to accompany
" your daughter and you into that country.—I will
" help to take care of you by the road; for, as I
" was your first physician, I hold myself responsible
" for your cure." *La Roche's* eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the

leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him—their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

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No 43. TUESDAY, *June* 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of LA ROCHE.

THEY travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that ſelf importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

On his part he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manner of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhment of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of *Mademoiſelle La Roche*,

and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.——A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche*'s church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr.——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It "has pleased God,"—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our

evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the "week in which some of my parishioners are wont "join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the "chapel of our family, and such of the good people "as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk "out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or "here are a few old books that may afford you "some entertainment within"—"By no means," answered the philosopher; "I will attend Ma'moi-"selle at her devotions."—"She is our organist," said *La Roche*; "our neighbourhood is the country "of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ "fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "—"'Tis an additional inducement," replied "the other; and they walked into the room toge-ther. At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain which his daugh-ter drew aside, and, placing herself on a seat with-in, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr.———was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being un-expected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing imme-diately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.——— The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moi-selle *La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrass-ment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts; he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it— and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr.———, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite "pleasure derived from music, you regret your want "of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a "department of soul, you say, which nature has "almost denied you, which, from the effects you "see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing "be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the "same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I "would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or "enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks "I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I "possess; and when calamities overtake me——"and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on "my affliction, so lifts me above the world.—Man, "—I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am allied to God—it would have been inhuman in our "philosophers to have clouded, even with a doubt, "the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to di-

ſertion. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the compariſon of both with thoſe of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the ſentiments they conveyed, and the paſſions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the ſpeakers, were the ſubjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which Mr. ———, as a ſtranger, was ſhewn the remarkable ſcenes and curioſities of the country. They would ſometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, thoſe aſtoniſhing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal ſnows, and ſometimes ſhooting into fantaſtic ſhapes, from the termination of the moſt of the Swiſs proſpects. Our philoſopher aſked many queſtions as to their natural hiſtory and productions. *La Roche* obſerved the ſublimity of the ideas which the view of their ſtupendious ſummits, inacceſſible to mortal foot, was calculated to inſpire, which naturally, ſaid he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—" They are not ſeen in Flanders!" ſaid Ma'moiſelle with a ſigh. " That's an odd re-" mark," ſaid Mr. ———, ſmiling——She bluſhed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correſpondence; and they took his promiſe, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

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No 44. SATURDAY, *June* 26, 1779.

Conclusion of the Story of LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philosoher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains on a part of which they often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptuals of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old

man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands and ſee them happy before he died.

Our philoſopher felt himſelf intereſted in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether ſo happy in the tidings of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father ſuppoſed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's, but he thought her one of the moſt amiable women he had ſeen, and there was ſomething in the idea of her being another's for ever, that ſtruck him, he knew not why, like a diſappointment.—After ſome little ſpeculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this viſit to ſee his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the laſt day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himſelf at laſt in view of the lake, which I have before deſcribed, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake, and at laſt he ſaw it glimmer through the trees, and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene; but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceed from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr ———'s making inquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "Then you knew not Ma-"demoiſelle, Sir?— you never beheld a lovelier" "—"*La Roche!*" exclaimed he in reply— "Alas! it was ſhe indeed!"—The appearance of ſurpriſe and grief which his countenance aſſumed,

attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came closer to Mr.———; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle "*La Roche.*"— "Acquainted with her! —Good "God!—when—how—where did she die? Where "is her father?"—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, "I believe; the young gentleman to whom she "was soon to have been married, was killed in a "duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, "and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often "done the greatest favours. Her worthy father "bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian "should; he is so composed as to be now in his "pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to "his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such "occasions:— Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear "him."—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and, marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased;——*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr.——— was not less affected than they.—*La Roche* arose. —"Father of mercies!" said he, forgive these "tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to "thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people! "—My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons "it is good; but, in the days of our distress, "what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred "book, "Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in "the Lord." When every other support fails us, "when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried "up, let us then seek those living waters which

" flow from the throne of God.—'Tis only from " the belief of the goodneſs and wiſdom of a Su- " preme Being, that our calamities can be borne in " that manner which becomes a man. Human wiſ- " dom is here of little uſe; for, in proportion as it " beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, without " which we may ceaſe to be hurt by calamity, but " we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy happineſs.—I will " not bid you be inſenſible, my friends! I cannot, " if I would (his tears flowed afreſh)—I feel too " much myſelf, and I am not aſhamed of my feel- " ings; but therefore may I the more willingly be " heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me " ſtrength to ſpeak to you; to direct you to him, " not with empty words, but with theſe tears; " not ſpeculation, but from experience,—that " while you ſee me ſuffer, you may know alſo my " conſolation.

" You behold the mourner of his only child, the " laſt earthly ſtay and bleſſing of his declining years " Such a child too! it becomes not me to ſpeak of " her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention " them, becauſe they were exerted towards myſelf. " ——Not many days ago you ſaw her young, beau- " tiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents " will judge of my felicity then,---ye will judge " of my affliction now. But I look towards him " who ſtruck me; I ſee the hand of my father amidſt " the chaſtenings of my God.———Oh could I " make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, " when it is preſſed down with many ſorrows, to " pour it out with confidence to him, inwhoſehands " are life and death, on whoſe power awaits all that " the firſt enjoys, and in contemplation of whom " diſappears all that the laſt can inflict!---For we " are not as thoſe who die without hope; we " know that the Redeemer liveth,---that we ſhall " live with him, with our friends, his ſervants, " in that bleſſed land where ſorrow is unknown, " and happineſs is as endleſs as it is perfect.---Go " then, mourn not for me, I have not loſt my child:

" but a little while and we ſhall meet again, ne-
" ver to be ſeparated.---But ye are alſo my chidren:
" would ye that I ſhould not grieve without com-
" fort?---So live as ſhe lived; that, when your
" death cometh, it may be the death of the righ-
" teous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience anſwered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. ———— followed him into his houſe.—The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at the ſight of him the ſcenes they had laſt met in ruſhed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in ſilence, into the parlour where the evening ſervice was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* ſtarted back at the ſight.—" Oh! my friend!" ſaid he, and his tears burſt forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himſelf; he ſtept forward, and drew the curtains cloſe—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, " You
" ſee my weakneſs," ſaid he, " 'tis the weakneſs
" of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore
" loſt."——" I heard you," ſaid the other, " in
" the pulpit; I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is
" your's."——" It is, my friend," ſaid he, " and
" I truſt I ſhall ever hold it faſt;—if there are any
" who doubt our faith, let them think of what
" importance religion is to calamity, and forbear
" to weaken its force; if they cannot reſtore our
" happineſs, let them not take away the ſolace of
" our affliction."

Mr. ———'s heart was ſmitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confeſs that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſures of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary

fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

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No. 45. TUESDAY, *June* 29, 1779.

IS he a *man of fashion?* is the uſual queſtion on the appearance of a ſtranger, or the mention of a perſon with whom we are unacquainted. But, though this phraſe be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed ſo many and ſo various are the qualities that enter into the compoſition of a modern *man of fashion*, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a juſt deſcription of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who poſſeſſes ſome quality or talent which intitles him to be received in every company; to make one in all parties, and to aſſociate with perſons of the higheſt rank and the firſt diſtinction.

If this definition be juſt, it may be amuſing to conſider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requiſite to conſtitute a *man of fashion*. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord *Clarendon*, that, in the beginning of the laſt century, the men of rank were diſtinguiſhed by a ſtately deportment, a digniſied manner, and a certain ſtiffneſs of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper diſtance. In thoſe days, when pride of family prevailed ſo univerſally, it is to be preſumed, that no circumſtance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have intitled their poſſeſſor to the rank of a *man of fashion*, unleſs he fortunately had ſprung up from an ancient and honourable family. The immenſe fortunes which we are now accuſtomed to ſee acquired, almoſt inſtantaneouſly,

were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern *nabob or contractor*, would have made in a circle of these proud and high minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different species; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the great, or to rival them in expence or splendour, would only have served to expose him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increased in the nation, men became more and more sensible of the solid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, *monied* men rose proportionably into estimation. The haughty lord or proud country-gentleman, no longer scrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heiress, though of plebeian extraction. These connections daily becoming more common, removed, in some measure, the distinction of rank; and every man, possessed of a certain fortune, came to think himself intitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a man of fashion. Above all, the happy expedient of purchasing Seats in Parliament, tended to add weight and consideration to what came to be called the *Monied Interest*. When a person, who had suddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dressed, gentlemen-like figures ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the House of Commons, it is not surprising, that, in his turn, he should come to look down on the heirs of old established families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in show and ostentation.

About the beginning of this century, there seems to have been an intermediate, though short interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accomplishments, entitled their possessor to hold the rank of a man of fashion, and were even deemed essentially requisite to form that character. The

ſociety of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay* and *Fryor*, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an *Addiſon* and a *Craggs* attained the firſt offices in the ſtate.

In the preſent happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, ſuperior talents, nor ſuperior abilities, are requiſite to form a man of faſhion. On the contrary, all theſe advantages united are inſufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily ſee numbers received as men of faſhion, though ſprung from the meaneſt of the people, and though deſtitute of every grace, of every polite accompliſhment, and of all pretenſions to genius or ability.

This, I confeſs, I have often conſidered as one of the greateſt and moſt important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved every perſon born in obſcurity, who wiſhed to riſe into eminence, either to acquire wealth by induſtry or frugality, or, following a ſtill more laborious and difficult purſuit, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the exertion of ſuperior talents in the field or in the ſenate. But now nothing of all this is neceſſary. A certain degree of knowledge the man of faſhion muſt indeed poſſeſs. He muſt be maſter of the principles contained in the celebrated treatiſe of Mr. *Hoyle*: he muſt know the chances of *Hazard*; he muſt be able to decide on any diſpute with regard to the form of a *hat*, or the faſhion of a *buckle*; and he muſt be able to tell my Lady Ducheſs, whether *Marechalle powder* ſuits beſt a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dreſs, the external ſhow of a modern *man of faſhion*, a ſuperficial obſerver might be apt to think that *fortune*, at leaſt, is a neceſſary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A *man of faſhion* muſt, indeed, live as if he were a *man of fortune*. He muſt rival the wealthieſt in expence of every kind; he muſt puſh to exceſs every ſpecies of extravagant diſſipation; and he muſt game for more money than he can pay. But all theſe things a

man of fashion can do, without poſſeſſing any viſible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the moſt important, is not the only advantage which the *man of fashion* enjoys over the reſt of mankind. Not to mention that he may ſeduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife, of his friend, he may alſo, with perfect honour, rob the ſon of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other ſober, that the one was ſkilled in the game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will inſiſt upon playing in ſuch circumſtances, who but himſelf can be blamed for the conſequences?

The ſuperiority enjoyed by a *man of fashion*, in his ordinary dealings and intercourſe with mankind, is ſtill more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his *character*, and with the niceſt regard to his *honour*, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed *infamous*. Thus the *man of fashion* may live in luxury and ſplendour, while his creditors are ſtarving in the ſtreets, or rotting in a jail; and ſhould they attempt to enforce the laws of their country againſt him, he would be entitled to complain of it as a groſs violation of the reſpect that is due to his perſon and character.

The laſt time my friend Mr. *Umphraville* was in town, I was not a little amuſed with his remarks on the *men of fashion* about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners ſince the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dreſſed, lolling in his chariot, he ſeldom failed to aſk, "What young "lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady paſſionately fond of the *ton*, and of every thing that had the appearance of faſhion. We went at the common hour of dining, and, after waiting ſome time, our hoſt (who had informed us that he would invite nobody elſe, that we might talk over old ſtories without interruption) propo-

sed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and observing that nobody kept such unfashionable hours, said, she expected Mr. ———, and another friend, whom she had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noise of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected guests. They entered, dressed in the very *pink* of the mode; and neither my friend's dress nor mine being calculated to inspire them with respect, they brushed past us, and addressed the lady of the house, and two young ladies that were with her, in a train of coarse familiarity, so different from the distant and respectful manner to which Mr. *Umphraville* had been accustomed, that I could plainly discover he was greatly shocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen seated themselves on each hand of the lady of the house, and there engrossed the whole conversation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deserved that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into discourse with Mr. *Umphraville* and me, proved abortive. At last, taking advantage of an accidental pause, he congratulated my friend on the conquest of *Pondicherry*. The latter, drawing his brows together, and shaking his head with an expression of dissent, observed, that, although he was always pleased with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any satisfaction from an *Indian* conquest. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners— the evils of luxury—the fatal consequence of a sudden influx of wealth, and would I am persuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loss of liberty in *Greece* and the fall of *Rome* to *Asiatic* connections, had he not been, all at once cut short with the exclamation of "Damn it, *Jack*, "how does the old boy do to-day? I hope he be- "gins to get better.—Nay, pr'ythee don't look "grave; you know I am too much your friend to

" wish him to hold out long; but if he tip before " *Tuesday* at twelve o'clock, I shall lose a hundred " to *Dick Hazard*.——After that time, as soon as " you please.——Don't you think, Madam," (addressing himself to one of the young ladies)" that " when an old fellow has been scraping money to- " gether with both hands for forty years, the civi- " lest thing he can do is to die, and leave it to a " son who has spirit to spend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to translate it into language, must, for a time, at least, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impression on our hero, he ran on the same strain; and being properly supported by his companion, effectually excluded the discourse of every body else. *Umphraville* did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I heard enough of the conversation, his countenance served as a sufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wished to express indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a better *study*.

At length we withdrew; and we had no sooner got fairly out of the house, than *Umphraville* began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. " They are *men of fashion*," said I.—" But who are they? of what families are " they descended?"—" As to that," replied I, you " know I am not skilled in the science of *genealogy*; " but, though I were, it would not enable me to " answer your present enquiries; for I believe, " were you to put the question to the gentlemen " themselves, it would puzzle either of them to " tell you who his grandfather was."---" What " then," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, " entitles them to be received into company as " *men of fashion?* Is it extent of ability, superiority of genius, refinement of taste, elegant accomplishments, or polite conversation? I admit, " that where these are to be found in an eminent " degree, they make up for the want of birth: but " where a person can neither talk like a man of

nſe, nor behave like a gentleman, I muſt own I cannot eaſily pardon our men of rank, for allowing every barrier to be removed, and every " frivolous inſignificant fellow, who can adopt the " reigning vices of the age, to be received on an " equal footing with themſelves.---But after all," continued he, in a calm tone, " if ſuch be the " manners of our men of rank, it may be doubted " whether they, or their imitators, are the greateſt objects of contempt."

R

No. 45. SATURDAY, *July* 3, 1779.

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company where I was, in a great meaſure, *unknowing and unknown*. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell you more than is neceſſary to my ſtory.

The converſation, after dinner, turned on that common-place queſtion, " Whether a parent ought " to chuſe a profeſſion for his child, or leave him " to chuſe for himſelf?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both ſides of the queſtion; and the argument hung in equilibrio, as is often the caſe, when all the ſpeakers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a ſtranger to moſt of the company; had been ſilent but not ſullen; of a ſteady but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

" In my younger days," ſaid he, " nothing " would ſerve me but I muſt needs take a campaign " againſt the *Turks* in *Hungary*."—At mention of the *Turks* in *Hungary*, I perceived a general impatience to ſieze the company.

" I rejoice exceedingly," ſaid a young phyſician, " that fortune has placed me near one of your

" character, Sir, from whom I may be informed " with precision, whether *lavemens* of *ol. amygd.* " did indeed prove a specific in the *Hungarian Dysf-* " *enteria*, which desolated the *German* army?"

" Ipecacuanha in small doses," added another gentleman of the faculty, " is an excellent *recipe*, " and was generally prescribed at our hospitals in " *Westphalia*, with great, although not infallible " success: but that method was not known in the " last wars between the *Ottomans*, vulgarly term- " ed *Turks*, and the *Imperialists*, whom, through " an error exceedingly common, my good friend " has denominated *Germans*."

" You must pardon me, Doctor," said a third, " ipecacuanha, in small doses, was administered at " the siege of *Limerick*, soon after the Revolution; " and if you will be pleased to add *seventy-nine*, " the years of *this* century, to *ten* or *eleven*, which " carries us back to the siege of *Limerick* in the " last, you will find, if I mistake not, that this " *recipe* has been used for fourscore and nine, or " for ninety years."

" Twice the years of the *longest prescription*, " Doctor," cried a pert barrister from the other " end of the table, " even after making a reason- " able allowance for minorities."

" You mean if that were necessary," said a thoughtful aged person who sat next him.

" As I was saying," continued the third physician, " ipecacuanha was administered in small doses " at the siege of *Limerick*: for it is a certain fact, " that a surgeon in King *William*'s army communi- " cated the receipt of that preparation to a " friend of his, and that friend communicated it " to the father, or rather, as I incline to believe, " to the grandfather, of a friend of mine. I am " peculiarly attentive to the exactitude of my facts; " for, indeed, it is by facts alone that we can pro- " ceed to reason with assurance. It was the *great* " *Bacon's* method."

A grave personage in black then spoke:—" There " is another circumstance respecting the last wars

" in *Hungary*, which, I muſt confeſs, does exceed-
" ingly intereſt my curioſity; and that is, Whe-
" ther General *Doxat* was juſtly condemned for
" yielding up a fortified city to the Infidels; or
" whether, being an innocent man, and a *Pro-*
" *teſtant*, he was perſecuted unto death by the
" intrigues of the Jeſuits at the court of *Vienna*?

" I know nothing of General *Doxy*," ſaid the ſtranger, who had hitherto liſtened attentively; " but if he was perſecuted by the Jeſuits, I ſhould " ſuppoſe him to have been a very honeſt gentle-
" man; for I never heard any thing but ill of the
" people of that religion."

" You forget," ſaid the firſt phyſician, " the
" *Quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which
" was brought into *Europe* by a father of that or-
" der, or, as you are pleaſed to expreſs it in a
" *French* Idiom, of that *religion*."

" *That* of the introduction of the *Quinquina*
" into *Europe* by the Jeſuits is a vulgar error," ſaid the ſecond phyſician: " the truth is, that the
" ſecret was communicated by the natives of *South*
" *America* to a humane *Spaniſh* Governor, whom
" they loved. He told his chaplain of it; the
" chaplain, a *German* Jeſuit, gave ſome of the
" bark to Dr. *Helvetius*, of *Amſterdam*, father of
" that *Helvetius*, who, having compoſed a book
" concerning *matter*, gave it the title of *ſpirit*."

" What!" cried the third phyſician, " was that
" Dr. *Helvetius* who cured the Queen of *France* of
" an intermittent, the father of *Helvetius* the re-
" nowned philoſopher? The fact is exceedingly
" curious; and I wonder whether it has come to
" the knowledge of my correſpondent Dr. B——."

" As the gentleman ſpeaks of his campains," ſaid an officer of the army, " he will probably
" be in a condition to inform us, whether Marſhal
" *Saxe* is to be credited when he tells us, in his
" *Reveries*, that the *Turkiſh* horſe, after having
" drawn out their fire, mowed down the Imperial
" infantry?"

"Perhaps we shall have some account of *Petronius* found at *Belgrade*," said another of the company; "but I suspend my enquiries until the "gentleman has finished his story."

"I have listened with great pleasure," said the stranger, "and, though I cannot say that I understand all the ingenious things spoken, I can see "the truth of what I have often been told, that "the *Scots*, with all their faults, are a learned "nation.

"In my younger days, it is true, that nothing "would serve but I must needs make a campaign against the *Turks*, or the *Hotmen* in *Hungary*; "but my father could not afford to breed me like "a gentleman, which was my own wish, and so he "bound me for seven years to a ship-chandler in "*Wapping*, just as my time was out, my master "died, and I married the widow. What by marriages, and what by purchasing damaged stores, "I got together a pretty capital. I then dealt in "sailor's tickets, and I *speculated*, as they call it "in divers things. I am now well known about "Change, aye, and somewhere else too," said he "with a significant nod.

"Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether my "father did not choose better for me than I should "have done for myself. Had I gone to the wars, "I might have lost some of my precious limbs, or "have had my tongue cut out by the *Turks*. But "suppose that I had returned safe to *Old England*, "I might indeed have been able to brag, that "I was acquainted with the *laughing man* of *Hungary*, and with *Peter*, o I can't hit on his name; "and I might have learned the way of curing *Creat "Bacon*, and known whether a *Turkish* horse "moved down *Imperial Infants*; but my pockets "would have been empty all the while, and I "should have been put to hard shifts for a dinner. "And so you will see that my father did well in "binding me apprentice to a ship-chandler.— "Here is to his memory in a bumper of port; and "success to *omnium*, and the *Irish Tong-teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

Though I early signified my resolution of declining to take any public notice of communications or letters sent me; yet there is a set of correspondents whose favours, lately received, I think myself bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly, as it shows the fame of my predecessors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The *Spectator's Club* is well known to the literary and the fashionable of both sexes; but I confess I was not less surprised than pleased to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent such places) to the very *tavern keepers* of this city; the greatest part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow so illustrious an example, in the institution of a Convivial Society, have severally applied to me, through the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the *Mirror Club*.

Like all other candidates for employment none of them has been at a loss for reasons why his proposal should have the preference. One describes his house as in the most *public*, another recommends his as in the most *private* part of the town. One says, his tavern is resorted to by the politest company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the most regular and respectable characters. One offers me the largest room of its kind; another the most quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleased with the attention of one of these gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent *elbow-chair* for Mr. *Umphraville*; and that he shall take care to have no *children* in his house to disturb Mr. *Fleetwood*.

I am sorry to keep these good people in suspence; but I must inform them, for many obvious reasons, that though my friends and I visit them oft'ner

perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a considerable time before we find it convenient to constitute a regular Club, or to make known, even to the master of the house which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them rest their chief pretensions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of these clubs excite my curiosity to be acquainted with their history and constitution, I must hereby request the landlords who entertain the respective societies of the *Capillaire*, the *Whin-bush*, the *Knights of the Cap and Feather*, the *Tabernacle*, the *Stoic*, the *Poker*, the *Hum-drum*, and the *Antemanum*, to thransmit me a short account of the origin and nature of these societies ;—I say the landlords, because I do not think myself entitled to desire such an account from the clubs themselves; and because it is probable that the most material transactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be said to come through the hands of the hosts and their deputies.

L.

No. 47. TUESDAY, *July* 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum
HOR.

THAT false refinement and mistaken delicacy I have formerly described in my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, a constant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings so accute, as to make him be disgusted with the ordinary societies of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in conversation, but sometimes disturbs those pleasures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the highest enjoyment. Though endowed with the most excellent

taste, and though his mind be fitted for relishing all the beauties of good composition; yet, such is the effect of that excess of sensibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleasure from any of these, which is not mixed with some degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his sentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with something to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is, some places, trudgid, in others languid; if a prose composition, that the style is laboured or careless, stiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or obscure. In his remarks, there is always some foundation of truth; but that exquisite sensibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemishes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneasiness which is not always compensated by the pleasure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of *Robert Morley*, Esq. He is a man of very considerable abilities. His father (possessed of a considerable fortune) sent him, when a boy, to an *English* academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and relished the classics, and understood the merits of their composition. From these circumstances, he began to fancy himself a man of fine taste, qualified to decide with authority upon every subject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. *Morley* possesses as little taste as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great strength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleness and weakness of human character, he is a stranger to all those finer delicacies of feeling and perception which constitute the man of genuine taste. But, this notwithstanding, from the persuasion that he is a person of *fine taste*, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a

poetical deſcription. All his remarks, however, diſcover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almoſt every opinion which he gives differs from the moſt approved upon the ſubject. Catched by that ſpirit which *Homer*'s Heroes are poſſeſſed of, he agrees with the greateſt part of the world in thinking that author the firſt of all Poets; but *Virgil* he conſiders as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers *Lucan*; but thinks there are ſome paſſages in *Statius* ſuperior to either. He ſays *Ovid* gives a better picture of love than *Tibullus*; and he prefers *Quantus Curtius*, as an hiſtorian, to *Livy*. The modern writers, particularly the *French*, he generally ſpeaks of with contempt. Amongſt the *Engliſh*, he likes the ſtyle of the *Rambler* better than that of Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Spectator*; and he prefers *Gordon* and *Macpherſon* to *Hume* and *Robertſon*. I have ſometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a ſtretch, from one of the moſt bombaſt of our *Engliſh* poets, and have ſeen him in apparent rapture at the high-ſounding words, and ſwell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a diſtinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthuſiaſm in praiſe of muſic, and lecture, with an air of ſuperiority, upon the different qualities of the greateſt maſters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. *Fleetwood* is often a prey to diſappointment, and rendered uneaſy by exceſſive refinement and ſenſibility, Mr. *Morley*, without any taſte at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of *Morley* is not more different from *Fleetwood*'s, than that of *Tom Dacres* is from both. *Tom* is a young man of ſix-and-twenty, and being owner of an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he reſides conſtantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he poſſeſſed of the leaſt degree of taſte; but *Tom* lives eaſy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greateſt talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility,

from subject to subject; but he never says any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the same; and he runs on with the like undistinguishing ease, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traversing the fields, dressed in a short coat, and an old slouched hat with a tarnished gold binding. He is expert at all exercises; and he passes much of his time in shooting, playing at cricket, or at nine-pins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the stable, or from the stable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whistling to himself; sometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. *Tom*'s sisters, who are very accomplished girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleased; but he always returns it, says he does not see the use of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleased that they like it, but *that it is not a thing of his sort*. Even in the presence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarse and indecent, which could not be heard without a blush from any other person; but from *Tom*, *for his way is known*, they are heard without offence. *Tom* is pleased with himself, and with every thing around him, and wishes for nothing that he is not possessed of. He says he is much happier than your wiser and graver gentlemen. *Tom* will never be respected or admired; but he is disliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon these characters, I have sometimes been almost tempted to think, that *taste* is an acquisition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this conclusion, when I considered the many undescribable uneasinesses which Mr. *Fleetwood* is exposed to, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of *Morley* and *Dacres*; the one without taste, but believing himself possessed of it; the other without taste, and without thinking that he has any. But

I have always been withdrawn from every such reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. *Sidney*.

Mr. *Sidney* is a man of the best understanding, and of the most correct and elegant taste; but he is not more remarkable for those qualities, than for that uncommon goodness and benevolence which presides in all he says and does. To this it is owing that his refined taste has never been attended with any other consequence than to add to his own happiness, and to that of every person with whom he has any connection. Mr. *Sidney* never unbosoms the secrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaisant to all. It is not, however, that politeness which arises from a desire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeness dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, sits always easy upon him. At peace with his mind, he is pleased with every one about him; and he receives the most sensible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he bestows upon others, contribute to their happiness. No person ever knew better how to estimate the different pleasures of life; but none ever entered with more ease into the enjoyments of others, though not suited to his own taste. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a share in the pleasures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer discernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives to overlook them; and says, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. *Sidney* has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of whom are known, except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his sorrows, know that one great

ſource of his conſolation was the conſciouſneſs that, under the preſſure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and eaſe. Inſtead of being peeviſh and diſcontented with the world, the diſappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from thoſe enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly thoſe which he poſſeſſes. Mr. *Sidney* has, for a long time paſt, been engaged in buſineſs of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal eaſe and ſpirit. Far from the elegance and ſenſibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of thoſe tranſactions which require great firmneſs and perſeverance, I believe it is his good taſte and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to ſupport that load of buſineſs; becauſe he knows that, when it is finiſhed, he has pleaſure in ſtore. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He ſays that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is eaſy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. *Sidney* has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happineſs; and that their natural effect, inſtead of producing uneaſineſs and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of *Fleetwood* and *Sidney*, which Nature ſeems to have caſt in the ſame mould, I have been ſtruck with the fatal conſequences to *Fleetwood*, of indulging his ſpleen at thoſe little rubs in life, which a juſter ſenſe of human imperfection would make him conſider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the ſame indifference, as a rainy day, a duſty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of ſerious attention. *Sidney* never repines like *Fleetwood*; and, as he is much more reſpected,

ſo he has much more real happineſs than either *Merley* or *Dacres*. *Fleetwood*'s weakneſſes are amiable; and, though we pity, we muſt love him; but there is a complacent dignity in the character of *Sidney*, which excites at once our love, reſpect, and admiration

A

No. 48. SATURDAY, *July* 10, 1779.

THE following paper was lately received from a Correſpondent, who accompanied it with a promiſe of carrying his idea through ſome of the other fine arts. I have ſince been endeavouring to make it a little leſs *technical*, in order to fit it more for general peruſal; but, finding I could not accompliſh this, without hurting the illuſtrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, ariſing from the impreſſions of the ſame object, are very often different. Of theſe we always ſuppoſe one to be juſt and true; all the others to be falſe. But which is the true, and which the falſe, we are often at a loſs to determine: as the poet has ſaid,

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

With regard to our external ſenſes, this diverſity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little conſequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal ſenſes, employed in morals and criticiſm, is more intereſting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beau-

ty and excellency of the ſeveral imitative arts, this difference of feeling is very conſpicuous; and 'tis difficult to ſay why each man may not believe his own, or how a ſtandard may be eſtabliſhed, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a ſtandard of taſte, I ſhall not attempt to determine; but there is a queſtion connected with that, which, properly anſwered, may have ſome effect in the deciſion: whether in the imitative arts, a perſon exerciſed in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of theſe, than a perſon who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantum percipiunt, optime dijudicant?* or, as I may expreſs it in *Engliſh*, Whether the artiſt or *connoiſſeur* have any advantage over other perſons of common ſenſe or common feeling?

This queſtion ſhall be conſidered at preſent with regard to one art only, to wit, that of *painting*; but ſome of the principles which I ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate, will have a general tendency to eſtabliſh a deciſion in all. In the *firſt* place, it is proper to mention the chief ſources of the pleaſure we receive in viewing pictures. One ariſes from the perception of imitation, however produced; a ſecond from the art diſplayed in producing ſuch imitation; and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableneſs, and propriety of the object imitated. Theſe may all occur in the imitation of one ſingle object; but a much higher pleaſure ariſes from ſeveral objects combined together in ſuch a manner, that, while each of them ſingly affords the ſeveral ſources of pleaſure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the ſpectator, and an impreſſion much ſtronger than could have been raiſed by one object alone.

Theſe ſeem to be the chief ſources of the plea-

ſure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us conſider who is moſt likely to form them, the painter and *connoiſſeur*, or the unexperienced ſpectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or leſs pleaſed according to the degree of exactneſs with which the object is expreſſed; and ſuppoſing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every perſon would be equally a judge of the exactneſs of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwiſe. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any ſecret remembrance of the ſeveral parts of which it conſiſts, of the exact poſition of theſe, or of the dimenſions of the whole. A very inaccurate reſemblance ſerves that purpoſe of memory, and will often paſs with us for a true repreſentation, even of the ſubjects that we fancy ourſelves very well acquainted with.

The ſelf-applauſe of *Zeuxis* was not well founded when he valued himſelf on having painted grapes, that ſo far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate reſemblance, when they often miſtake a ſcare-crow for a man. Nor had *Parrhaſius* much reaſon to boaſt of his deceiving even *Zeuxis*, who, viewing it haſtily, and from a diſtance, miſtook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires ſtudy to perceive the exactneſs of imitation; and moſt perſons may find, by daily experience, that, when they would examine the accuracy of any repreſentation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, ſo that they may quickly paſs from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, ſize, and proportions of all the different parts. Without ſuch ſtudy of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the *connoiſſeur* employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no perſon can be a judge of the exactneſs of the repreſentation. The painters, therefore, or the *connoiſſeurs*, are the perſons who will beſt per-

ceive the truth of imitation, and beſt judge of its merit. It is true, ſome perſons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themſelves, as the ſhoemaker was with the ſhoe in the picture of *Appelles*; but moſt perſons, like the ſame ſhoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *laſt*; and muſt, in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the firſt place, pleaſed with viewing imitation; ſo we are, in the ſecond place, with conſidering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleaſure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius neceſſary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in ſurmounting it, can only be well known to the perſons exerciſed in the practice of the art.

When a perſon has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is ſtill a great difficulty in expreſſing that correctedly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a ſteady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artiſt; but tranſient objects, of a momentary appearance require ſtill a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expreſſions of the human ſoul, requires an art of which few are poſſeſſed, and none can ſufficiently admire, but thoſe who have themſelves attempted it. Theſe are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to ſtruggle with. To repreſent a ſolid upon a plain ſurface, by the poſition and ſize of the ſeveral parts; to be exact in the perſpective; by theſe, and by the diſtribution of light and ſhade, to make every figure ſtand out from the canvas; and, laſtly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: theſe are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleaſure of the ſpectator, ariſing from his conſciouſneſs of the imitation, is derived, but, at the ſame time, ſuch as the uninformed ſpectator has but an imperfect no-

tion of, and therefore, must feel an inferior degree of pleasure in contemplating.

The next source of the pleasures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that arising from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make such a choice, he does it by a constitutional taste that may be common to all. *Raphael* could not learn it from his master *Pietro Perugino*; *Rubens*, though conversant with the best models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artist has scarcely any advantage above the common spectator. But it is to be observed, that a person of the finest natural taste cannot become suddenly an *elegant formarum spectator*, an expression which it is scarce possible to translate. It is only by comparison that we arrive at the knowledge of what is most perfect in its kind. The *Madonas* of *Carlo Maratt* appear exquisitely beautiful; and it is only when we see those of *Raphael* that we discern their imperfections. A person may even be sensible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the same time, may find it impossible to conceive, with precision, an idea of the most perfect. Thus *Raphael* could not form an idea of the Divine Majesty, till he saw it so forcibly expressed in the paintings of *Michael Angelo*. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by comparison and experience, so the painter, exercised in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any person less experienced.

The last and most considerable pleasure received from painting, is that arising from *composition*. This is properly distinguished into two kinds, the picturesque and the poetical. To the first belongs the distribution of the several figures, so that they may all be united and conspire in one single effect; while each is so placed, as to present itself in proportion to importance in the action represented. To this also belongs the diversifying and contrasting

the attitudes of different figures, as well as the several members of each. Above all, the picturesque composition has belonging to it the distribution of light and shade, while every single figure has its proper share of each. One mass of light, and its proportionable shade, should unite the whole piece, and make every part of it conspire in one single effect. To this also belongs the harmony, as well as the contrast, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance picturesque*, there appears an exquisite art only to be acquired by custom and habit; and of the merit of the execution, no person can be a judge but one who has been in some measure in the practice of it. It is enough to say, that hardly any body will doubt, that *Paulo Veronese* was a better judge of the disposition of figures than *Michael Angelo*; and that *Caravaggio* was a better judge of the distribution of light and shade than *Raphael*; so, in some measure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, must be a better judge of the merit of picturesque composition, than any person who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical composition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be represented, and of point of time at which the persons are to be introduced, the invention of circumstances to be employed, the expression to be given to every actor; and *lastly*, the observance of *costume*, that is, giving to each person an air suitable to his rank, representing the complexion and features that express his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dressing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belongs.

From this enumeration of the several considerations that employ the history-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical composition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is no wise necessarily connected with the imitative hand. *Lucas* of *Leyden* painted more correctly, that is,

imitated more exactly, than *Salvator Rosa*; but the former did not choose objects of so much grace and dignity, nor composed with so much force and spirit, because he was not a poet like the latter. *Salvator Rosa* has given us elegant verses full of pictureqsue description; and, in every one of his pictures, he strikes us by those circumstances which his poetical imagination had suggested. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination must be derived from nature, and can arise neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the study of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the *connoisseur*, in judging of the merit of poetical composition, can have little advantage above other spectators; but even here it must be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taste, he must, from the more frequent exercise of it, have great advantages in judging above any other person less experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to shew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himself, and even the *connoisseur*, much engaged and exercised in the study of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis inteligunt*, have advantages above the common spectators, *qui voluptatem tantum precipiunt*. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with observing, that the painter and *connoisseur* are often in danger of having their sensibility deadened or their natural taste corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, so far as to throw the balance towards the side of the common spectator.

No. 49. TUESDAY, *July* 13, 1779.

AS I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through *St. Andrew's Square*, I obſerved a girl, meanly dreſſed, coming along the pavement at a ſlow pace. When I paſſed her, ſhe turned a little towards me, and made a ſort of halt; but ſaid nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face; ſo I went on a few ſteps before I turned my eye to obſerve her. She had, by this time, reſumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the poorneſs of her garb could not altogether overcome: her perſon was thin and genteel, and there was ſomething not ungraceful in the ſtoop of her head, and the ſeeming feebleneſs with which ſhe walked. I could not reſiſt the deſire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing ſomewhat of her ſituation and circumſtances: I therefore walked back, and repaſſed her with ſuch a look (for I could bring myſelf to nothing more) as might induce her to ſpeak what ſhe ſeemed deſirous to ſay at firſt. This had the effect I wiſhed.—"Pity a poor orphan!" ſaid ſhe, in a voice tremulous and weak. I ſtopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of obſerving her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was ſhaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a diſordered manner, at her forehead, and hung looſe upon her ſhoulders; round them was caſt a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand ſhe held acroſs her boſom, while the other half-out-ſtretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were caſt on the ground: ſhe was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which ſhe turned them up to me, muttered ſomething which I could not hear, and then letting go her cloak, and preſſing her hands together, burſt into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar, and

my curiosity was strongly excited by it. I desired her to follow me to the house of a friend hard by, whose beneficence I have often had occasion to know. When she arrived there, she was so fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after some means used to restore her, that she was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, she told us, was *Collins*; the place of her birth one of the northern counties of *England*. Her father, who had died several years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of seventeen. By his industry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably supported, their father having died possessed of a small farm, with the right of pasturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, last summer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting serjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enlist as a soldier, and soon after was marched off, along with some other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, she believed, broke her mother's heart, for that she had never afterwards had a day's health, and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the steward employed by the squire of whom their farm was held, took possession of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as she had heard her brother's regiment was in *Scotland* when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I got a bed "and some victuals in the house of a woman here "in town, to whom I told my story, and who "seemed to pity me. I had then a little bundle

" of things, which I had been allowed to take with " me after my mother's death: but the night be- " fore laſt, ſomebody ſtole it from me while I ſlept; " and ſo the woman ſaid ſhe would keep me no " longer, and turned me out into the ſtreet, where " I have ſince remained, and am almoſt famiſhed " for want."

She was now in better hands; but our aſſiſtance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey and the hardſhips of her ſituation. She declined by ſlow but uninterrupted degrees, and yeſterday breathed her laſt, a ſhort while before ſhe expired, ſhe aſked to ſee me; and taking from her boſom a little ſil- ver *locket*, which ſhe told me had been her mother's, and which all her diſtreſſes could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he ſhould return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate ſtrongly; but I tell not her ſtory merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, uſeful to others who may ſuffer from ſimilar cauſes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, ſons, or fathers, to bleed in her ſervice, forlorn, like poor *Nancy Collins*, with " no relation in the world to own them." Their ſufferings are often unknown, when they are ſuch as moſt demand compaſſion. The mind that cannot obtrude its diſtreſſes on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepeſt.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the *people*. In de- feat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of *Commanders*; we ſeldom allow our- ſelves to conſider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidſt the ac- clamations of national triumph, are left to the helpleſs miſery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her feſtival, feel, in their diſtant hovels, the extremities of want and wretch- edneſs!

It was with pleasure I saw, among the resolutions of a late patriotic assembly in this city, an agreement to assist the poor families of our absent soldiers and seamen. With no less satisfaction I read in some late newspapers, a benevolent advertisement for a meeting of gentlemen, to consider of a subscription for the same purpose. At this season of general and laudable exertion, I am persuaded such a scheme cannot fail of patronage and success. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleasure of its exertion must be increased by the thought, that pity to such objects is patriotism; that, here, private compassion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. These, however, may sometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives support and protection to the families they leave behind, addresses more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and heroism. It endears to them that home which their swords are to defend, and strengthens those ties which should ever bind the soldier of a free state to his country.

Nor will such a provision be of less advantage to posterity than to the present times. It will save to the state many useful subjects which those families thus supported may produce, whose lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only useless, but baneful to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their industry, and protected by their valour.

No 50. SATURDAY, *July* 17, 1779.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it poſſeſſes too much merit to be refuſed inſertion.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACTIVITY is one of thoſe virtues indiſpenſably requiſite for the happineſs and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have diſtributed to them with a parſimonious hand. All men ſeem naturally averſe, not only to thoſe exertions that ſharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to ſuch as are neceſſary for maintaining the health, or ſtrengthening the organs of the body. Whatever induſtry and enterprize the ſpecies have at any time diſplayed, originated in the boſom of pain, of want, or of neceſſity; or, in the abſence of theſe cauſes, from the experience of that liſtleſſneſs and languor which attend a ſtate of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the care of external appearances, or to the proſtitution of their time in trivial purſuits, or in licentious pleaſures? The ſureſt, the moſt permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the moſt delightful, which is to be found in unremitted ſtudy, or in the labours of a profeſſion, is, unhappily, the laſt we recur to. Of all who have riſen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there, who at firſt enjoyed the means of pleaſure, or the liberty of being idle? and how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, poſſeſſed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obſcurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead.

Let no man confide entirely in his resolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taste for literature. All these principles, even where they are strongest, unless supported by habits of industry, and roused by the immediate presence of some great object to which their exertion leads, gradually lose, and at last resign their influence. The smallest particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter, unless counterbalanced by continual impulse from some active cause, will insensibly lower, and at last overcome the flight of the sublimest genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cause for ever present with us, in all our moods, in every disposition; and that, from the weakness of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquish distant prospects of happiness and advantage, for a much smaller portion of present indulgence.

I have been led into these reflections by a visit which I lately paid to my friend *Mordaunt*, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I respected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, since the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confessed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infused into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to despondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which disqualified him for the drudgery of business, or the bustle of public life. Frequently, in those tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and support of a friend, have I seen a conscious, blush of shame and self-reproach mingle with the secret sigh, extorted from him by the sense of this defect. His situation, however, as second son of a family, which, though old and honourable, possessed but a small fortune, and no interest, absolutely required that he should adopt a profession. The law was his choice; and, such is the power of habit and necessity, that, after four

years spent in the study of that science, though at first it had impaired his health, and even soured his temper, he was more sanguine in his expectation of success, and enjoyed a more constant flow of spirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, seldom bestows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reserved, or too indifferent, to court a set of men on whose good-will the attainment of practice, in some degree, depends, found himself, at the end of two years close attendance at the bar, though high in the esteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as distant from preferment, as when he first, engaged in it. All my assurances, that better days would soon shine upon him, and that his present situation had, at first, been the lot of many now raised to fame and distinction, were insufficient to support him. A deep gloom settled on his spirits, and he had already resolved to relinquish this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a distant relation unexpectedly put him in possession of an estate, which, though of small extent, was opulence to one that wished for nothing more than independence, and the disposal of his own time.

After many useless remonstrances upon my part, he set out for his mansion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, resolved, as he said, to engage immediately in some work to be laid before the public; and having previously given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the society of his friends in town. In the course of eighteen months, however, I did not see him; and finding that his letters, which had at first been full of his happiness, his occupations, and the progress of his work, were daily becoming shorter, and somewhat mysterious on the two last of these points, I resolved to satisfy myself by my own remarks with regard to his situation.

I arrived in the evening, and was shown into

the parlour; where the first objects that caught my attention were a fishing-rod, and two fowling-pieces, in a corner of a room, and a brace of pointers stretched upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, some music, a pair of shuttle-cocks, and a volume of the *Annual Register*. Looking from the window, I discovered my friend in his waistcoat, with a spade in his hand, most diligently cultivating a spot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy, and congratulations at meeting, it is needless to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking, that *Mordaunt*, though most negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, rosy, and robust, instead of pale and slender as formerly. Before returning to the house, he insisted that I should survey his *grounds*, which, in his own opinion, he said, he had rendered a paradise, by modestly seconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove which he had planted himself, rested in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the course of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much conversation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom seemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a set of countrymen, engaged at cricket, and soon after a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before seen him display, not only engaged himself, but compelled me likewise to engage, in the exercise of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horse, blind of one eye, came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our conversation for that evening, relating chiefly to the situation of our common friends, the memory of former scenes in which we had both

been engaged, and other such subjects as friends naturally converse about after a long absence, afforded me little opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Next morning I arose at my wonted early hour, and stepping into his study, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confusedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was surprised to find, that by much the greater part of them, instead of politics, metaphysics, and morals (the sciences connected with his scheme of writing) treated of *Belles Lettres*, or were calculated merely for amusement. The *Tale of a Tub* lay open on the table, and seemed to have concluded the studies of the day before. The letters of *Junius*, *Brydon's* Travels, the *World*, *Tristram Shandy*, and two or three volumes of the *British Poets*, much used, and very dirty, lay scattered above a heap of quarto's, which, after blowing the dust from them, I found to be an *Essay on the Wealth of Nations*, *Helvetius de l'Esprit*, *Hume's Essays*, *the Spirit of Laws*, *Bayle*, and a common-place-book. The last contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under the heads of which, excepting those of anecdote and criticism, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were, a parellel between Mr. *Gray's Elegy*, and *Parnell's Night-piece on Death*; some detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verse; and several letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfinished. There was besides a journal of his occupations for several weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his situation, I transcribe a part.

Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolved to be busy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before six; fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, *as it was too late to begin serious business.*

Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, am engaged by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, *whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of* Thomson's Seasons, *which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up* Mahomet *to put me in good humour—finish it, the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice for a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law • give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine, sup, and sit till eleven, hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.*

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow— (for that and the two succeeding days, there was no further entry in the journal). *Tuesday, waked at seven; but the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfasted and read the news-papers—very dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears up, and I resolve on a short ride to clear my head.*

A few days residence with him showed me that his life was in reality, as it is here represented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleasures, secret benevolence, and broken resolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now so constant as it had been; but he insisted that he still could, when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered

himself, that these frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakness, arose from reason and conviction. *After all*, said he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, *after all, granting what you alledge, if I be happy, and I really am so, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, bestow upon me?*——After a stay of some weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was past a cure, and lamenting, that so much real excellence and ability should be thus, in a great measure, lost to the world, as well as to their possessor, by the attendance of a single fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

No 51. TUESDAY, *July* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of easy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be sensible of the loss, a sister of her's, the widow of an *English* gentleman, carried me to *London*, where she resided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amusement consisted in superintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the best masters; and every new accomplishment I acquired, gave fresh pleasure to my kind benefactress. But her own conversation tended more than any thing else to form and to improve my mind. Well acquaint-

ed herself with the best authors in the *English*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, she was careful to put into my hands such books as were best calculated to cultivate my understanding, and to regulate my taste.

But, though fond of reading and retirement my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in society, as much as her rank and conditon required. Her house was frequented by many persons of both sexes, distinguished for elegance of manners, and politeness of conversation. Her tenderness made her desirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being dissatisfied with our youthful sallies, she seemed never better pleased than when she could add to our amusement and happiness.

In this manner I had passed my time, and had entered my seventeenth year, when my aunt was seized with an indisposition, which alarmed me much, although her physicians assured me it was by no means dangerous. My fears increased, on observing, that she herself thought it serious. Her tenderness seemed, if possible, to increase; and, though she was desirous to conceal her apprehensions, I have sometimes, when she imagined I did not observe it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of solicitude and compassion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day she called me into her closet, and, after embracing me tenderly, "My dear *Harriet*," said "she, "it is vain to dissemble longer: I feel my "strength decay so fast, that I know we soon must "part. As to myself, the approach of death gives "me little uneasiness; and I thank Almighty God "that I can look forward to that awful change, "without dread, and without anxiety. But when "I think, my child, of the condition in which I "shall leave you, my heart swells with anguish! "——You know my situation; possessed of no "fortune, the little I have saved from my jointure, "will be altogether inadequate to support you in "that society in which you have hitherto lived.

"When I look back on my conduct towards you, I "am not sure that it has been altogether prudent. "I thought it impossible to bestow too much on "your education, or to render you too accom- "plished. I fondly hoped to live to see you hap- "pily established in life, united to a man who "could discern your merit, who could put a just "value on all your acquirements. These hopes "are at an end; all, however, that can now be "done, I have done.——Here are two papers; by "the one you will succeed to the little I shall leave; "the other is a letter to your father, in which I "recommended you in the most earnest manner to "his protection, and intreated him to come to "town as soon as he hears of my death, and conduct "you to *Scotland*. He is a man of virtue; and I "hope you will live happily in his family. One "only fear I have, and that proceeds from the "extreme sensibility of your mind, and gentleness "of your disposition; little formed by nature to "struggle with the hardships and the difficulties "of life, perhaps the engaging softness of your "goodness will prevent you from being hurt by "any little cross untoward accidents you may "meet with, and that it will enable you to make "the most of that situation in which it may be the "will of Heaven to place you."

To all this I could only answer with my tears; and, during the short time that my aunt survived, she engrossed my attention so entirely, that I never once bestowed a thought on myself. As soon after her death as I could command myself sufficiently, I wrote to my father; and, agreeably to my aunt's instructions, inclosed her letter for him; in consequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father, to whose person I was a perfect stranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a most interesting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the highest reverence and respect; but, though I had been in use to write, from time to time, both

to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correspondence; so that I was equally a stranger to their sentiments and dispositions as to their persons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond caresses with that warmth with which I had made my account; and, afterwards, it was impossible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in those commou attententions which, in polite society, every woman is accustomed to receive, even from those with whom she is most nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to consider her domestics as humble friends, and to treat them as such; but my father addressed them with a roughness of voice and of manner that disgusted them, and was extremely unpleasant to me. I was still more hurt with his minute and anxious enquiries about the fortune my aunt had died possessed of; and, when he found how inconsiderable it was, he swore a great oath, that, if he had thought she was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never should have entered her house. "But don't cry, *Harriet*," added he, "it "was not your fault; be a good girl, and you "shall never want while I have."

On our journey to *Scotland*, I sometimes attempted to amuse my father by engaging him in conversation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any subject on which he wished to talk. After a journey, which many circumstances concurred to render rather unpleasant, we arrived at my father's house. I had been told that it was situated in a remote part of *Scotland*, and thence I concluded the scene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the best suited to my inclination. But instead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls I had fancied to myself, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, excepta few patches round the house which my father, by his skill in agriculture, had brought to bear grass and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that bespoke frankness and good-humour, rather than sensibility or delicacy, received me with much kindness; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to——, presented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and content. We found with them a Mr. *Plowshare*, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own estate, and was considered by my father as the most respectable man in the county. They immediately got into a dissertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practised in different parts of the country, which continued almost without interruption till some time after dinner, when my father fell fast asleep. But this made no material alteration in the discourse; for Mr. *Plowshare* and the ladies then entered into a discussion of the most approved methods of feeding poultry and fattening pigs, which lasted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now some months since I arrived at my father's during all which time I have scarcely ever heard any other conversation. You may easily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on such occasions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from saying so, I can plainly perceive that she, as well as my sisters, consider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When I came to the country, I proposed to pass great part of my time in my favourite amusement of reading; but, on enquiry, I found that my father's library consisted of a large family bible, *Dickson's Agriculture*, and a treatise on *Farriery*; and that the only books my mother was possessed of were, the *Domestic Medicine*, and the *Complete Housewife*.

In short, Sir, in the midst of a family happy in themselves, and desirous to make me so, I find my

ſelf wretched. My mind preys upon itſelf. When I look forward, I can diſcover no proſpect of any period to my ſorows. At times I am diſpoſed to envy the happineſs of my ſiſters, and to wiſh that I had never acquired thoſe accompliſhments from which I formerly received ſo much pleaſure. Is it vanity that cheks this wiſh, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happineſs may be purchaſed at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper and at length reſolved to deſcribe my ſituation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your ſentiments on a ſpecies of diſtreſs, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, &c.

E H. B.

No. 52. SATURDAY, *July* 24, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or "two blades of graſs, grow upon a ſpot of ground "where only one grew before, would deſerve better of mankind, and do more eſſential ſervice "to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Poſſeſſed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and ſtudy towards thoſe enquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's productions, and to encreaſe the fertility of my native country. I ſhall not at preſent tire you with an account of the various projects I have de-

vised the sundry experiments I have made, and the many miscarriages I have met with. Suffice it to say, that I have now in my brain a scheme, the success of which, I am confident, can scarcely fail. The frequent disappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce me to consult you about my plan, before I take any farther steps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and must consequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you must of course be a much wiser man than I, who was never an hundred miles from the place where I now write: for these reasons, I am induced to lay my present scheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of *Guillaume Vade*, published by the celebrated *Voltaire*, is the following passage, given as part of the speech of *Vade*, to his cousin *Catharine Vade*, when she asked him where he would be buried? After censuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better custom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, What "pleasure," says he, "would it afford to a good citizen to be sent to fatten, for example, the barren "plain of *Sablons*, and to contribute to raise "plentiful harvests there?—By this prudent esta-"blishment, one generation would be useful to "another, towns would be more wholesome, and "the country more fruitful. In truth, I cannot "help saying that we want police in that matter, "on account both of the living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amusement of reading to the employment of agriculture, the above passage has always appeared particularly deserving of attention; and I have, at last, formed a sort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of such a plan as that suggested by Monsieur *Vade*. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain

valuable conſiderations, to lend their aſſiſtance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial conſequences would reſult to the public? How many of the honeſt folks, who now lie uſeleſsly mouldering in our church-yards and never did the ſmalleſt good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the moſt eſſential ſervice to the community? How many who ſeemed brought into the world merely "*Fruges conſumere* "*nati*," might thus, by a proper and juſt retribution, be employed to produce *fruges* ſimilar to thoſe which they conſumed while in life? What pleaſant and equitable kind af retaliation would it bs for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magiſtrates, ſwelled up with city-feaſts and rich wines, a ſum of money that might, in ſome degree, compenſate for the expence which the capacious bellies of their owners one day coſt the town-revenue?

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would neceſſarily produce in the œconomy of ſepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made, in various cities, of the want of ſpace and ſize in their burying grounds. Thoſe young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magiſtrates and council of ſame towns, who are in ſuch a ſtate of *corruption*, during their lives, might very ſoon be made uſeful after their death. It has been often ſaid, that a living man is more uſeful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my propoſal takes place, that one dead man, at leaſt of the ſpecies above mentioned, will be of more uſe than fifty living ones.

I am well aware, that moſt of the fair ſex, and ſome ſuch odd mortals as your Mr. *Wentworth* or Mr. *Fleetwood*, may poſſibly be ſhocked at this plan, and may cry out, That it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine that this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. Theſe very people, Mr. MIRROR,

would not, I dare say, for the world, cut the throat of a sheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no scruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when these delicate kind of people happen to see a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a sight every way as pleasant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never distress themselves by investigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the stable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if possible. I would, therefore, humbly propose, in compliment to the delicacy of their sensations, that their purer ashes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horses. No! Very far be it from me to entertain any such coarse idea. Let them be set apart, and solely appropriated to the use of parterres and flower-gardens. A philosopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an "animal that delights in finery;" and other philosophers have imagined, that the soul, after death, takes pleasure in the same pursuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the soul of a toast, "while she rides in her cloud, on the wings of the "roaring wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gaily and gaudily decorated, as ever herself was while alive?

One of your predecessors, *Isaac Bickerstaffe*, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the most remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He speaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the *Black Prince*, and the *Duke of Vendome*, of *Alexander the Great*, the *Emperor of Germany*, the *Duke of Marlborough*

and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers chriſtened after thoſe beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really *owed their peculiar beauty?* We might have *Lady Flora*, *Lady Violet*, *Miſs Lily*, and *Miſs Roſe*, and all the beauties of our remembrance renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here ſuggeſting was known to, and practiſed by, the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of *Narciſſus*, *Cyax*, *Smilax*, and *Crocus*, *Hyacinthus*, *Adonis*, and *Minthe*, being after their deaths metamorphoſed into flowers; and of the ſiſters of *Phaeton*, *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, *Baucis* and *Philemon*, *Daphne*, *Cypariſſus*, and *Myrrha*, and many more, being converted into trees. Now theſe ſtories, Mr. MIRROR, when ſtripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the aſhes of thoſe people were applied to ſuch uſeful purpoſes as I am now propoſing.

You will here obſerve, Mr. MIRROR, that beſides the great utility of the ſcheme, there will be much room for the imagination to delight itſelf, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your *Bath Toyman* would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occaſion, and would exerciſe his genius in deviſing fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his buſineſs to procure. He would have a plot of *rue* and *wormwood* raiſed by old maidens; he would apply the aſhes of martyrs in love to his *pine-trees*; the duſt of aldermen and rich citizens might be uſed in the cutlure of *plums and gooſeberries*; a ſet of fine gentlemen would be laid aſide for the culture of *cocks-combs*, *none-ſo-pretty's*, *and narciſſuſes*; the clergy and church-officers would be manure for the *holly* and *elder*; and the *poſthumous productions* of poets would fur-

nish *bays* and *laurels* for their successors: but I tire you, Mr. MIRROR, with these trifling fancies; the utility of my plan is what I value myself upon, and desire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

No. 53. TUESDAY, *July* 26, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you published in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is so, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite so well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his style neither), will at least be as true.

Soon after my Lady———'s visit at our house, of which the last of my father's letters informed you, a sister of his, who is married to a man of business here in Edinburgh, came with her husband to see us in the country; and, though my sister *Mary* and I soon discovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured sort of people, and took great pains to make themselves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they surprised us, by an invitation to me, to come and spend some months with my cousins in town, saying, that my mother could not

miſs my company at home, while ſhe had ſo good a companion and aſſiſtant in the family as her daughter *Mary*.

To me there were not ſo many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on *London* as the only capital worth viſiting; beſide that, I did not expect the higheſt ſatisfaction from the ſociety I ſhould meet with at my aunt's, which, I confeſs, I was apt to ſuppoſe none of the moſt genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in ſuſpence (for it was left entirely to my own determination), till I ſhould write for the opinion of my friend Lady——— on the ſubject; for, ever ſince our firſt acquaintance, we had kept up a conſtant and regular correſpondence. In our letters, which were always written in a ſtyle of the warmeſt affection, we were in the way of talking with the greateſt freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyſhip expreſſed it, "to unfold one's feelings in the "boſom of friendſhip;" and ſhe accordingly was wont to ſend me the moſt natural and lively pictures of the company who reſorted to———; and I, in return, tranſmitted her many anecdotes of thoſe perſons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent diſcovery, we correſponded under the ſignatures of *Hortentia* and *Leonora* and ſome very particular intelligence her Ladyſhip taught me not to commit to ink, but to ſet down in *Lemon-juice*.—I wander from my ſtory, Mr. MIRROR; "but I cannot "help ſoundly recalling (as *Emilia* in the novel "ſays) thoſe halcyon days of friendſhip and fe-"licity."

When her Ladyſhip's anſwer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which ſhe ſuppoſed I ſhould find in that lady's family; but ſhe ſaid I might take the opportunity of making ſome acquirements, which, though *London* alone could perfect, *Edinburgh* might, in ſome degree, communicate. She concluded her

letter requesting the continuation of my correspondence, and a narrative of every thing that was passing in town, especially with regard to some ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom she pointed out to my particular observation.

To *Edinburgh*, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much disposed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have succeeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the instructions of Lady ———, and the company I saw at her house, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr ———'s to correspond. It was often indeed, their good-humour which offended me as coarse, and their happiness that struck me as vulgar. There was not such a thing as *hip* or *low spirits* among them, a sort of finery which, at ———, I found a person of fashion could not possibly be without.

They were at great pains to shew me any *sights* that were to be seen, with some of which I was very little pleased, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to seem pleased. They took me to the play house, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the *concert*, where the case was exactly the same. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much skill, I had got words enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the *play-house* was, at that time, managed by a *fiddler*, and the concert was allowed to manage itself.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ———'s and my aunt's visitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the *cocknies* my Lady ———, and some of her humorous guests, used to describe. They were not, indeed, so *polite* as the fashionable company I had met at her Ladyship's; but they were much more *civil*. Among the rest was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good looking young man,

who, from the first, was so particularly attentive to me that my cousins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt sometimes told me she believed he had a serious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of a wife of a *burgeois* as the most contemptible creature in the world.

The season at last arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the *Races*. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reason my dear Lady ——— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my sister. From her Ladyship I had not heard for a considerable time, as she had been engaged in a round of visits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the servant appeared, he seemed doubtful about letting me in; at last he ushered me into a little darkish parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his Lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but desired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a mistake as to my person; and telling the fellow, somewhat angrily, that I was no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his Lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of *Leonora*. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from *Hortensia*. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity

of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her Ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such a token of her remembrance. I went, rather in *low spirits*, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtisied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who being short-sighted, it would seem, which, however, I had never remarked before, stared at me for some moments, without taking notice of my salute, and at last was just putting up a glass to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the sleeve, and made her take notice of somebody on the opposite side of the house. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was seated.

Still, however, I was not quite discouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myself at the end of the bench next her Ladyship's, so that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to ask her how she did, and to express my happiness at seeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," said she, "*Miss Homespun* I am always extremly hurried "in town, and have time to receive only a very "few visits; but I will be glad if you will come "some morning and breakfast with me—but not "to-morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor "next day, for I have a musical party at home. "In short, you may come some morning next week, "when all the hurry will be over, and, if I am "not gone out of town, I will be happy to see "you." I don't know what answer I should have made; but she did not give me that opportunity;

for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, she immediately made room for him to sit between us. He, after a broad stare full in my face, turned his back my way, and sat in that posture all the rest of the evening.

I am not so silly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can understand the meaning of all this. My Lady, it seems, is contented to have some humble friends in the country, whom she does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to shew her, that I have a prouder spirit than she imagines, and shall not go near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father shan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing else is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ———, and what a violent friendship we had for each other; and so, from envy, perhaps, they used to nick-name me *the Countess*, and *Lady Leonora*. Now that they had got this story of the mantau-maker and the play-house (for I was so angry I could not conceal it), I am ashamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the *circulating library*. Do write a paper, Sir, against pride and haughtiness, and people forgetting their country friends and acquaintances, and you will very much oblige

your's, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my cousins joke upon intimates with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at first.

No. 54. SATURDAY, *July* 31, 1779.

AMONG the letters of my Correſpondents, I have been favoured with ſeveral containing obſervations on the conduct and ſucceſs of my paper. Of theſe, ſome recommend ſubjects of *criticiſm* as of a kind that has been extremely popular in ſimilar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have publiſhed were written in a ſtyle and manner too abſtruſe and technical for the bulk of my readers, and deſire me to remember, that in a performance addreſſed to the world, only the language of the world ſhould be uſed.

I was laſt night in a company where a piece of *converſation criticiſm* took place, which, as the ſpeakers were well-bred perſons of both ſexes, was neceſſarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to pleaſe both the above-mentioned Correſpondents, I ſhall ſet down, as nearly as I can recollect, the diſcourſe of the company. It turned on the tragedy of *Zara*, at the repreſentation of which all of them had been preſent a few evenings ago.

"It is remarkable," ſaid Mr. ——, "what an "æra of improvement in the French drama may be "marked from the writings of M. de Voltaire. "The cold and tedious declamation of the former "French tragedians he had taſte enough to ſee was "not the language of paſſion, and genius enough to "execute his pieces in a different manner. He "retained the eloquence of *Corneille*, and the ten"derneſs of *Racine*: but he never ſuffered the firſt "to ſwell into bombaſt, nor the other to ſink into "languor. He accompanied them with the force "and energy of our *Shakeſpeare*, whom he had the "boldneſs to follow;"—"and the meaneſs to de"cry," ſaid the lady of the houſe.—"He has been "unjuſt to *Shakeſpeare*, I confeſs," replied Sir H

——— (who had been a considerable time abroad, and has brought home somewhat more than the language and dress of our neighbours); "yet I "think I have observed our partiality for that ex- "alted poet carry us as unreasonable lengths on "the other side. When we ascribe to *Shakespeare* "innumerable beauties, we do him but justice; "but, when we will not allow that he has faults, "we give him a degree of praise to which no wri- "ter is entitled, and which he, of all men, expect- "ed the least. It was impossible that, writing in "the situation he did, he should have escaped in- "accuracies; suffice it to say, they always arose "from the exuberance of fancy, not the sterility of "dulness."

"There is much truth in what you say," answered Mr. ———; "but *Voltaire* was unjust "when, not satisfied with pointing out blemishes "in *Shakespeare*, he censured a whole nation as "barbarous for admiring his works. He must, "himself, have felt the excellence of a poet, whom, "in this very tragedy of *Zara*, he has not disdain- "ed to imitate, and to imitate very closely too. "The speech of *Orasmane* (or *Osman*, as the *En- "glish* translation calls him), beginning,

J' aurois d'un oeil serene, d'une front inal- terable,

"is almost a literal copy of the complaint of "*Othello*:

———————Had it rain'd
All sorts of curses on me, &c.

"which is perhaps, the reason why our translator "has omitted it."—"I do not pretend to justify "*Voltaire*," returned Sir H———; "yet it must "be remembered, in alleviation, that the *French* "have formed a sort of national taste in their thea- "tre, correct, perhaps, almost to coldness. In "*Britain*, I am afraid, we are apt to err on the

" other side; to mistake rhapsody for fire, and to " applaud a forced metaphor for a bold one. I do " not cite *Dryden*, *Lee*, or the other poets of their " age; for that might be thought unfair; but even " in the present state of the *English* stage, is not " my idea warranted by the practice of poets, and " the applause of the audience? A poet of this " country, who, in the passages, has often touch- " ed the tender feelings with a masterly hand, " gives to the hero of one of his latest tragedies, " the following speech:

Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
For in my breast is pent as fierce a fire,
I'd speak in flames.

" That a man, in the fervour and hurry of com- " position, should set down such an idea, is no- " thing; that it should be pardoned by the audi- " ence, is little; but that it should always produce " a *clap*, is strange indeed!"

" And is there nothing like this in *French* tra- " gedies?" said the Lady of the house; " for " there is, I think, abundance of it in some of our " late imitations of them."—" Nay, in the tran- " slation of *Zayre*, Madam," returned the Baro- net, " *Hill* has sometimes departed from the ori- " ginal, to substitute a swelling and elaborate " diction. He forgets the plain soldierly character " of the Sultan's favourite *Orasmin*, when he makes " him say,

———Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing word is hush'd, as if it heard
And listen'd to your sorrows.

" The original is simple description;

Tout dort, tout est tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.———

" And when the slave, in the 4th act, brings the " fatal *letter* to the Sultan, and mentions the cir-

" cumſtances of its interception, the tranſlator " makes *Oſman* ſtay to utter a ſentiment, which is " always applauded on the *Engliſh* ſtage, but is " certainly, however noble in itſelf, very illplaced " here:

——Approach me like a ſubject
That ſerves the *Prince*, yet not forgets the *man*.

" *Oſman* had no breath for *words*: *Voltaire* gives " him but five hurried ones:

Donne—qui la portait?—donne."

" I am quite of your opinion, Sir H——," ſaid Mr. ——; " and I may add, that even *Voltaire* " ſeems to me too profuſe of ſentiments in *Zara*, " which beautiful as they are, and though expreſ- " ſed with infinite delicacy, are yet ſomewhat fo- " reign to that native language which feeling " dictates, and by which it is moved. I weep at " a few ſimple words expreſſive of diſtreſs; I pauſe " to admire a ſentiment, and my pity is forgotten. " The ſingle line uttered by *Luſignan*, at the cloſe " of his deſcription of the maſſacre of his wife and " children,

Helas! et j'etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,

" moves me more than a thouſand ſentiments, how " juſt or eloquent ſoever."

" If we think of the nobleſt uſe of tragedy," ſaid Mrs. ——, " we ſhall perhaps, Sir, not be quite " of your opinion. I, who am a mother, wiſh my " children to learn other virtues, beſide compaſſi- " on, at play; it is certainly of greater conſequence " to improve the mind than to melt it."——

" I am ſure, Mamma," ſaid a young lady, her " daughter, the ſentiments of tragedy affect me as " much as the moſt piteous deſcription. When I " hear an exalted ſentiment, I feel my heart, as it " were, ſwell in my boſom, and it is always fol-

" lowed by a gush of tears from my eyes."—" You " tell us the effects of your feelings, child; but " you don't distinguish the feelings themselves.—I " would have, Gentlemen" continues she, " a " play to be virtuous in its sentiments, and also " natural in its events. The want of the latter " quality, as well as of the former, has a bad effect " on young persons; it leads them to suppose, " that such conduct is natural and allowable in " common life, and encourages that romantic " deception which is too apt to grow up in minds " of sensibility. Don't you think, that the sudden " conversion of *Zara* to Christianity, unsupport- " ed by argument, or conviction of its truth, is " highly unnatural, and may have such a tenden- " cy as I have mentioned?"——" I confess," said Mr. ——, " that has always appeared to me " an exceptionable passage."——" I do not be- " lieve Mamma," said the young lady, " that she " was really converted in opinion; but I don't " wonder at her crying out she was a Christian, " after such a speech as that of her father *Lusignan*. " I know my heart was so wrung with the scene, " that I could, at that moment, have almost be- " come *Mahomatan*, to have comforted the good " old man."——Her mother smiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

" *Voltaire*," said Sir H——, " has, like " many other authors, introduced a *dark* scene in- " to the last act of this tragedy; yet it appears to " me, that such a scene goes beyond the power of " stage-deception, and always hurts the piece. " We cannot possibly suppose, that two persons " walking upon the same board do not see each " other, while we, sitting in a distant part of the " house, see both perfectly well."——" I do re- " collect," said the young lady, " at first wonder- " ing how *Zara* could fail to see *Osman*; but I soon " forgot it."——" Thus it always is," replied " Mr. M——, " in such a case; if a poet has " eloquence or genius enough to command the " passions, he easily gets the better of those stage

" improbabilities. In truth, the *scenic deception* " is of a very singular nature. It is impossible we " should imagine ourselves spectators of the real " scene, of which the stage one is an imitation; " the utmost length we are, in reality, carried, " is to deliver over our minds to that sympathy, " which a proper and striking representation of " grief, rage, or any other passion, produces. " You destroy the *deception*, it is said, when any " thing impertinent or ludicrous happens on the " stage, or among the audience; but you will find " the very same effect, if a child blows his three-" penny trumpet, in the midst of a solo of *Fischer*, " or a song of *Rauzzini*; it stops the delightful " current of feeling which was carrying along the " soul at the time, and dissatisfaction and pain are " the immediate consequence; yet in the *solo* or " the *song*, no such deception as the theatrical is " pretended."——Mr.——— delivered this with the manner of one who had studied the subject, and nobody ventured to answer him.

" You were mentioning," said Mrs. ———, " *Voltaire's* imitation of *Othello*, in this tragedy; " I recollect, in the last act, a very strong instance " of it, the concluding speech of *Osman*, before he " stabs himself, which seems to be exactly taken " from that of the *Moor*, in a similar situation." ——" I remember both speeches well," Sir H———, " and I think it may be disputed, whe-" ther either of them be congenial to the situ-" ation?"——" You will excuse me, Sir H——," " said I, " if I hold them both perfectly in " nature. The calmness of desperate and ir-" remidable grief will give vent to a speech longer " and more methodical than the immediate anguish " of some less deep and irretrievable calamity. " *Shakespeare* makes *Othello* refer, in the instant " of stabbing himself, to a story of killing a *Turk* " in *Aleppo*; the moment of perturbation, when " such a passage would have been unnatural, is past; " the act of killing himself is then a matter of lit-" tle importance; and his reference to a story seem-

" ding lines of the Sultan's ſpeech in *Zara*, which " reſt on the ſtory of his own miſfortunes:

Tell 'em I plung'd my dagger in her breaſt;
Tell 'em, I ſo ador'd, and thus reveng'd her."

" You have talked a great deal of the author," ſaid the young lady, " but nothing of the actors. " Was not the part of *Zara* excellently perform- " ed?"—" Admirably, indeed, replied Mr. ——; " I know no actreſs who poſſeſſes the power of " ſpeaking poetry beyond Miſs *Younge*."——" Nor " of feeling it neither, Sir, I think."—" I did not " mean to deny her that quality; but, in the other, " I think ſhe is unrivalled. She does not reach, " perhaps, the impaſſioned burſt, the electric flaſh " of Mrs. *Barry*; nor has ſhe that deep and thrill- " ing note of horror with which Mrs. *Yates* be- " numbs an audience; but there is a *melting tremble* " in her voice, which, in tender paſſages, is inim- " itably beautiful and affecting. Were I a poet, " I ſhould prefer her ſpeaking of my lines to that " of any actreſs I ever heard.

" She owes, I believe," ſaid our *Frenchman*, " much of her preſent excellence to her ſtudy of " the *French ſtage*. I mean not to detract from her " merit: I certainly allow her more, when I ſay, " that her excellence is, in great part, of her own " acquirement, that ſome of her ill-judging admi- " rers, who aſcribe it all to nature. Our actors, " indeed, are rarely ſenſible how much ſtudy and " application is due to their profeſſion; people " may be *ſpouters* without culture; but laborious " education alone can make perfect actors. Feel- " ing, and the imitative ſimpathy of paſſion, are, " undoubtedly, derived from nature; but art alone " can beſtow that grace, that refined expreſſion, " without which feeling will often be awkward, " and paſſion ridiculous."

No. 55. TUESDAY, *August* 3, 1779.

Decimimur specie recti. HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions; and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life; yet, I believe there is another and a higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any degree of perfection; I mean that sincerity, which leads a man to be honest to himself, and to his own mind and which will prevent him from being imposed upon, or deceived by his own passions and inclinations. From that secret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot easily bear the consciousness of being dishonest. Hence, therefore, when men are desirous to give way to their evil inclinations and passions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themselves. They look out for some specious apology, they seek for some colour and disguise, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, sometimes, that they are acting a praise-worthy part. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving others, who

are constantly deceiving themselves; and, while they believe that they are sincere, and are really so, in the restricted sense in which I have used this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. *Eubulus* believes himself a very honest judge; and it is but doing him justice to allow, that he would not, for any consideration, knowingly, give an unjust decision; yet *Eubulus* hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cause where he was connected with, or knew any thing about the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, *Eubulus* is sure always to see the cause in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a person whom *Eubulus* has a dislike to, that party is sure to lose his suit. In the one case, he sits down to examine the cause, under all the influence and partiality of friendship; his cool senses are run away with; his judgment is blinded, and he sees nothing but the arguments on the side of his friend, and overlooks every thing stated against him. In the other case, he acts under the impressions of dislike, and his judgment is accordingly so determined. A cause was lately brought before *Eubulus*, where every feeling of humanity and compassion prompted the wish, that one of the parties might be successful; but the right was clearly on the other side. *Eubulus* sat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to justice. During all this, *Eubulus* believes himself honest. In one sense of the word he is so; he does not, knowingly or deliberately, give a dishonest judgment; but, in the higher and more extensive meaning of the word, he is dishonest. He suffers himself to be imposed on by the feelings of friendship and humanity. Nay, far from guarding against it, he aids the imposition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy: he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greateſt height: he entered into all of them with the greateſt warmth, and, in ſome of the principal tranſactions of a conſiderable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. *Licinius* wrote a hiſtory of his own times: his zeal for the intereſts he had eſpouſed is conſpicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almoſt every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or diſbelief of the diſputed facts of the time, is directed by the connection they had with his own favourite opinions. *Phidippus* cannot talk with patience of this hiſtory or its author; he never ſpeaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who to ſerve a faction, wiſhed to deceive the Public. *Phidippus* is miſtaken: *Licinius*, in one ſenſe of the word, was perfectly honeſt; he did not wiſh to deceive; but he was himſelf under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was deſirous to be ſtill more ſo; he viewed, and was at pains to view every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the tranſactions of the time, were ſeen under one colour; and, under this deception he ſaw, and thought, and wrote. When *Phidippus* accuſes *Licinius* of being wilfully diſhoneſt, he is miſtaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of *Licinius*. *Licinius* wrote unfairly, becauſe he ſaw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard againſt ſelf-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. *Phidippus* judges of *Licinius* unfairly, becauſe he alſo is under the influence of party, becauſe his ſyſtem and opinions are different from thoſe of *Licinius*, and becauſe this leads him to judge harſhly of every one who thinks like *Licinius*.

Lysander is a young man of elegance and sentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wish to be possessed of fortune, not to hoard, but to spend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any consideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the most sincere and ardent attachment. In this situation of mind he became acquainted with *Leonora*: *Leonora's* father was dead, and had left her to be possessed of a very considerable fortune; *Lysander* had heard of *Leonora*, and knew she was possessed of a fortune before ever he saw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of person or of mind; but the very first time *Lysander* saw her, he conceived a prepossession in her favour, and which has now grown into a strong attachment. *Lysander* believes it is her merit only which has produced this; and he would hate himself, if he thought *Leonora's* being possessed of a fortune had the least influence upon him. But he is mistaken; he does not know himself, nor that secret power the desire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of *Leonora's* being a heiress, made him secretly wish her possessed of personal merit before he saw her; when he did see her, he converted his wishes into belief; he desired to be deceived, and he was so. He conceived that she was possessed of every accomplishment of person and of mind; and his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a most violent attachment. Had *Leonora* been without a fortune, she would never have drawn *Lysander's* attention: he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of most other women; and he would not have become the dupe of his wishes and desires.

Amanda is a young lady of the most amiable dispositions. With an elegant form, she possesses; a most uncommon degree of sensibility. Her parents reside at *Bellfield*, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly been

ſpent in reading. Books of ſentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greateſt favourites. This kind of reading has increaſed the natural warmth and ſenſibility of her mind: it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and paſſionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the ſweet union of hearts, and hallowed ſympathy of ſouls, are certainly pictured in her mind. *Philemon*, a diſtant relation of *Amanda*'s, happened to pay a viſit to *Bellfield*. *Amanda*'s romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to ſome object. After a ſhort acquaintance, *Philemon* became very particular in his attentions to her. *Amanda* was not diſpleaſed with them; on the contrary, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw in him all thoſe good qualities which ſhe felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he ſpoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing ſhe wiſhed to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be poſſeſſed of, ſhe believed to be in *Philemon*. Her parents perceived the ſituation of her mind. In vain did they repreſent to her the danger ſhe run, and that ſhe had not yet acquaintance enough of *Philemon* to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She aſcribed theſe admonitions to the too great coldneſs and prudence of age, and ſhe diſregarded them. Thus did *Amanda* believe herſelf deeply enamoured with *Philemon*, but it could not be with *Philemon*, for ſhe knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wiſhes; and ſhe deceived herſelf into a belief that ſhe was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her paſſion. *Philemon* may be worthy of the love of *Amanda*, or *Amanda* may be able to preſerve the deception ſhe is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of ſelf-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above perſons, and diſſerent as are their ſituations, all have been under

its guidance. As observed above, dishonesty, in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feeling of the heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the most prejudicial misconduct.

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No. 56. SATURDAY, *August* 7, 1779.

THE first of the two following Letters I received some time ago from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*; and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

My dear SIR,

THE moment that I found myself disengaged from business, you know I left the smoke and din of your blessed city, and hurried away to pure skies and quiet at my cottage.

I found my good sister in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueish complaints, slight megrims, and apprehensions of the tooth-ach,

and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence is *heir to*, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by supplying them with topics of complaint and conversation. You must have heard that our spring was singularly pleasant; but how pleasant it was you could not feel in your dusky atmosphere. My sister remarked, that it had a faint resemblance of the spring in ——. Although I omit the year, you may believe that several seasons have passed away since that animating æra recollected by my sister. Alas! my friend," said I, "seasons return, "but it is only to the young and fortunate." A tear started in her eye; yet she smiled and resumed her tranquillity.

We sauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progress of vegetation. "Eve-"ry thing is very forward," said my sister; we "must begin to bottle gooseberries to morrow." "Very forward, indeed," answered I. This re-"minds me of the young ladies whom I have seen "lately; they seemed forward enough, though a "little out of season too."

It was a poor witticism; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfasting-parlour:—"Madam," said "he, "all the gooseberries are gone."—"Gone!" "cried my sister; "and who could be so audacious? "Brother, you are a justice of the peace; do make "out a warrant directly to search for and appre-"hend. We have an agreeable neighbourhood "indeed; the insolence of the rabble of servants, "of low-born purse-proud folks, is not to be endu-"red."—"The gooseberries are not away," con-"tinued the gardener, "they are all lying in "heaps under the bushes; last night's frost, and "a hail-shower this morning, have made the crop "fail."—"The crop fail!" exclaimed my sister; "and where am I to get gooseberries for bottling?" "Come, come, my dear, said I, they tell me that "in Virginia, pork has a peculiar flavour, from "the peaches on which the hogs feed; you can let "in your goslings to pick up the gooseberries;

" and I warrant you, that this unlooked-for food " will give them a relish far beyond that of any " green cheese of our neighbour's at the castle." " —Brother, replied she, you are a philosopher." I quickly discovered that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jest, I recalled another to her remembrance; and it seems, that, by a series of domestic calamities, all her goslings had perished.

A very promising family of turkey-chicks has at length consoled her for the fate of the goslings; and on rummaging her store-room, she finds that she has more bottled gooseberries left of last year, than will suffice for the present occasions of our little family.

What shall I say of my sister? Her understanding is excellent; and she is religious without superstition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear testimony to her fortitude and resignation under them; and yet the veriest trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of sense should allow themselves to be affected by the most trivial accidents is absurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, some things which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wisest, and discompose the equanimity of the most patient; for example, that fulsome court paid by the vulgar to rich upstarts, and the daily slights to which decayed nobility is exposed.

I hope that your periodical essays find favour in the sight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The perusal of them could not make me esteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many fashionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Your's affectionately,

EDW^D UMPHRAVILLE.

continued in N^o 61.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *Edinburgh, July* 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a conſtant reſidence in town. During the ſummer and autumn, however, I ſometimes can afford a day, which I wiſh to ſpend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happineſs, and innocence.

This ſeaſon I have had a friend in town, who being an idle man, is a great *maker of parties*. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a *Saturday* or *Sunday*, to go and dine in the country, which he ſays, in the neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, affords ſome of the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenes he ever ſaw. Laſt *Saturday* I was aſked to join in one of his parties of this ſort; to which, being a lover of rural ſcenes, as I mentioned before, I readily conſented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had beſpoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for our conductor, who having ſat up at a town-party till five that morning, was not willing to be diſturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our deſtination betwixt two and three. I immediately propoſed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my propoſal was overruled, from the conſideration of the near approach of *dinner*; ſome of the company likewiſe obſerving, that the evening was the propereſt time for walking in this hot weather. Mean time, a *cup* was called for,

which, in this same hot weather, was pronounced vastly pleasant, and my friend declared was more refreshing to him than the purest air under heaven.

Dinner was soon after brought in, which consisted of a profusion of meat, ill dressed, and served up in a slovenly style. This, however, was a *country*-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we sat, enjoying the pleasures of the country, amidst the steams of greasy broth, rusty ham, and stinking mutton: our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of guests in the stair-case, which were very ineffectually answered by the bustle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who said he found himself much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and desired him to send in a particular sort of wine, the flavour of which he highly recommended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which signifies, that a man should drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yesterday. 'Twas a prescription very much suited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life.

Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for *walking*; so we sat till our carriages were at the door, and till we dispatched four last bottles after their arrival. The post-boys, whose patience needed some cordial to maintain it, were busy in their way below; so that, when at last we got into the chaises, they were as drunk——as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was over-turned about a mile from town: I escaped with a sprained ancle; but my friend had his collar bone broke.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, just as well in *town* as in the *country*; and, in the

first case, he will have the advantage of saving his bones, the chaise-hire, and the tax upon post-horses.

I am, &c.

V CIVIS.

No 57. TUESDAY, *August* 10, 1779.

NO thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain situations, attended with many and great advantages. It polishes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the statesman, and furnishes the philosopher with a more extensive field of observation, and enables him to form more certain conclusions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the same time, I have often been disposed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to spend much of his time abroad, to acquire a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitles him to associate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this subject may perhaps be acceptable to my readers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predecessors have favoured the public with speculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuses of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the *Spectator*, the absurdity of a fond mother and mother's *own* son going together to make the tour of *Europe*, in order to learn men and things,

is exposed in a very masterly manner. If I have not been misinformed, that admirable essay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the highest office in the law of *England*, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all goood men.

In the *World*, the folly of sending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the *French* and *Italians*, because they did not speak *English*, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expression, that mark the compositions of the *Earl of Chesterfield*.

A correspondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within these few years, of sending boys to foreign schools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my case is very different from any of those I have mentioned; I shall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myself, from which you and your readers will be best able to judge, whether making what is called the *grand tour*, be an advisable thing for persons in my circumstances and situation.

I am the only son of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himself a man of letters, wished to give me a liberal education, and was desirous to unite the solidity of the ancient system with that ease and grace, which, of late, have been cultivated so much, and which, by some, have been thought the most essential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died; leaving me possessed of a family-estate of a thousand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may say it without vanity) with as great a share of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boast of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an

enthuſiaſtic admirer of their virtues, I longed to viſit *Italy*, to ſee the ſpot whete *Scipio* triumphed, where *Ceaſar* fell, where *Cicero* harangued. Full of theſe ideas, I ſet out on my travels; and after paſſing ſome time in *France*, I proceeded to *Rome*. For a while, *antiquity* was my great object, and every remain of *Roman* greatneſs attracted my attention. Afterwards *muſic*, of which I had always been a lover, and *painting*, for which I acquired a taſte in *Italy*, occupied much of my time; but, whilſt engaged in theſe favourite purſuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in ſociety with the natives, and of obſerving their manners and cuſtoms. I lived too on the moſt intimate footing with the Britiſh at the different courts I viſited; and I doubted not that the friendſhips I then formed with men of the firſt diſtinction in my own country, would be as laſting as they appeared to be warm and ſincere. If the pleaſures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almoſt the whole of my time, ſometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at leaſt attended with an elegance, which, in ſome meaſure, diſguiſed the deformity of vice.

Various reaſons, which it is needleſs now to mention, at length conſtrained me to return home. As I approached my ſeat in the county of ———, I felt a tender ſatisfaction at the thought of reviſiting thoſe ſcenes where I had ſpent ſo many happy days in the "*early morn of life*," and of ſeeing again the companions of my youthful ſports, many of whom I knew had ſettled in the country, and lived on their eſtates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no ſooner known than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their ſons, my old companions were equally ſincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleaſed with their attachment, I could not help being diſguſted with the blunt plainneſs of their manners. Their converſation uſually turned on ſubjects in which I could not poſſibly be intereſted. The old got into keen political debate, or

dissertations on farming; and the young talked over their last fox chace, or recited the particulars of their last debauch. If I attempted to give the conversation a different turn, they remained silent, and were altogether incapable to talk of those subjects on which I had been accustomed to think and to speak. If I mentioned the *Cubrielli*, or the *Mignotti*, they were as much at a loss as I was when they joined in praising the notes of *Juno* or of *Fowler*; if the proportions of the *Venus of Medicis* were talked of, one would perhaps ask, what a dead beauty was good for? another would swear, that, in his mind Polly——— was a heathen goddess, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a strange fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confess I was rather pleased with their neglect, and in my own mind preferred solitude to such society: but solitude at length became irksome, and I longed again to mingle in society. With that view I went to the *races* at *Edinburgh*, where I was told I should meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived I accompanied to the *assembly* a female relation, almost the only acquaintance I had in town. If you Mr. MIRROR, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was struck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offensive to every sense, it seemed to resemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no sooner entered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the first thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who it seems, presided for the night, and was at that instant employed in distributing tickets, to ascertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was surrounded by a cluster of persons of both sexes, all of whom spoke at the same time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjusted, the dancing began. My conductress asked me, if I did not think the ladies, in general, handsome? I told her (and that without any compliment), that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but methinks," added I, "the gentlemen are not, either in dress or appear-"ance, such as I should have expected."—"O," replied she, "have a little patience, the men of fash-"ion are not yet come in; this being the first day "of the races, they are dining with the stewards." I had not time to make my observation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait there four hours in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at that instant, a loud noise at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. "There they "come," said she; and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was such as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite satisfied with the amusements of *Edinburgh*, and with pleasure retired once more to my solitude at ———. There however, I again fell a sacrifice to *ennui*: I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After passing two or three tedious years, I resolved to make one effort more, and set out for *London*, in hopes of meeting those friends with whom I had lived so hapily abroad, and in whose society I now expected to receive pleasure without alloy.

Upon enquiry, I found that almost all my friends were in town, and next morning sallied forth to wait upon them. But no where could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that those doors, which, at *Rome* or *Naples*, flew open at my approach, could, at *London*, be shut against me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of *London* (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from those we had been accustomed to abroad.

In that belief I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord——happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord —— I had lived in habits of the most intimate friendship, and, in a less public place, I should have embraced him with open arms. Judge, then, of my astonishment, when he received my compliments with the coldness of the most perfect indifference. It is needless to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the same reception. One talked of the business of parliment, another of his engagements at the *Scavoir Vivre*, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ———, who then filled one of the greatest offices of state alone seemed to retain his former sentiments. One day he took me into his closet, and, after some general conversation, solicited my interest in the county of ———, for Mr. ———. I told him, that my engagements to the other candidate were such, that I could not possibly comply with his request. He seemed perfectly satisfied, and we parted on the best terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myself the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to *Scotland*. When I had got within fifty miles of my own house, I observed, from the road a gentleman's seat, the beauty and elegance of which struck me so much, that I stopped the carriage, and asked the post-boy to whom it belonged? "To Mr. *Manly*," said he. "What, *Charles Manly?*" Before I could receive an answer, my friend appeared in a field at a little distance. *Manly* and I had been educated at the same school, at the same university, and had set out together to make the tour of *Europe*. But after we had been some time in *France* he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerously ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yesterday; with the same freedom, the same warmth, the same glow of friendship, heightened, if possible, by our long separation.

During my ſtay at his houſe, I told him all my diſtreſſes, all my diſappointments. When I had done, "To be plain with you my, friend," ſaid he, "I cannot help thinking that moſt of your diſappointments muſt be imputed to yourſelf. Your "long reſidence abroad, and your attachment to "foreign manners, has led you to judge rather "haſtily of your countrymen. Had you been leſs "raſh, you might have diſcovered virtues in your "neighbours that would, in ſome meaſure, have "made up for the want of that high poliſh and re-"finement which they cannot be expected to poſ-"ſeſs. From what you ſaw at *Edinburgh* in the "hurry of a *race week*, and from the behaviour of a "ſet of men, who think that faſhionable diſtinction "conſiſts in indulgence in low pleaſures and groſs "amuſements, you have drawn concluſions equally "unfavourable and unjuſt. I know, from experi-"ence, that no where are to be found men of more "agreeable converſation, or women more amiable "and reſpectable Your late diſappointment, in "the reception you met with from your foreign "friends, proceeds from a miſtake not uncommon, "from confounding that companionſhip, ſo apt to "produce a temporary union among young men, "when engaged in the ſame pleaſures and amuſe-"ments, with real friendſhip, which ſeldom or "never has been found to ſubſiſt between men differ-"ing much in rank and condition, and whoſe views "and objects in life do not in ſome meaſure coin-"cide."

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of *Manly*'s obſervations; and am every day more and more ſatisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to paſs his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign cuſtoms, in ſo conſiderable a degree, as a long reſidence abroad, in the earlier period of life, ſeldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

M ALONZO.

No 58. SATURDAY, *August* 14, 1779.

Veniam aamus petimusque vicissim. HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold*, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with some complaints of similar family-distresses, which I have received from other Correspondents, often reminded me of the happy effects which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have exprienced from an oppofite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost entirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation, he afterwards spent some years in this city, in *London*, and in making the usual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful *Emilia*, to whom he had become warmly attached, not so much on account of her beauty, as from an expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners. *Emilia*'s father was addicted to pleasure and expence, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition.—In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though *Horatio* felt, in all its extent, that passion which is in no wise favourable to a just estimation of character, these circumstances had not escaped his notice; and he failed not to observe that *Emilia* had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasures of a town life, than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting *Emilia* with his taſte in theſe particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that ſtyle of life to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, not doubting, from the natural good ſenſe and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, that her own taſte might gradually be corrected, and that as his ſhould from time to time fall under her obſervation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his reſidence, therefore, in town; and though *Emilia* went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have wiſhed, he complied with her inclination in theſe particulars, partook of her amuſements when he was not neceſſarily engaged, and, when he did ſo, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or diſguſt which he often felt.

While *Horatio*, however, gave way to the taſte of *Emilia*, he never loſt the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidſt the gaiety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, *Emilia* had early formed a taſte for the elegant writers, both of this country and of *France*; and the ſame ſenſibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no leſs ſenſible of the beauties of a poliſhed and refined converſation. It was this which had firſt gained the affections of *Horatio*; it was to this he truſted for effecting the reformation he deſired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taſte in *Emilia*.—He frequently took occaſion to turn the converſation to ſubjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the ſtriking paſſages of this or that author, and would often engage *Emilia* in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an intereſting novel, when, but for that circumſtance, ſhe would have been exhauſting her ſpirits at a ball, or waſting the night at cards.

Nor was he leſs ſtudious in forming her taſte for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extenſive acquaintance, *Horatio* enjoyed the friendſhip of ſeveral perſons of both ſexes

endowed with those elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated understanding, which render conversation at once agreeable and instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed parties at his house. *Emilia*, who had the same disposition to oblige which she on all occasions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as she was well qualified to bear a part in their conversation, and of a mind highly sensible of its charms, these parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the conversation of select companies, and the care of her children, which soon became a most endearing office to the tender feeling heart of *Emilia*, furnished her with a variety of domestic occupations; and as these gradually led her to go less into mixed company and public amusements, she began to lose her habitual relish for them. As she easily observed how agreeable this change was to the taste of *Horatio*, that circumstance gave her mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy from which he at first gave way to her taste for company and public amusements made *Horatio* avoid shewing that preference which he entertained for a country life.

For some time he was entirely silent on the subject. Though he now and then made excursions to the country, it was only occasionally when his business rendered it necessary; and though *Emilia* could not but observe that the manner in which he passed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an easy intercourse with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him: he never expressed an inclination of fixing his general residence in the country, or even of accompanying him in his occasional visit to *Rosedale*.

His visits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for some weeks, those little absences gave a sort of pain to *Emilia*, to whom no society was now so agreeable

as that of *Horatio*; she became desirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their first visits were short, and at considerable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom left it without regret, and was often the first to propose their return.

At length *Emilia*, who now observed that her husband was no where so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination which, she was persuaded, he entertained of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at *Rosedale*.

A proposal so agreeable to *Horatio* was readily complied with; and *Emilia* and he have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends, equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has *Horatio*, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing, and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, *Emilia* was the means of correcting the natural reserve of *Horatio*'s manner; and as the example of his plain though animated conversation led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulness to the discourse of *Horatio*.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more strongly the effects of complacency in *Horatio*

than in *Emilia*, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much seldomer to be met with in one sex than in the other. A certain pride attends the firmness of *men*, which makes it generally difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much discipline, and often the rod of adversity and disappointment, to subdue.

If men truly possess that superioty of understanding over women, which some of them seem to suppose, surely this use of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, shew that superiority much more effectually in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleness of the female character, and to acquire, from a sense of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it must be allowed, that the other sex is more indebted to their original constitution.

If women as we sometimes alledge, are too apt to connect the idea of pride and hardness of manners with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often shew a preference to more superficial accomplishments; the men, who value themselves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cause, and imitating the behaviour of *Horatio*, endeavour to shew, that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgment; and he who best knows the female character, and will put the highest value on its excellence is also the most likely to make allowance for a difference of taste, and to bear with those little weaknesses with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

O

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

A. P. L. Sindery.
FEB 23 1912